

When that hour comes, and no one knows when.

With loving touch kind nature will appear.

And with the current's warm tide will flow.

And with the sun's rays will come the glow.

The light will turn on the white hands by each.

And fingers loved ones half their sorrow.

But they will find it not, for with it comes a

Like children sleeping after weary days, 'till

A gentle sleep—with not one hour of grief—

A perfect change through long eternity.

And who can dread it, who has lived right?

But we've learned there is no dread of day,

And how often we have welcomed night.

For days were dull and friends were far

away.

To sleep and measure time at ease, to while dull

hours.

To dream of sweeter joys that follow after

Who knows but in that sleep we live long lives

again?

Who knows who rules us; then say He knoweth

best.

And all the worlds that hang in yonder sky.

And all the things that have lived not many

years.

Are ever waiting—and they may be high;

What matters, then, if life end with less

years?

—Waverly Magazine.

## TWO EAVESDROPPERS.

It was a glorious afternoon in July,

bright and warm. A south wind

blew across Lake Ontario, and freed

by the greedily-absorbent waters from

the impurities with which thickly

populated cities had charged its

breath, it reached the northern shore

delightfully pure and cool.

The water-line—a marvel of curves

—was beaten back in places by

"cribs" thrown out to protect the

land by meeting and repelling its

restless foe.

One of these rude breakwaters, half

demolished by violent storms now

lay high on the beach, with only its

outer half touched by the small

waves. They gurgled and danced

about its worn beams, leaping in

through the storm-widened crevices,

then rushing back to overtake their

less troublesome companions.

Stretched at full length, with his

head toward the shore, held from too

close contact with the pebbles by his

clashed hands, sheltered from obser-

vation by the three beams which

formed the crib's side, with his brown

eyes resting on the dancing waters—

behold Douglas McDonald. A man

past thirty, with a full brown beard,

a thick mustache, a complexion

turned to a foreign hue by exposure

to old Sol's caresses, he looked very

handsome and very happy as he lay

there with a smile arching his lips.

Suddenly the sound of moving pebbles

announced the approach of some

one, and almost at the same mo-

ment he heard his sister's voice ad-

dress her young friend who was

boarding at the same house in the

little town where they were spending

the summer months.

"Now tell me honestly, Mattie, if

you like Douglas. Dear old boy, it

seems so nice to have him around

after being away so many years—only

I wish he were married," she added

with a sigh.

"And I suppose," said Mattie Mor-

ton, "that you will ask your dear

husband to find out from your brother

his opinion of me, and then what fun

you and Jack will have comparing

notes."

A little pause, during which the

ladies seated themselves near the

crib.

"What on earth shall I do—dis-

cover myself to them or go to sleep

and not listen?" muttered the subject

of the conversation.

He decided finally that his ap-

pearance at so inopportune a moment

would cause more annoyance than his

eavesdropping could.

Again Mattie's low voice reached

him, and instead of sleeping, he lis-

tened very eagerly, for what man

would not wish to hear a conversation

in which the woman he was half in

love with might be expected to con-

fess her feelings to his sister. But if

Douglas McDonald listened for a ten-

der confession, he was disappointed,

for half laughing she exclaimed,—

"I don't think he is handsome, Bella."

"The mischief you don't!" said the

listener with a smile.

"He is not my ideal at all," Mattie

rattled on unsuspectingly. "Her

hair is too long, and he has too much

beard, and, dear me, Bella, why

doesn't he straighten his shoulders

and wear becoming ties?"

"My hair is rather long," admitted

the distressed listener, to himself, as

he drew a lock through his fingers.

"Is that the boat, Mattie?" asked

Bella, straining her eyes to obtain a

better view of a smoke in the dis-

tance.

"I think it is," replied her com-

panion.

"Let us go up and dress in time to

meet Jack on the dock," went on the

young wife; and Mattie assenting,

they walked up the beach, and were

soon out of sight.

Douglas waited until he thought

they should have left the house

and then, rising, prepared to go, say-

ing, as he stretched himself,—

"Ah, Douglas, my boy, you must

improve if you are to be pleasing to

the fair Mattie. I always had an

idea that women liked this kind of

thing," stroking the brown beard

meditatively; then as a bright look

succeeded the thoughtful one, he

added, "I think I shall go to some

other place to spend my holidays."

When Mrs. Morton and Bella, ac-

companied by Mr. Jack Sterling,

reached the house, Douglas, dressed

for dinner, was reading a new maga-

zine.

"What have you been doing all

day, Douglas?" asked his brother-in-

law.

