POETRY.

THE GUESTS OF TIME.

See where the fingers of celestial light
The curtains of the morning draw apart,
And, scattering the jewels of the night,
The New Year glory makes its jocund start!

And there where white tipped mountains pierce the clouds,
Or there, where purling waters lace green vales,
The newborn moments race in sportive crowds
And gaily mock the lost year's echoing wails.

Yet they are children hearted who but feel
The thrill of pleasure and the living zest,
Nor hear a holy diapason steal
To tell possession what was once possessed.

For, as the thing that men have lived and thought
Still mingle with the things they live and do,
The precious holdings that the old year taught
The heart must keep as sacred as the new.

The roses plucked when summer breezes played
Have perished but have left their perfume sweet
To soothe the weary who have wayward strayed
And bear the dust of sorrow on their feet.

Hushed are some lips that when the spring was young
Were swift with kisses and with whispered jest.
Dumb are some voices that the birds outsung,
And feet that never tired with running rest.

The New Year comes triumphant in its pride
And sings defiance to the world of care.
But let bold youth not wholly set aside
The wan graybeard who served us passing fair!

For, lightly tho' we speed the parting friend
With heartier will to greet the coming guest,
We sometimes learn before the evening's end
They quit us earliest who loved us best.

So drink the glass of gladness on its round
In dear remembrance of the joys that were,
And let our laughter take melodious sound
From sweet regrets that memory may stir.

The old year dies not, but within the halls
Where fancy holds her fetes finds constant place
And sits with kindred where the firelight falls
To clothe with beauty each slow aging face.

There when we will we may his friendly smile
Invoke to light the gloom of some sad hour
And at his knees in reverie beguile
Our souls from grim despair's despotic power.

Nay, bard, who sang so sadly of his death,
The old year dies not, nor can ever die,
And, though we breath with joy the New Year's breath,
Full oft the old shall claim a wistful sigh.

SELECT STORY.

A LORDLY LOVER.

By the author of 'A Mere Schoolgirl,' 'The Ace of Spades,' etc.

CHAPTER IX.

CONTINUED.

"You shall not take it. Let me look at it first. No, I will not give it up."

For he has caught her wrist, and with all his force is seeking to tear those weak, resisting fingers apart.

"Let me go," she implores, utterly scared and frightened now. "You are hurting me! Let—— Oh, Mr. Gregory, help me, do! Don't let him have it! It is Mrs. Gargrave's brooch!"

In the utter panic which has overwhelmed him, sending self-control and prudence to the winds, the earl has absolutely forgotten they are not in solitude. Now he raises his head, and like a hunted stag at bay, for an instant, a scarcely perceptible instant, meets the man's gaze as he rushes to Olive's assistance.

"Let the girl be! Phillips, it is the very man we want. Arrest——"

But there is no time ao finish his command. That the game is up and his secret by some mysterious means discovered, the earl percieves all too clearly. With one strong, right-handed blow, he strikes to the ground the sergeant whose hand is already on his collar. Then he is off like the wind. And Olive, sobbing violently, with fear and pain, is left alone with one of the police officials. The other has started in hot but hopeless chase.

CHAPTER X.

AWAY, away! But little time for thought has he, yet, even as he tears along, Lord Rixon realizes that there is but a single chance for him now.

At Scarborough, The Fairy, dancing lightly on the rippling waves, is awaiting her owner. She is provisioned and ready to be off at any moment. Now he thinks of the pretty yacht, as men dream of their one haven of refuge, their one possible safety.

Straight as the crow flies, he makes for the Hall; his own horses stand in the stable, his servants are sure to be about. It will be easy to find a mount which will take him to the station in time for the 10.30 train, and the police will scarcely manage the distance soon enough to stop him. He has left his pursuer far behind.

He does not linger to utter a farewell to the host who will so soon understand the wrong that has been done him. He scarcely waits for the saddle to be securely fastened or to array himself in a huge, disguising coat before he turns the horse's head towards Rickton. Everything depends upon the cast of the die. He dare not lose.

Nor does he. When the last train to Scarborough leaves the smoky town behind, it carries with it the Earl of Rixon and his fortunes.

