POETRY.

THE BABY OVER THE WAY.

Across in my neighbor's window,
With its folds of satin and lace,
I see, with its crowns of ringlets,
A baby's innocent face.
The throng on the street look upward,
And everyone, grave and gay,
Has a nod and a smile for the baby
In the mansion over the way.

Just here in my cottage window,
His chin in his dimpled hands,
And a patch on his faded apron,
The child that I live for stands.
He has kept my heart from breaking
For many a weary day;
And his face is as pure and handsome
As the baby over the way.

Sometimes when we sit together,
My grave little man of three,
Sore vexes me with the question:
"Does God, up in heaven, like me?"
And I say: "Yes, yes, my darling,"
Though I almost answer "nay,"
As I see the nursery candles
In the mansion over the way.

And oft when I draw the stockings
From his little tired feet,
And loosen the clumsy garments
From his limbs so round and sweet,
I grow too bitter for singing,
My heart too heavy to pray,
As I think of the dainty raiment
Of the baby over the way.

* * *

O God in heaven forgive me
For all I have thought and said!
My envious heart is humbled;
My neighbor's baby is dead!
I saw the little white coffin,
As they carried it out today,
And the heart of a mother is breaking
In the mansion over the way.

The light is fair in my window,
The flowers bloom at my door:
My boy is chasing the sunbeams
That dance on the cottage floor.
The roses of health are crowning
My darling's forehead today;
But the baby has gone from the window
Of the mansion over the way.

SELECT STORY.

AN UNBROKEN PROMISE.

—OR—

A CASTAWAY.

PROLOGUE.

CHAPTER III.

SITTING IN JUDGMENT.

CONTINUED.

"He must go, Cleethorpe," said the Colonel, looking up at him.

"Not a doubt of that, Colonel. The prestige of the regiment would be ruined if he were suffered to remain. Two or three expressed that opinion to me last night, amongst them, Norman, who is quiet and sensible. Indeed, I feel it myself."

"So do I," said Goole, quietly. "You mentioned his father just now; I don't know how I shall be able to break it to Sir Geoffrey, and he intended to make a soldier of the lad."

"Ah!" said Cleethorpe, "it was only last evening that I was half inclined to deplore my bachelor state, and to wish I had a boy like his; but now I cannot be too thankful for the immense amount of anxiety that I have been spared."

"You're right. God help poor Sir Geoffrey! He will suffer dreadfully. I must write to him, and to Lord Okehampton; and that will be a very pleasant business for me, by the way, for it was principally on my representation that Okehampton gave the boy his commission. However, we will go in and get our breakfast now, and afterwards I will write the letters, and you shall take them with you and dispatch them. By the way, does the young man know that he must go? He had better apply for leave until the matter can be formally arranged."

"I settled that with him this morning, and am the bearer of his application. He knows, too, that he must give up all chance of entering the army."

"How does he behave about that?"

"Very quietly, and not without a certain amount of dignity. In spite of all that has happened, there is something about the young man's manner which one would never find in a coward. If one could only know his reason for his conduct!"

"That, you say, he distinctly refuses to give?" said the Colonel.

"Most decidedly."

"Then," said the Colonel, shrugging his shoulders, "we can only act on what is brought before us."

"I suppose so," said Captain Cleethorpe, repeating the shrug, and turning his horse's head in the direction of the stables, while the Colonel moved towards the house.

Their talk at breakfast was about other matters, and when the meal was finished, they adjourned to the little study, and there, after much cogitation and many alterations, their joint labors produced the following letter:

CHEESEBOROUGH, May 18, 1860.

"MY DEAR HERIOT,—I much regret to be compelled to announce to you some ill news, which I fear will affect you very deeply. Like most old soldiers, I am not a very good hand with the pen, but you will understand that it is not from want of sympathy that I come at once to the point, and tell you that your son must send in his resignation of the commission which he holds in the Cheddar Yeomanry. It appears that last night, he and another subaltern, a Mr. Travers, came to high words in a billiard-room in this town. Your son gave Mr. Travers the lie, and Travers retorted by a blow. I need not point out to you, that after this, there was but one course to pursue. That course, however, Mr. Heriot declines to take, and is content, as it seems, to sit down patiently under the insult that he has received. Of course, his continuance in the regiment under these circumstances, is impossible, as henceforward all fellowship with his brother officers, or respect from the men, would be at an end.

