POETRY.

THE BOBOLINK.

What bird is that with liquid notes,
  This May-day morn to cheer?
Oh, on the air now sweetly floats
  A song we heard last year—
A snatch of song repeated oft,
  My ears with pleasure drink,
And as it falls both clear and soft,
  I know 'tis "Bob-o-link."

Oh, welcome back to meadows green,
  Ye bird, so blithely gay!
Our joy like yours, is fresh and keen,
  And half your notes convey;
A "rice bird," South, a song bird here!
  Your coat is black as ink,
And feathers few of white appear,
  To make you "Bob-o-link."

They shoot you South, esteem you sweet,
  For there you never sing,
When once you reach that far retreat,
  And fold your faded wing;
But here you come with early flowers,
  And purpose kind we think—
To fill with joy these May-day hours,
  Oh, happy "Bob-o-link!"

The dandelions welcome you,
  The apple and the plum,
While violets of white and blue
  All smile that you have come;
And if they yield to daises bright,
  From buttercups do shrink,
These touch thy heart with gay delight,
  Thou long-gone "Bob-o-link!"

In all the world no bird we see,
  Allied or closely kin;
Changest oft like thieves who flee,
  Or men who run from sin;
Three names thou hast and song so strange
  The mocking bird will shrink—
Dares not provoke thy notes to range,
  Provoking "Bob-o-link!"

I laugh sometimes your pranks to see.
  You saucy songster near!
Your notes are jumbled, wild and free,
  Like nothing else we hear;
Your air grotesque, you are a flirt,
  "A catch," yourself you think,
  But soon, too soon you may desert,
You heartless "Bob-o-link!"

At wedding-time you woo with song,
  And fairly burst your throat!
You sing and sing, the whole day long,
  And glossy is your coat;
But soon your dress is faded quite,
  Your married song is "chink!"
And never give your queen delight,
  Gh, naughty "Bob-o-link!"

Oh, how we love to hear thy song,
  Upfloat from meadows green,
Or fields of flowers the roads along,
  Where thou art ever seen!
Our hearts are light with notes you sing,
  So airy free we think,
They could not fail sweet thoughts to bring,
  Thou much loved "Bob-o-link!"

SELECT STORY.

ZILLOH ST. CLAIR.

By the author of 'The Gypsy's Revenge,' 'A Woman Scorned,' etc.

CHAPTER X.

CARL IN PRISON.

CONTINUED.

"Poor soul! she has expiated her crime here, if misery and repentance can expiate; and it must not be forgotten that she had suffered grievous wrongs."

"Father, is there in all the world a more base and cruel wrong than that which my poor girl avenged by that awful crime? And even then, she must have been mad; her wrongs must have turned her brain, otherwise it would have been impossible for her to seek the life of a fellow-creature, least of all the man she had loved."

"You are right in that, my son. I am convinced that the poor creature was indeed driven beside herself; but she has died penitent; may her soul rest in peace! I have been at the death-beds of far greater sinners, but of not one half so truly penitent as poor Ellen Darrell."

"Ellen! Darrell—not—not Zilloh! Merciful Heaven, I thank thee! Now—now I can die in peace, if it should be Thy will."

And then, to the astonishment of the priest, the poor prisoner weakened with illness, and ill able to bear the excitement of these revelations, even though the last revelation relieved his mind of a burden that had dragged him into the very arms of death, swooned quietly away.

* * * * * *

In a private room at a Parisian hotel, Zilloh was sitting. She was alone, and her face looked very sad and weary. The last two weeks had held for her so much of pain and grief; had brought such strange and startling revelations; had indeed seemed to so completely change the tenor of her life, that there was no wonder the change should be reflected on her face.