That night there is an accident on the Great East Yorkshire Railway. The midnight train to Scarborough comes into collision, just outside Whitby, with a luggage truck. The engine is thrown off the line, crushing in with horrible force the carriage immediately in its rear. It is a third-class carriage, more than half-filled with happy, holiday folks, intent upon losing no moment of such summer freedom that they can command.

The disaster is a terrible one.

From amongst the wreckage are drawn wounded men, screaming in their pain, and frightened women, who burst into hysterical sobbings as soon as they find themselves into security. Last of all, the rescuers come upon two bodies, lying in stillness and silence, side by side, just where the hot steam of the engine is filling the air with scalding heat and vapor. One of that couple, a man in light, ill-fitting tweeds, and with a happy, young face, now cold and still, is quickly identified.

"It is my Jack! We were only married last week!" screams a girl, as they lift ont the lifeless corpse and lay it tenderly down upon the grassy embankment. "He is not hurt; see how he smiles."

"My child, he felt no suffering; his death was instantaneous," the doctor tells her gently.

But of his companion, no one seemed to know anything. The officials look with curiosity upon the passenger, wearing evening dress under his long, thick overcoat, and with a pocketful of money, who has yet chosen to travel at midnight in a third-class compartment, and whose countenance, even in death, wears such a scared, hunted expression. It is not until the police, despatched upon the first receipt of the intelligence, arrive from Scarborough, that the mystery is solved.

"He hoped to elude notice amongt the crowd," declares the sergeant, as he gazes into the white face and observes the horror engraved for ever upon the features. "See the coronet upon the handkerchief; it is the earl of Rixon, Mrs. Gargrave's murderer! We were warned by telegram that he was in the express, and I came over to arrest him, only fearing lest he should have got off. But he has escaped us after all."

Not escaped so entirely, however, as to save the honor of his name, or to leave the innocent to bear the burden of his guilt. For at Rickton, when some few hours later, the adjourned inquest is re-opened, all the truth comes out at last.

It is a laboring man, dressed in his Sunday best, but whose stained fingers and pallid complexion, show the nature of his calling, who is the first to throw light upon the subject of Blanche's death.

"I were working on a movable platform, painting some o' the girder underneath the Tay Bridge, on the marnin' o' Saturday, July the ninth," he explains, in broad Scotch accents. "I heard the rumble of a train travelling along, and was happening to look up and watch the tops o' the carriages passing, which was all o' them that I could see."

"When something happened? Tell us about it, please." Dr. Rolf requests.

"When a package, tied up in a 'ankercher, strikes against part of the iron railings up above, and then falls joost at my feet. Of coorse I picked it up and opened it. Inside I found di'monds and a pistol, and a boodjet o' letters, and as I thought most likely there was something wroong, I handed the package over to the police."

"You would say the bundle had been flung from the train, I suppose?"

"There wasn't no other place it cud 'ave coom fra, unless it 'ad dropped from the sky," the man replies.

That Lord Rixon had travelled by that train, is a fact easily proved by his servant, who was in a carriage some distance behind the one occupied by his lordship. And then the guard is requested to stand up.

The coroner holds out to him a small, three-cornered morsel of cambric, with a coronet and the two letters 'R. R.' marked upon it in indelible ink.

"Where did you pick this up?" he asks.

"In the compartment as Lord Rixon travelled in on July the ninth," he answers readily. "I know it were that same carriage, for I was collecting his wraps and things, when I catched sight of it, and thinking it of no use, I put it in my pocket, to show the missus the pretty letters on it. Then I forgot all about it, and never gave it another thought until Mr. Clark there," pointing to a detective, was making enquiries, two days since, about the coach the earl occupied."

"And that the piece of linen is the corner at present missing from the handkerchief, in which the plunder was enclosed, there can be no doubt," remarks the coroner, fitting the jagged fragment into its place.

After that there scarcely needs Olive's testimony, delivered with quivering lips and downcast eyes, as to the discovery of the diamoud brooch. No wonder that the poor girl trembles and looks ill. Not one moment of peace has she known since Mrs, Marsden became acquainted with the fact of her fresh delinquency in again meeting Lord Rixon.