"I cannot tell you, my dear Heriot, knowing as I do, your acute sense of honor, how deeply I sympathise with you under these unhappy circumstances; more especially as I am sure, if George had only done what was expected of him, the matter might have been easily arranged. This Mr. Travers, from what I have heard from Captain Cleethorpe, who was present at the row, is an underbred bully, and I could easily have prevented matters from going to extremities. George's refusal to notice the insult has, however, completely taken the matter out of my hands. He says he has a reason for his conduct, which is quite sufficient for himself, but declines to impart it to any of us. He is prepared to send in his resignation, and I have no option but to advise its acceptance. I write to Lord Okehampton accordingly by this same post. Again assuring you of my deep regret, I am, my dear Heriot, sincerely yours,

MARKHAM GOOLE."

"There," said Colonel Goole, folding up the letter, "this will either break the old man's heart, or cause him to break his son's spirit."

"Do you think so?" said Captain Cleethorpe doubtfully; "for my part, I look upon the first process as difficult, the last as impossible."

CHAPTER IV.

SENTENCED.

GLAD you have come in, Mr. Riley, the General has rung twice."

"And why didn't you answer the bell?" asked Mr. Riley, a tall, weather-beaten, grey-haired man, of soldierly appearance.

"No, I thank you, replied the butler; "when I have known him as long as you, perhaps I will, but our acquaintance is rather much too short at present."

"The General's rather short tempered in the morning," said Riley, with a grim smile, as he left the room to answer the bell, which pealed out for the third time.

"Short tempered," said the butler to the footman, who entered the pantry at the moment. "He thinks he's among the niggers still; I suppose, but he'll have to alter all that, now he's come over here."

Meanwhile, Riley made his way to the library, opened the door, closed it carefully behind him, and stood at the attitude of attention, waiting for his master to address him. The room was empty at the moment, but through a doorway at the further end of it, came a man with quick, hasty footsteps, bearing two letters in his hand. A man above the middle height, and considerably past middle age, thin almost to gauntness, upright in his carriage, rapid and nervous in his movements. His iron-grey hair, worn without parting or division, curled in a thick, crisp mass on his head. His small gray moustache shaded his thin lips, but his cheeks were whiskerless, and no beard softened the ontlines of his strong and heavy jaw, which plainly indicated the owner's possession of a quality characterized by his friends as firmness, by his foes as obstinacy.

Such outward appearance had Major Genaral Sir Geoffry Heriot. As he entered the room, he looked somewhat vacantly at the servant, then seating himself at his writing table, spread his letters open before him, and commenced the perusal of one of them. Riley waited until his master again looked up, when he said—

"You rang, General?"

Sir Geoffry roused in an instant.

"Three times, Riley. Where were you?"

"Gone to the stables, General, to look at the horse that came last night. It's against your orders for any of the servants to come to you in the morning, and I thought you would like to hear news of the horse. He'll make a fine charger, General, and will carry Mr. George splendidly."

"How can you tell that?" said Sir Geoffrey, quickly; "you never saw Mr. George!"

"No, General, that's true," said Riley; "but——"

"You will never see him."

"Never see Mr. George," cried the man in astonishment; "why I thought in a month's time he was coming here?"

"Mr. George Heriot will never come here," said Sir Geoffrey, looking up sternly; more than that, there is no such person."

"No such person as your honor's son?" cried Riley.

"I have no son, Riley."

"Is Mr. George dead?" asked the man, dropping his voice.

"He's dead to me," said Sir Geoffrey, in the same tone; "do you understand?"

"That's just what I don't do," said he, looking up in despair.

"All that you have occasion to know," said Sir Geoffrey, coldly, "and you should not know even so much, if you had not served me faithfully so many years, is this; that the person whom I have hitherto been accustomed to think of as my son, and to whose companionship and affection I have been looking forward as the solace of my life, has done something which renders it necessary for me not merely to discard and disown him, but to forget that he ever existed."

