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WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1879.

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Poetry.

TWO DREAMS.

Wearied the king took off his crown;
In either hand he poised its weight.
"Tis strange how heavy it has grown,"
He said, and with an impatient frown
He eyed it with a kind of hate;
Then on his bed he laid him down,

And slept, and in a twinkling dreamed.
Oh! dream of ecstasy and bliss!
Delight through all his senses streamed;
A ragged vagabond he seemed;
"Free winds of heaven his hair did kiss—
On his bare skin the free sun beamed.

At morn he waked, bewildered first,
Or where he was, or who he might be;
Then saw the crown, and with a burst
Of sudden rage he swore and cursed;
"No beggar would change lives with me!
Of all hard fates, the king's the worst!"

Outside of the palace, on the ground,
Starved half to death and freezing cold,
Less sheltered than the meanest hound,
A beggar slumbered safe and sound,
And dreamed to him came swift and bold,
As if a palace walled him round.

He dreamed he was a king indeed;
Oh! dream of ecstasy and bliss!
Of food he had his utmost greed;
Of gold beyond his utmost need;
All men knelt low his hand to kiss
And gave his word obedient kiss.

At morn he waked, bewildered first,
Or who he was, or where he might be,
Then quick, by hunger and by thirst,
He knew himself and groaned and cursed;
"No creature pity takes on me!
A beggar's fate of all is worst!"

—Independent.

Paragraphers all remind us
We may make our jokes sublime,
And by stealing keep beside us
Cords of copy all the time.

—Cincinnati Star.

Copy that perhaps another
Lacking his poor head in vain,
May appropriate, sans credit,
And, forthwith, take heart again.

—Boston Journal of Commerce.

But some have this consolation,
That, so brilliant is their wit,
Every clipper in the nation
Willingly would father it.

—New York Telegram.

Consolation! Out upon it!
Every man who long would live,
Must with pencil nicely sharpened
Every item credit give.

—Detroit Free Press.

Then let the truth be spoken,
By ye ink slingers every one;
When e'er your columns need a joke in,
You seize your scissors—yum-yum.

—Port Hope Guide.

Pen and scissors; ye who use them,
And rake your brains from morn till
night;
If in this world you don't get credit,
You'll get it in the next alright.

CISSY.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

In the little village of Mytton, Lancashire,
is one of the prettiest old churches, where
the old Sherburnes sleep, side by side, on
their venerable stone couches. Good Squire
Leadbetter, the most regular attendant at
church, often thought that these recumbent
warriors and their noted dames, picturesque
as their attitudes were, took up somewhat
too much room, and would have exchanged
some, at least, for a few extra pews.

He was a vehement man, this squire—
smooth of aspect and courteous in manner,
but with a boisterous soul, quick to resent.
Some dated this irritability from the death
of his wife, the charming, trusting wor-
shipping Eva Leadbetter, who believed him
to be the noblest, cleverest being in the
world—which he was not—and that envy,
malice, hatred, and ill-will were exerted to
prevent his being Prime Minister of Eng-
land.

There was left him, however, a second
Eva, a pretty, little child, her mother's
replica, a most engaging little prattler with
a sort of child's wisdom and good sense that
was rather uncommon.

Cissy was her name; and Cissy Leadbet-
ter used to advise gravely with her father
on all the village difficulties and troubles,
and sometimes caused him to turn and gaze
on her with wonder as she indicated, rather
than suggested, a solution of the difficulty.
A very serious little personage too. The
fact was, "mamma's death" had overshadowed
the mansion, and hid all in it; and,
roomy as it was, with a fine, old stair and
some great rooms rambling away, dark,
echoing, they lived below, on the ground
floor, which was, indeed, ample enough for
all concerned. Thus the regions above be-
came associated in her mind with mystery;
it seemed akin to dark clouds on gloomy
days, and was, in short, sacred to mamma.
Mamma was gone, and the misty realms

overhead were, as it were, gone from them
too. She had never been upstairs "in my
life" she would say with an air of experi-
ence, as though she were forty or fifty years
old.

There was another wise personage residing
in that rather gloomy mansion—the dog,
Neptune by name. A huge bloodhound,
solon and sagacious, walking like a philoso-
pher, and with a deep bay or growl, that
recalled the low pipe of the organ in Myt-
ton church.

He was Cissy's friend and companion;
both were fast friends, walking out together
and communicating in a way that was suf-
ficiently intelligible.

They went out to walk together, and the
pair were as well known as the Preston
Coach, she tripping it very fast, and Nep-
tune stalking along very slowly, to accom-
modate his pace to hers. But there was
another shadow over that young existence.

About a quarter of a mile off lived one
Squire Hornby, the owner of Hornby Chase,
their nearest neighbor and relative, too,
whose inviting old house could be seen from
the windows of Leadbetter Hall, and more
especially that velvet lawn on to which the
Hornbys used to troop out for bowls or oth-
er pastime—a gay, handsome family of
merry girls and boys. Nay, even the ring
of their cheerful voices would often be borne
to the ears of little Cissy, looking out wist-
fully from her own gloomy tenement. How
she longed to be with them, she and Nep-
tune, as she saw them fly round and round,
chasing each other, the bright colors glint-
ing in the sun. But there was a barrier in-
surmountable. Between the two squires
raged a feud, which dated from the marriage
of Mr. Leadbetter. His late wife being a
mere girl, and many years younger than he
was, was not acceptable to this family; and
Squire Hornby had uttered some rough
speeches, saying that his friend had been
taken in by a little adventuress, a speech
which the other had resented, and since
his wife's death had turned into a cause for
eternal hate. The offence became of a sud-
den rank, and cried for vengeance. It was
an insult to the dead.