"All very well to tell me it was for Bert's sake. The police weren't likely to depend upon a chit like you to save an innocent man. Besides, I daresay they knew all about it before," the mother said, only this morning, as she surveyed during breakfast, the swollen eyes of her eldest daughter. "And now I shall have one of my daughters in a police court."

"No, no, my dear. Tisn't a police court, neither," corrects her husband.

"Then some other sort of court. What do I care? Only I know that this 'ill be a blight on Olive for life.

Yet, even if that be true, the girl herself scarcely regrets it, when at the close of the enquiry, she hears the verdict of wilful murder against the late Earl of Rixon pronounced, and sees Bert once more at liberty.

"I may never be his wife, and perhaps they might have proved his innocence without me. Yet I did my best to help him. And, after all, without my having snatched up that brooch, it might have been much more difficult to get at the truth," she meditates, during the walk home by Mrs. Marsden's side.

That lady, having for once exhausted her stock of eloquence, is absolutely silent, and Olive makes most of the pleasant change, which, however, does not last longer than it takes to reach the little house in East Terrace, where a fresh surprise is already lying in wait.

In the front sitting-room a small, sandy-haired gentleman, with spectacles on his nose and a long, parchment envelope in his hand, has been seated for some few moments before their arrival. As Olive enters, he rises, scanning her lovely, troubled features curiously through his glasses, then he bows.

"Miss Olive Marsden?" he says, inquiringly.

"Yes."

Her tone is languid and uninterested; she has scarcely spirit left to wonder what he can want with her.

"I have hastened down to be the first to inform you of your good fortune," the Scotchman tells her. "The news o' Lord Rixon's death was in all the papers this morning, puir young mon! and I consideered it weel to carry out his weeshes by myself cooming and reading you his will."

"I don't know what Olive should have to do with it," interrupts Mrs. Marsden. "She is a wicked, ungrateful girl to her parents, and ought never to have had anything to say to a bold, bad man like he was — the villain!"

"At least, madam, he has not been wi'oot some tooch o' guidness to yer dichter, whativer she may have done."

"Goodness, indeed!" with a scornful toss of the head.

"Yes, guidness, madam, since he has left her a nice little fortune of a quarter of a million o' mooney, and that on the one only condition that she is not to mairy a Mr. Robert Cartwright," he replies.

* * * *

"Bert!"

It is two days later, and all Rickton is still gossiping as to the extraordinary and most undeserved good fortune that has befallen Olive Marsden; and Robert Cartwright, released from prison and cleared from all blame, is sitting at home in his mother's cottage, thinking. His head, buried in his arms, is resting upon the table; all hope has gone from his life.

For a dead hand has for ever separated himself and his love.

"Bert!"

It is Olive's voice, and as he hears it he shivers.

"Bert! dear Bert! Won't you speak to me?"

"What's the use?" in a tone smothered by his cloth sleeve.

"Because I want you to," she answers, with a little of the old imperiousness and a great deal of entreaty.

He can't resist that, so he sits up.

"Well?"

Olive's eyes fill with tears. Suddenly she puts out both her hands, thrusting them into his.

"Don't you love me still, Bert?"

"Love you?" The man's face is all one flush of scarlet passion, but he says no more than that.

"Then if you love me, won't you kiss me, Bert?"

He shakes his head.

"Oh, dear! and I thought you'd perhaps be sorry by now that you said you'd never ask ——"

She cannot utter another word. Her sobs choke her. But her lover at length is fully aroused. He starts to his feet and faces her.

"What is the good of my wanting you?" he inquires bitterly. "There is all that wretched money between us now. Of course I was a brute that night; of course I've been sorry for it ever since, and meant to beg your pardon the first chance I had. But where's the sense of it, now?"

Then, very timidly, she lifts two big eyes, swimming with tears, to his, and her look causes him to fling both strong arms round the slender, yielding form.

"Olive, you can't mean it! You don't understand," he cries. "Would you take me," in all my roughness and poverty, and let the riches go?"

'Gladly," she whispers. "What is Lord Rixon's money to me? Bert, if you really won't ask me to marry you——"

Who could resist that sweet, shy suggestion? He stoops and with his lips on hers, says softly—

"Well, my darling?" Whereupon she gathers up her courage.