Carl had been wrong, utterly, fatally wrong, when he had assumed that his dear young mistress had left her home in pursuit of Bruce. On that morning, when she had been missing from Olive Grove, she had simply risen early and gone for a long walk among the vine-clad hills, taking the child with her. Her mind and heart were torn and anguished, and unable to close her eyes in sleep, she had dressed herself and the child in the early morning, and obeyed that natural longing to get away somewhere where there would be none near to witness her grief in its first, wild, bitter moments. She had wandered further even than she had intended, but had returned home in time for luncheon, and had Carl only waited an hour longer, much of his misery might have been spared.

For a fortnight she had remained at the villa, too wretched, and indeed, too ill to take any active steps, or even to reflect much upon her probable future. The shock of the discovery of Bruce's baseness hrd told cruelly upon her health and, although she refused to have a doctor, she lay day after day upon her couch' white as a lily, sad, silent and weary, seeming to have strength for nothing, save to caress the little one that so often nestled in her arms, and tried, in baby fashion, to comfort the grief she could not understand.

But two days ago, an elderly priest had come to the quiet villa. He had travelled from Paris purposely to see her, was the message he had sent into Zilloh, and his business was one of life or death.

With a fast-beating heart, Zilloh had ordered him to be admitted, and there had entered Father Hilarien, the priest who had visited Carl in his prison-cell. It was a strange story he had come to tell, and Zilloh listened to it with pallid cheeks and a heart torn with varying emotions. It was then she heard of the terrible death of Bruce—the man she had once loved, the man whom she had believed had been her husband, and then Father Hilarien went on to tell how, a day or two ago, he had been summoned to the bedside of a young woman who was dying of brain fever, and how she had confessed to him that it was she who had shot Lord Bruce. She had said her name was Ellen Darrel, and that two or three years ago Lord Bruce had gone through a form of marriage with her, and she had believed herself his wife.

She had long suspected him of being faithless to her, but for a time he had appeased her with specious explanations and promises and assurances of love. At last, however, she had lost all faith, and hearing that he was living in Spain, had come there from England in search of him. She found that he had hurriedly left Spain for Paris; there she followed him, and in a passionate interview was told that she was not his lawful wife; he had deceived, and the ceremony they had gone through was a mockery.

Maddened by her wrongs, she had burst away from him, vowing a deadly revenge—a vow which she had kept only too well. That same night she had purchased a pistol, followed him home to his hotel, and shot him through the heart.

"But," said the priest, "if she had not confessed, there might have been a grave miscarriage of justice, for suspicion fell on a Spaniard, who was found on the scene of the crime with the pistol in his hand, and he persisted in maintaining an obstinate silence, evidently in the hope of screening someone whom he suspected of complicity in the crime."

"Ah! was his name Carl?" exclaimed Zilloh, starting up excitedly.

"Yes, madame. I am right in thinking he was your servant, am I not?"

"He was my friend as well as my servant—the truest, the most faithful. His unaccountable absence has perplexed and distressed me beyond measure."

"Madame he would have sacrificed his very life for you," said the priest gravely. "It was because he feared to implicate you, that he has suffered himself to be falsely accused. He labored under a fearful mistake. It grieves me to have to tell you that this noble-hearted man is dying. I have come to beg of you to go to Paris to see him before he dies.

* * * * * *

That was how it happened that Zilloh had come to Paris; and she was now awaiting Father Hillarien, who was to take her to the prison where Carl still lay, he being to ill to be removed. The father did not keep her long waiting, and in less than a quarter of an hour, they stood together within the corridor of the prison.

"Does he know that I am here? Is he expecting me?" whispered Zilloh.

"He knows that you are coming. If you will stay outside for just one moment, I will go in first and tell him you are here. He is very weak—indeed, the nurse tells me he cannot live many hours."

"My poor Carl!" murmured Zilloh, in low, grieved accents. "How good, how faithful he has been to me."

The priest entered Carl's room, and returned in a few seconds, saying—

"He wishes to see you quite alone at first; do you mind?"

"Mind! no; it is little indeed I can do to show my gratitude to him. Let me do all that I can."