"Sunning myself and building

Spanish castles, my boy; and, by the

way, Jack, I must go to the city to-

morrow morning; will you please see

that I am properly waked up in time

to catch your boat."

Jack promised, while Bella pro-

tested her belief in the existence

of the business which her brother as-

serted called him away on the mor-

row.

"Poor Jack!" she murmured: "and

the evening passed pleasantly,

Douglas making himself so agree-

able to Mattie that she felt almost

inclined to like him, in spite of the

obnoxious beard.

The following day, at the time

Bella began to expect Douglas, who

had promised to come out from the

city early, a telegram was put into

her hand, which acquainted her

with the fact that her brother had

found affairs so combined, as to ren-

der his absence for some time a mat-

ter of necessity, though he assured

her he would come as soon as he

could—perhaps in less than a week.

Jack came duly by the evening

boat, and declared that he would

"take his holidays now."

"Oh, dear," urged Bella, "can't

you wait till Douglas comes back?"

"No," answered Jack, shortly, "it

was all arranged this morning, and

I told him of it. He needn't have

gone in such a hurry."

"Business before pleasure, or—"

began Mattie.

"Civility," suggested Jack, who

seemed to be in no very benign frame

of mind.

"No, scarcely that," she laughed as

she pulled aside the curtain, and ad-

mitted the silvery light from the

crenate moon; but her sentence re-

mained unfinished except with a

mocking shrug of her shoulders.

"I am going to bring a friend out

with me," said Jack, presently.

Bella looked distressed. It was

bad enough, she thought, to have

Douglas go off this way without

Jack's bringing up some one who

would be sure to fall in love with

Mattie. The little half-woven ro-

manse seemed to be all angles now;

and Bella sighed heavily. However,

being a wise little woman, she put

down all useless repining, and so far

threw toward the invading stranger

as to ask,—

"Who is it, Jack? I mean what is

his name?"

"I have his card here somewhere,

and so will give you his name in full,"

the husband made reply as he took it

from his pocket and read: "Robert

S. Evans," then he added hastily,

"an old schoolmate, Bella. I had not

seen him for years till the other day.

He's a fine looking fellow," to Mattie,

as she turned toward him with a

questioning look on her face, "and I

prophesy he'll fall in love with you."

"Oh, no, don't prophesy that," an-

swered the girl who was seated at the

window. "Bella has been forecasting

the future, and," with a little laugh,

"Mr. McDonald and I did not travel

well in friendship's road." She laid

her pretty little brown-tressed head

on one dainty hand, and assumed a

look of mock sorrow.

Jack laughed and they discussed

picnic parties and walking expedi-

tions for the rest of the evening.

The next night the stranger came,

and the following weeks were pleas-

antly spent by this party of four.

They took long walks in the early

morning; they read to one another in

the sultry afternoons, lounging be-

neath the shade trees fringing the

banks of the lake; they rowed on the

moonlit waters in the evenings. All

four declared it was a continual sur-

prise to find, each day, something

new to do, even in such a little town.

It became apparent to Mattie be-

fore long, that she and Mr. Evans

were often a little way behind in the

walks; and once a row had been

planned, Bella pleaded a headache,

and Jack—sympathetic husband—re-

mained at home with her.

But one day she overheard some-

thing which very rudely awakened

her to the fact that she cared more

for this handsome man than any

other she had ever met; that she

loved him, and that he was un-

worthy of her affection; undeserving

even of her esteem.

She had gone up-stairs one hot

afternoon intending to dress, but

finding it still a little early, came

down again, and entering the cool

drawing-room, proceeded to write a

letter. Mr. Evans was on one side

of the piazza smoking; Jack was up

town for the mail; Bella was in

her room. Soon there was a stealthy

foot on the stair, and then Bella's

footfall sounded down the hall, and

into the dining-room, separated from

the drawing-room only by portieres.

A blind was opened cautiously, and a

whispered:

"Come in here, dear, I want to

talk with you," fell from Bella's lips.

"Is the coast clear?" Mr. Evans

smooth voice replied.

"Entirely," returned Mrs. Jack

Sterling, as she closed the blind.

"Mattie is in her room. I saw her

go in, and presume she is asleep for

it was all quiet, as I passed her door

on my way out."

V. N. Ford assumed the duties of

Lighter and Street Commissioner

Saturday of last week.

Ed. Morton is painting Chas. Kublan-

ski on Main street.

James Philip St. was in Woodstock

business on Monday of this week.

Mr. Sedleck has his new residence

nearly ready to move into.

Miss Ella Hart spent Saturday

Sunday last at Marango, with her