"Your honor," said Riley, involuntarily taking a step nearer to his master, and speaking with trembling lips and outstretched hands, "to discard and disown—is it Mr. George, your son?"

"Have I any other son, that you need ask?" said Sir Geoffrey, unmoved. "Understand, too, that henceforth his name will never pass my lips, and must never be mentioned by you. I am aware Riley, that silence is one of your qualities, but have you ever spoken of my son's expected visit to any of the servants, or even mentioned his existence?"

"Never, General. Mr. George's name has never crossed my lips, save to your honor, since we left the regiment."

"That's right; now attend to me. I expect a visitor today. You will have timely notice of his approach, by seeing the carriage coming up the avenue, and you will take care to be in the way to open the door. Mind that this is done by you, and do not ask the gentleman his name; if he gives it, you will keep it to yourself and not even repeat it to me. You will simply announce him as a gentleman, send the carriage to the stable, and bid the driver come round again in hour's time. When I ring the bell, you will see the gentleman to the door, and show him out, without a word."

"I understand, General," said the man, with his head bent down, and in a low tone of voice.

"Now go!" and Sir Geoffrey pointed to the door.

"It's Mr. George," thought Riley to himself as he went slowly down the passage; "he's coming to see his father for the last time, and not all the angels in heaven would make the General budge an inch when he has made up his mind to do even so cruel a thing as this."

When Sir Geoffrey was left to himself, he took up the longer of the two letters which lay before him, and read it again attentively. As he read, the blood flushed in his bronzed cheeks, his teeth were set firmly together behind his thin lips, his lips kindled, and at length, crushing the letter in his hand, he began pacing the room with hasty strides, and muttering to himself all the while.

After about an hour had passed away in this manner, Sir Geoffrey's quick ear caught the sound of footsteps in the passage close to the door. He had only time to throw himself into a chair at the writing table, and to assume the appearance of being engaged with his pen, when the door was opened and Riley appeared, and close behind him, Sir Geoffrey saw the outline of another figure.

Riley averted his eyes from his master as he made the announcement: "A gentleman, Sir Geoffrey!" Sir Geoffrey replied, "show him in," but, after the first glance, did not look up from the writing in front of him until he heard the sound made by the closing door. Then he raised his head, and rose from his chair, but as his glance fell upon the young man standing before him, his thoughts leaped back over the abyss of twenty years, and a woman's face, which he had not seen during that period, but which, when he last looked at it, bore just the same strange, proud expression, rose before his fancy. He sank back in his chair again, and shut the vision out with his hand.

"Father," cried the young man, stepping forward.

In an instant Sir Geoffrey was himself again.

"Son," he replied, rising to his feet, and putting forth his hand to check the young man's advance, "this is the first time we have ever interchanged these terms, and it will be the last."

"Father!" again cried the youth.

"I am Sir Geoffry Heriot, if you please, to you as well as to everybody else. Whom you are now I know, but what you may be sor the future is for your own decision, and utterly without any reference to me."

The young man looked up as though doubting the evidence of his ears.

Presently he said:

"You have had a letter from me, sir?"

"I have had a letter from Colonel Goole, stating what occurred on Thursday night in a billiard-room at Cheeseborough," said Sir Geoffry.

"But from me, I ask," said the young man impetuously; "had you not a letter from me, stating that I was coming to you forthwith, and that I would explain that occurrence?"

"I had," said Sir Geoffry quietly; "but there was occasion for you to have troubled yourself to have come on such an errand. I have no doubt Colonel Goole states the circumstances corectly; you can take his letter and judge for himself. And he threw the letter across the table.

George Heriot took up the letter and read it through, Sir Geoffry watching him intently, muttering as he did so, "And he can read of his own disgrace without turning a hair!"

"The facts are correctly stated, sir," said George, folding the letter and handing it back to his father.

"Of course," said Sir Geoffry, contemptuously; "gentleman are no more in the habit of perverting facts than of submitting tamely to insult. We will go through the statements seriatim if you please. You and this Mr. Travers," said the General, referring to the letter, "had this quarrel at a billiard-table?"

"We had."

"He accused you of obtruding on his stroke, and of purposely pushing his arm?"

"He did."