"Then I shall have to say, please be my husband! For, Bert, I can't live without you, dear."

THE END.

GLEANINGS FROM YORK.

Interesting and Spicy Gossip from Our Active Correspondents.

Death at Hawkshaw.

There occurred at Hawkshaw, on the 5th inst., the death of John B. Manuel in his 19th year. Deceased, whose sickness was brought on by a neglected cold, has been in failing health for two or more years. At the outset his friends felt no anxiety, but for the last year and a half it has been apparent that the disease had settled upon him. Johnnie, however, fought it manfully and determinedly, leaving nothing undone or untried, but as the sequel has shown, all to no purpose. During the long months of his illness, his patient, unmurmuring resignation to the Divine will, called forth the surprise and admiration of all who saw him, and brought to us the conviction that, in the furnace, he felt there was one near to him "like the Son of Man."

A short time before his decease, he made open profession of faith in the Lord Jesus, and with the members of his family and a few members of the congregation, took the symbols of the Saviour's death. All present felt that the services were solemn and profitable.

The funeral, which took place on the 8th inst., was a very large one. The remains were taken to Bear Island, and after divine service, conducted by Rev. Wm. Ross, were buried in the churchyard there. We left the spot, feeling that one of our most promising young men has left us, for a land where his manliness and promise shall find wider spheres of action and usefulness.

Lower Prince William.

DEC. 10.—There is a good deal of sickness in this locality, and Dr. Coy is kept busy.

Lee Courser is confined to the house with a severe attack of acute rheumatism, and Harry, who cut his leg some two weeks ago and got cold in it, is in a critical condition.

Arthur Crewdson has returned home from the woods with a cut foot.

Mrs. B. Courser is suffering from blood poisoning, caused by a pin scratch on her hand.

A. Jewett's family are recovering from a severe attack of scarlet fever.

Messrs. Chase and Driscoll were in the village today, buying beef cattle.

Miss Lena Courser is ill with scarlet fever.

J. W. Smith and Mrs. W. Vanwart, have fallen heirs to a fortune in Bangor, Maine.

Mrs. John Kitchen has returned home from a visit to relatives and friends in Boston.

Rev. M. B. Whitman has been engaged as pastor of the Baptist church.

Brockway.

DEC. 17.—Wm. Stewart one of the oldest inhabitants of Brockway, died Wednesday, the 12th inst., at the home of his nephew, Wm. Brockway. Deceased was born in Ireland, and was eighty-five years of age. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. A. J. McLean, and was largely attended.

The snow has all disappeared again leaving the roads quite muddy.

Miss Mary Little has gone to Oak Bay to visit her friend Miss Richardson.

Miss Annie McLay will continue her services in the school here during the coming term.

The recent moon light nights were very agreeable to the young folks who love to spend their evenings on their skates.

The acquaintances here of Geo. R. Cooper of Fredericton, regret to hear of his early death.

May the readers of THE HERALD all enjoy a very pleasant Christmas, and a happy New Year.

Lower Haynesville.

DEC. 10.—The roads are yet without snow. Lumbermen are passing through here to their work in the woods, some on sleds, and others with waggons.

Leonard Burlock and Marven Brewer went through here today to their work on the Upper Keswick.

Miss Susie McKiel is still failing; no hopes of her recovery.

Rev. Mr. Turner preached here yesterday. We were pleased to see the Misses Dora Whitehead and Mary Mitchell, of Staples' Settlement, in the audience.

Our popular store-keeper, E. Reynolds, has put a new organ in his residence.

Miss Maud Allen, of Marysville, made a flying visit to her parents, a few days ago.

Miss Annie Webb went to Marysville today, expecting to spend the winter there.

Handly Chute cut his foot very badly one day last week, and Dr. Morehouse is tending him,

PROFITABLE SWINE RAISING.