The priest opened the door for her to pass through; then closed it behind her. She stood in the dark, narrow room, and advanced softly towards the bed on which Carl lay. She stooped down and gazed with tender pity upon the pallid face; then started back with a stifled cry, while wild thoughts and feelings passed like lightning through her heart and brain; for that pale, death-like face before her, though it still bore a resemblance to her servant Carl, was the face of him whom she had loved—whom she had mourned as dead; he who had been her boy-lover—Valentine Grey!

She had come to visit the dying; but—lo! it was one arisen from the dead that lay before her. Well might she tremble in every limb, while her cheeks turned deathly white, and into her eyes came a great horror that was quite unmixed with a struggling joy.

Carl's voice—nay, Val's voice, a voice that thrilled her heart with tender joy, recalled her scattered senses.

"Zilloh!—dear, dear Zilloh!" he breathed softly. "You know me, don't you? I am Val."

"Oh, Val!—oh, my darling!—they told me you were dead!" And then unable to control her emotion, she knelt down by the bed, threw her arms round his neck and broke into passionate weeping.

"Yes dear, I know; and afterwards, when I found out the mistake, I deemed it best not to undeceive you. Forgive me dearest; I did it all for the best. I wanted to be near you—to watch over you always; that was why I came to you as Carl."

"And I never knew you! Oh, how blind I must have been, not to know my own dear Val!" she cried, in bitter self-reproach.

"I had disguised myself too well," he murmured. And then in low, faint tones, and interrupted often by weakness, he told her his story.

When that terrible fever had desolated Ingledon, he and his guardian had both been attacked by it in its most malevolent form. The Rector had died, and Val had been so near to death, that for hours the doctor had actually believed him dead. Under this belief, a notice of his death had been sent to the papers, and when he recovered and heard what had been done, he would have no steps taken to contradict the statement.

Zilloh, far away in her Spanish home, heard no more, and of course, believed the report that had reached her of his death. Val had not only recovered, but had become wonderfully better and stronger after his illness. He was persuaded to undergo an operation at the hands of a clever London surgeon; and the result had been, that in spite of the prognostications of his earlier medical attendants, the spinal complaint from which he had so long suffered, had been entirely removed. His lameness disappeared; he could stand and walk upright with ease, and this accomplished, he had grown stronger with each succeeding day.

Then at last, he had decided to go to Spain, in search of Zilloh; he loved her so devotedly, he so longed to be near her. And he determined to disguise himself, in order to remain by her side, at hand always to guide and advise, and help, if he could. The disguise had been cleverly effected, so cleverly that not even the eyes of love had ever once suspected it. His fair skin was tanned to a dark olive, his hair and eyebrows dyed jet black, as was his slight moustache; and with the addition of a short false beard, his appearance was utterly changed. He looked much older, and as he invariably spoke in the Spanish tongue, he had little difficulty in disguising his voice to Zilloh.

Such was the romantic story that Valentine's faint accents breathed in Zilloh's ears.

"I wanted to be always near you, to watch over you, and help you whenever trouble came, my darling, he whispered; and she, realizing what a devoted, what an undying love this had been, felt her heart thrill with passionate regret that she should ever have despised it. The tears ran down her cheeks; mutely she pressed her lips to his, mutely she clasped his feeble hands—her heart was too full for words.

"And now they tell me I am dying, that there is no hope. Zilloh! love! dearest! shall you miss me?"

"Miss you! Ah, Val! I cannot live without you now. My darling, you must not die! Oh, my darling, you must live and let me show you how I will repay your love."

And Val did not die. Joy seldom kills, but it often cures, and the joy of knowing that his devoted love would at last meet with love's full reward, had acted upon him like a life-giving elixir, dispelling weakness and disease, wooing back health and strength.

And one more joy was in store for Zilloh; for one day Val had told her that she had been in very truth Lord Bruce's wife. He had made every inquiry, in his jealous care for his darling, and there was not a shadow of a doubt, although Bruce, in hopes of shaking her off and preventing her from making any public claim, had chosen to tell her that cruel falsehood. Nellie Darrell had been deceived—her marriage had been a hollow mockery; but Zilloh had been Lord Bruce's lawful wife, and Val had been careful to secure ample proofs in support of her claim.