"That blow you have not attempted to avenge. You remain, as it were, with a red mark of his buffet on your cheek. You have not demanded satisfaction for this insult that has been put upon you?"

"I have not."

"On the contrary, you have refused to call this man to account?"

"I have."

"And you dare, sir, to come here and confront me with such a decision as that in your mouth?" cried the General, almost shrieking with rage.

"I dare," said George Heriot, very quietly.

His son's coolness had a subduing effect upon the elder man. His look was still disdainful, and his manner imperious, but his voice was considerably moderated as he said:

"Your daring to do so proves more plainly than anytning else that we have never met before, and that you have been brought up in ignorance of my character."

"I certainly was not brought up to regard you either as a idol whom I was to worship, or as a bully from whom I was to run away," said the young, still very quietly.

Sir Geoffry's face darkened, and he seemed as though about to again give vent to his passion. But he checked himself, and said:

"I am indebted to those to whom your early days were confided for having failed to represent me in the last objectionable character. As to the former," he added grimly, "they were not likely to make any mistake about that. However, that is not relevant to the subject at present under discussion. You allow that all that is said by Colonel Goole in this matter is true?"

"Perfectly true."

"Then it only remains with me to announce the determinarion which I have come to in the matter. Stay, though. Colonel Goole tells me that you describe yourself as having some reason for refusing to demand satisfaction of this man."

"Of any man," interrupted George.

"Of any man," repeated the General. "I beg your pardon, and accept your correction in its wider sense. This reason you declined to state to your brother officers. Does your objection to mention it apply equally to me?"

"It does not."

"No! Then you can give me your reasons?"

"I can."

"And will?"

"Certainly."

"I confess I shall be curious to hear what can have been your motive for sacrificing a very promising career, almost before you had entered it."

"My sole motive for refusing to fight a duel—that is the right way to put it, even had I been challeged, I should have declined the meeting—was, that I had sworn a solemn oath never to engage in such an encounter."

Sir Geoffrey laughed aloud.

"The old story," he cried, with a sneer; "the coward's never-failing plea. And to whom, pray, and under what circumstances, was this oath given?"

"To whom? To your wife; my mother."

Sir Geoffrey started, and shook himself as though he had received a cut from a whip.

"And you ask under what circumstances," continued the lad. "I will tell you. The first time that I can recollect any illusion to it was when I was quite a child. We were living then at Saumer, a little village within a short distance of Boulogne. We used to go to Boulogne in a kind of omnibus, driven by a man named Joseph. It used to start very early in the morning, that the country-women might be betimes at market with their fruit and vegetables. And one morning, just as we were skirting the sands, we saw a little knot of men slowly carrying something. Joseph ran to see what it was, and coming back, told us it was the body of an officer who had been killed in a duel. That night I spoke to my mother about it, and asked her what a duel meant and why the officer had been killed. After she had explained this, she cried a great deal, I recollect, and made me promise never to allow myself to be mixed up in such matters. The subject was never alluded to again between us until"—and here the lad's voice broke a little—"until she was dying. I was sitting by her; her eyes were closed, and I thought she was sleeping, when she suddenly roused up and clutching me by the arm reminded me of the scene witnessed from the Saumner omnibus, and of the promise which I made. 'You were very young then,' she said, 'and you are but a mere child now, but you will have sense enough to understand me, and to do what I bid you, when I tell you it is my earnest wish, and that I am going from you, and you will never see me again. Say after me these words: I swear by my hopes of salvation, and by the love I have for my mother, that I will never fight a duel, or take part in one in any way.' I repeated the words after her, then I laid down beside her, and she put her arms round my neck, and kept them there till she died."

TO BE CONTINUED.

To allay the inflammation and soothe pain there is no remedy to equal Hawker's pile cure.

AN OLD YARN REVIVED.

We were all telling mosquito stories at a New Jersey summer resort, when one particularly audacious man said: Oh, that's nothing. I was off the coast at Barnegat last summer on a fishing trip, and while while we were out on deck early in the evening, smoking and chatting, a great cloud of mosquitoes, all of them monstrous birds, came out from shore and settled on the boat, and do you know, in fifteen minutes they had stripped it of every inch of canvas, and left the masts bare as beanpoles!