If a farmer grows but one lot of swine each year, he should grow them with a certain market in view. If two lots, he should market twice a year. If spring pigs, they should go to market in the in the early fall, and the fall pigs the last of April, or early in May. The time of marketing a lot of pigs should be determined by the time they are first counted. When the farmer waits to see what the market promises before he determines when the pigs shall be fattened, he is almost certain to blunder in his time of marketing. As a rule he who gets his pigs to market at the earliest possible time and sells at a given age regardless of the prevailing price, makes the most clear money in the long run. When a farmer plans to have his pigs mature at a certain age, he has made the main point towards having them in prime condition at that age, and when in this condition they should be sold.

Only by a well-managed system can the best results be reached. If two litters are grown a year, spring and fall, of necessity all must go to market at an early age, for it will not do to hold them till they are a year old, as it places too many on the farm at once. All careful swine raisers know that with the increase of numbers, the risk from disease is correspondingly increased. The well-fatted hog of two hundred pounds weight, always sells well in market, in fact, such an animal is the choice of buyers a greater part of the time. The trouble with farmers in producing this hog, lies in the fact that they have not yet arrived at the belief that in general farm practice it is possible to reach this weight at six to seven months of age. Greater weights can be made with small numbers, but when a farmer puts off from forty to sixty or one hundred head, this is good weight for the age named.

The markets do not call for a hog of this weight at one year old, but for a young hog at this weight at the earliest practical moment. The March or April pig should be on the market not later than November 1st, the September or October pig, not later than June 1st, better the middle of May, as prices have ruled for a number of years. Haphazard work will not accomplish this, but a well-laid system followed to the letter, will do it. It is a fact that cannot be disputed that misfortune in swine growing comes most frequently to the man that has no definite system. With definite plans he falls into a line of better care and treatment of his swine.

A LITERARY OPINION.

I have read your poem, young man, said the publisher kindly, and I must say that after mature reflection and in view of the quality of the verse, it seems to me——

Yes, yes—it seems—repeated the poet, breathlessly.

As I was saying, it seems to me that you ought to make an excellent workman at almost any kind of manual labor.

Hawker's Balsam, a sure cough cure.

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IN THE SLUMP.

Anxious Wife—George, what great thing was settled by this election?

Husband (sadly)—Me.

For your throat, when hoarse or husky, use Hawer's balsam of tulu and wild cherry. It affords prompt relief and leaves the voice clear and distinct.

Now, you young scamp, said Blinks senior, as he led his youngster out into woodshed, and prepared to give him a dressing. I'll teach you what is what.

No, pa, replied the incorrigible, you teach me which is switch.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

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IN EXECUTIVE SESSION.

The old parliamentarian did not like the young man who was paying court to his daughter, and the next time he came to see her the paternal stepped into the reception room and asked him to depart.

But, sir—began the caller, in protest.

Your remarks, sir, he interrupted, as he held the door open, are not in order. A motion to adjourn is not debatable, and the motion carried.

A little girl was overheard talking to her doll, whose arm had come off, exposing the sawdust stuffing. You dear, good obedient dolly, I knew I had told you to chew your food fine, but I didn't think that you would chew it so fine as that.

A cheap and sure cure for cold in the head or catarrh; a twenty-five cent box of Hawker's catarrh cure.

A GENTLE HINT.

Jones (meeting Brown smoking)—I don't like to see a man smoking on the street.

Brown—Why, what difference does it make.

Jones—A great deal. It makes me want to do the same, and I haven't anything to smoke.

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Second Proud Matron—Well, I really don't blame you; men naturally expect something of the sort when they can't get, beauty.

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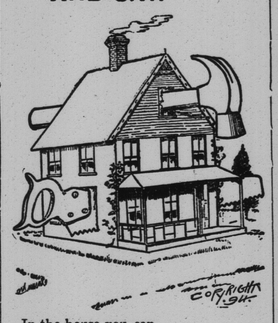

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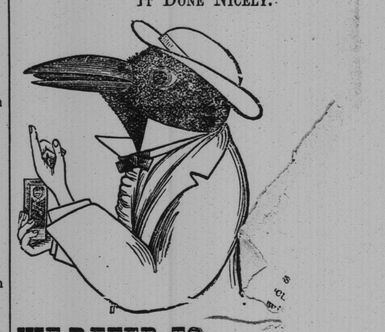

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