* * * * * *

It is five years later. On the lawn of a beautiful country house in Essex, sits a lady, who unites all the grace and dignity of womanhood with the fresh, blooming beauty of a girl. It is Zilloh, Valentine Grey's loved and happy wife.

At a little distance three children are playing, and her eyes rest upon them fondly. One is a lovely, graceful child of six or seven, her face a childish copy of Zilloh's own; her name is Leila, and she is Lord Bruce's little daughter. The two other children are boys of two and four—fair haired, blue eyed, straight limbed and handsome.

As Zilloh sits thinking of her darlings, a quick, firm step comes across the velvet lawn, and she looks up to find her hand imprisoned in her husband's. A noble-looking man is Valentine Grey—Sir Valentine he is now, for he has recently inherited a baronetcy and a pretty little estate from a bachelor cousin. His eyes beam with love's own light as he gazes into the upturned face of his wife.

"My sweet," he murmurs, as he turns to kiss her, "how happy you looked; it was a pity to disturb you."

"Ah! but I am even happier now," she whispers softly, rising and nestling closely to his side.

The children run up to him, demanding kisses. It is to Leila he turns first, taking her up and kissing her fondly. She is as dear to him as are those two bright children of his own. Truly Zilloh has found real happiness at last.

THE END.

ROUTED AY A JERSEY HEIFER.

The Experience of Connecticut's Naval Reserves in Their First Field Day.

The first division of the naval militia of the Connecticut national guard had its first field day a few days ago and made its first public appearance. The regulation working uniform of the naval reserves was worn and the new organization, the only one in the state, made a creditable appearance under command of Major Reynolds. After target practice, says a New Haven dispatch, the division was marched to an open lot at the base of East rock for drill and was commanded by Ensign Goodridge The company drill was gone through and, with the division formed in double ranks, Ensign Goodridge started his men across the field at double time. Half way across an innocent looking Jersey heifer, tethered by a long rope to a log of wood, was munching fresh daisies and buttercups.

On came the naval reserves, bearing down on the heifer in beautiful order. When about one hundred feet away the heifer raised her head and looked at the army of white tufts and glittering arms coming towards her. First her delicate ears moved forward, then there was a defiant shake of the head and distention of the nostrils, followed by an elevation of the tail util it assumed a position on a line with her spine, the end waving like a flag of warning. Then, lowering her horns to a fighting position, the heifer, with a loud and angry bellow, came toward the young navy men. Ensign Goodridge saw her coming at about the time that the men on a line with the heifer began to waver. He called a halt, and his men came to a standstill at the same moment that the heifer was brought up at the end of her rope only four feet away.

The young Jersey was game, and for a moment stood watching the reserves, pawing the earth and shaking her sharp horns at them. Then, with a bound, she came on again, dragging the log of wood and prepared to do battle. "Backstep," came the order from Ensign Goodridge, and backstep his men did in lively order, soon getting out of range of the heifer's horns. As soon as order was brought about in the ranks the naval reserve was marched into the city, leaving the pretty two-year-old Jersey to enjoy her daisies and buttercups unmolested.

SANDWICH-MAKING.

For meat and other sandwiches, cut slices of bread about one-eighth of an inch thick, then with a sharp knife cut off all the crust, leaving trim, straight edges; butter each slice and cut across the centre, or, with two more sharp cuts, shape each piece into the form of a triangle, making the three sides as nearly even as possible, and fold carefully together. Once having learned the right quality of bread to use, how to cut evenly, butter smoothly and fold exactly, the sandwich may be varied indefinitely.

Slice ham or tongue to almost paper thinness, and lay between buttered bread. Roast beef, ham and chicken should be chopped fine and seasoned before spreading, and a delicious variety is made by using thin slices of Hamburg loaf.