We held up our hands in deprecation at this tale, when another of the party exclaimed: Well, don't be astonished. I can vouch for that. It was only a week after that I was on a trip along the coast, and the same swarm of mosquitoes came out after us.

The first speaker didn't seem to appreciate this unexpected support, for he muttered: Humph! They did, eh? Well, how did you know they were the same mosquitoes, eh?

How did I know? repeated the other, with a chuckle. How did I know? Why, they all had on canvas overalls.

SORES ON COWS' TEATS.

During the cold weather of spring and autumn the teats of cows are liable to become sore. At first a small chafe or crack in the outer skin is noticed. If the weather is raw and disagreeable and the sores are not properly treated, they become very much enlarged and often bleed during the operation of milking. Just as soon as these blemishes are discovered all proper effort should be made to cure them. If the sores are deep, causing much uneasiness to the cow at milking, the cure is hastened by applying a plaster of some healing salve. This not only excludes the air but hastens the healing. If a common court plaster is cut into strips, moistened and pressed over the sore for a moment, it will greatly aid in the cure. At the next milking aim to press the plaster against the hollow of the hand as it will remain longer and not irritate the sore as when the pressure is between the fingers. In absence of a plaster use castor oil, lard, unsalted butter, or any heavy oil to keep the sore soft. Do not remove the scab that will form, oftener than every two or three days. The neglected sores are a prolific cause of kicking cows.

MR. BELDING'S POEM.

A. M. Belding of the Sun staff is receiving many congratulations on his poem on the death of the late Sir John Thompson. It was first printed in the Sun and attracted the attention of Lady Aberdeen, who suggested that it be printed in leaflet form for general distribution. Mr. Belding has acted on the suggestion and the poem is very neatly printed, the front page being occupied by a very striking likeness of the late Premier. Lady Aberdeen has ordered 200 copies, and persons desirous of securing the publication ean have them at ten cents apiece on applying to the Sun office.

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STUMPED.

Grandpapa, asked his inquisitive grandson, do hens make their own eggs?

Yes, replied the old gentleman, indeed they do, Johnnie.

And do they always put the yolk in the middle?

They do, indeed, Johnnie.

And do they put the white around it to keep the yellow from rubbing off?

Quite likely, my inquisitive little boy.

And then, grandpapa, who sews the cover on?

This stumped the old gentleman, and he barricaded Johnnie's mouth with a lollipop.

How to Cure All Skin Diseases.

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for Swayne's Ointment.

Conductor (shaking sleepy passenger)—Ticket, please.

Englishman (who has been sixteen hours in the country)—Really, now, you know, I have hardly seen enough of America yet to be able to give my impressions of it, but it strikes me—O, I beg your pardon! I thought it was another blawsted reporter!

Mother.—I gave you ten cents to be good yesterday, and today you are just trying to show how bad you can be. Willie—Yes, but I'm just trying to show you today that you got the worth of your money yesterday.

Don't take whiskey to warm you up and break a cold. A little of Dr. Manning's german remedy diluted in hot water is much better and is not intoxicating.

People are talking so much about epigrams in novels, said the young woman. How would you describe an epigram?

An epigram, said the young man, who isn't literary to any great extent, is a sort of joke with a clean collar and its Sunday clothes on.

A COMFORT SOMETIMES.

When health is far gone in Consumption, then sometime only ease and comfort can be secured from the use of Scott's Emulsion. What is much better is to take this medicine in time to save your health.

Mrs. Brady (purchasing her first ticket)—Gev me a ticket ter Paterson. Agent (pleasantly)—Excursion? Mrs. Brady (indignantly)—It's none av yez business whither it's an excursion or a picnic, or phat it's fer; jus' gimme th' ticket.

Mr. Shortly (four feet eight)—to Miss Beauti)—Yes, I am proud to say I am a self-made man. Miss Beauti's Little Brother—Why didn't you make more of you while you was at it?

In bad cases of catarrh the nasal organs become diseased, producing disagreeable discharges. Hawker's catarrh cure will positively cure the most aggrivated cases. Only 25 cents.

You love another, he hissed. She was silent and abashed. Whom? he demanded, fiercely. Ma, she faltered. It was as be feared. With a wild cry he fled forever.

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