In making cheese sandwiches or sandwiches of smoked fish or sardines, use, if possible, bread made from some form of the entire-wheat fine brown flour. This will cut smoothly without crumbs. Spread with sauce Tartare and then with the cheese or fish.

To make egg sandwiches, boil fresh eggs five minutes, plunge them into cold water and leave until cold; this will prevent any discoloration of the yolks, which sometimes darken if left to cool otherwise. To chop the eggs, use a knife and plate; season with salt, pepper and a little mustard, and spread on the buttered bread.

HE WILL NOT BLOW.

He had been working all winter to get a place in the brass band as a cornetist, and just as his hopes seemed to be on the verge of fulfillment she met him on his way home from the postoffice, near Major DeCamp's, and, linking her hand within his arm, walked on in silence until they reached the edge of the popular row. There she stopped in the long shadows and cornered him.

"George," said she, "I wish you wouldn't play the cornet in the new band!"

"Why not?" said he surprised. "It is the place of honor, and I get a great deal of attention by it, dear?"

"Yes, I know," said she coaxingly. "It is nice to have you noticed by everyone and all that, but"——

She paused and hung his curly head a little lower in the hush,

"But what?" said he sharply.

"Blowing the cornet makes—makes"—Her voice sank to a pouting whisper. Makes the lips so stiff and hard!"

George will not blow the cornet in the band this summer.

WHY MEDICINE DOES NO GOOD.

There are scores of persons—aye thousands of them—who by careless and irregular habits of eating contract dyspepsia. Then try this remedy and that, without paying the least attention to diet or regularity of habits, and finally denounce all remedies as frauds because the impossible does not happen, and their health come back to them. The very worst case of dyspepsia can be cured by Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills, if at the same time sound judgment as to diet, exercise and general regularity of habits is observed.

Kathleen had been put out to service, and Mrs. Berry liked the face of the young Irish girl. One day Kathleen was sent on an errand to town. She was longer than usual, and Mrs. Berry stood on the porch as she came through the field. Kathleen was happy and Mrs. Berry observed: "Why, Kathleen, what a rosy, happy face today. You look as if the dew had kissed you. Kathleen dropped her eyes and murmured: Indade, mum, but that wasn't his name.

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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HOW HE KNFW.

The Major—So the Gubbington girls are back again.

The Captain—Oh; and you have seen them?

The Major—No—not as yet.

The Captain—Then how do you know?

The Major (crimsoning)—Well—a—I noticed the clothes line the other day.

Hours of Suffering, and perhaps a long sickness, can be easily prevented by having a bottle of Dr. Manning's german remedy, the universal pain cure, in the house and using it in cases emergency. All druggist sell it.

He—I had my picture taken along with Nero—my big St. Bernard, you know. May I have the pleasure of presenting you with a copy? She—Oh, I guess so. I always did admire a handsome dog.

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.

An English health officer recently received the following note from one of the residents of his district: Dear Sir: I beg to tell you that my child, aged eight months, is suffering from an attack of measles as required by act of parliament.

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"I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion in consumption and even when the digestive powers were weak it has been followed by good results."
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Young Sharpshins—Dad, can you explain to me what faith is? Old Sharpshins—Faith, my son, is an abnormal power of belief. For instance, when your elder brother comes down in the morning with a black eye and tells me he got it by knocking up against the bedpost in the dark, especially as I know that his bed has no posts, if I believe him that would be an act of faith.

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.

Unpardonable.—Ted—Chollie has discharged his valet. Ned—What for? Ted—The man took his clothes to be pressed to the wrong shop, and the tailor wouldn't give them back until his bill was paid.

HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN 30 MINUTES.—All cases of organic or sympathetic heart disease relieved in 30 minutes and quickly cured, by Dr. Agnew's Cur. for the Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by W. H. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

What had the prisoner in his hand when he struck the prosecutor? asked the magistrate of a policeman. I saw nothin' in his hand but his fist, sor, was the reply.

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