Then had come a dispute about a bit of
land, or a path, which was fought with
fury; indeed, they would have been glad to
contend about a scrap of ribbon or paper—
anything for an excuse. And one day the
pair had met on the high road, and, dealing
out hot words, it had all but come to a blow
after which they never interchanged a word.
This was held by all around to be a disas-
trous thing for the parish; efforts were
made to mend matters and set the fracture;
and Parson Fenton, under whose guardian-
ship the stone Sherburnes sleep "in icy hoods
and mails," venturing once to remonstrate
with Squire Hornby, received so rude
a reception that a third party became drawn
into the quarrel, and it was known by the
rustics that "Parson and Squire beant
speakin', loike.

All this was miserable and very sad for
the poor, little mistress of the mansion, for
that intimacy, trifling as the occasion might
be, would have clearly changed the whole
course and color of her existence. It was
hard on Neptune, for here was society for
him, and acquaintances he would have liked
to make. There it was, however, and there
it was to be, the little grave, solemn girl and
her dog, and the brooding father, she being
brought up in this ascetic way, a perfect lit-
tle nun.

It was, indeed, a sore trial for her; these
were such gay brilliant children, their
clothes so fine, their carriages and attend-
ants so brilliant and numerous, and they
seemed so happy. On their side, the favor-
ed children often took note of the little,
monastic child, and wondered what a dreary
life she must be living. Sometimes they met
her on the road, and mamma, an amiable,
gentle lady, gave her a smile. But the pa-
pas had sternly forbidden all intercourse.

Now, there are some who may recall the
Christmas of 183—, which was one of the
"hardest"—expressive term!—that old peo-
ple can remember. All things were snowed
up, high roads and private paths; coaches
stopped, gangs of men having to be employed
to cut them out of drifts, working like sol-
diers in the trenches. The branches of old
trees, burdened with a weight they were not
accustomed to, gave way, and many, enjoy-
ing an honored old age, lost their limbs, and
were ignobly crippled. It was a serious
business for Mytton, which was not on the
beaten track, and in danger of being alto-
gether cut off from the outer world. Some
visitors, too, had been invited for the first
time since mamma's death—a period for
which all things had been dimly reckoned
—so Cissy would have company. But two
days before Christmas the snow began; and

the visitors—friendly cousins—they, too,
may have been on the road, and, perhaps,
were "snowed up" at some wretched, coun-
try inn—made no sign. So instead of its
being the cheerful Christmas to which the
little nun was looking, it was actually to be
more dismal than usual, owing to disap-
pointment.

It was unfortunate, too, that at Hornby
Chase there was to be no lively Christmas.
Squire Hornby's family had all set off a
week before to a gay country house, and pa-
pa was to follow; but here was the pitiless
snow which had shut him up. Being an
affectionate man, his situation, removed
from children and wife, was pitiable enough.

It was late on Christmas Eve. The snow
had ceased falling. Lights were twinkling
among the trees, and Cissy was sitting in
the window looking out, while her father
was gazing vacantly into the glowing logs in
the grate. Suddenly there was a sound of
trampling in the hall, and of cheerful voices,
and the stout cook came running up in per-
son to announce the joyful news.

"Please, sir, here's a hamper's come!"
Down went father and daughter to wel-
come it, and there was a rough carrier, who
had come across from Whalley.

"They got the coach through this morn-
ing," he said, "with fifty men working all
night; and I thowt, as you'd sent over for
the hamper, that this must be she."

"Why, it can't be for me," said Mr. Lead-
better; "we expected no hamper. No one
ever dreams of sending me anything!"
"Well, you see, sir, what with the snow
and slush, there be no directions, or it be
fallen off. But it be for you, in course."

There was no card or direction, but there
was the moral certainty from the contents,
the carter unpacking it himself, and drawing
forth an enormous goose of Leadenhall, so
stupendous that Cissy exclaimed, with cor-
rection—
"There, papa! That proves it—the
goose!"

There was wine below, and there were
Strasbourg pies, and all sorts of good things.
He went away to his room, and the carrier
departed. Cissy left, and carefully
making investigations of the treasures of the
hamper, began to grow grave and yet
graver.

"No," she said; "I begin to think this
cannot be for us."

It was too splendid; and when she came
to a box containing a pretty, little, gold
cross, with a pair of ear-rings, the most
lovely piece of work in the world, for which
she would have given her eyes, she shook
her head sadly. On the top of this box was
a little scrap of paper, hastily written over—
"Dearest, I send the things as you de-
sired, with the ornament for little Ciss.
We expect your dear self on Christmas
Eve."

So it was for them, after all! Oh, what
ecstasy—what delight! And the little cross
and ear-rings—they were for her! She put
both on, of course, and looked in the glass;
then she was about to rush up to papa, when
the little face grew grave and sad.
"Oh, it can't be—it can't be!" she said.
"Papa will take nothing from the Hornbys;
but he must, for my sake!"
She rushed to her father, who had retired
to his gloomy cave.

"Look! look!" she cried. "It's for me.
I found it out. And these trinkets, they're
for me?"

"I am glad," said he, kissing her, "that
somebody has thought of you this Christmas
and sent you a Christmas-box."

"But who do you think it is?" she said,
roguishly, and with her wise air.

"I am sure I could not guess," he said,
wearily.

"No, I am sure you could not," she an-
swered, "because it's from a person you
could never—Oh," she added, impulsively,
"isn't it truly generous to forget all the
quarrel, and make the first advance? For
it is one, you know, and—"

She faltered, for there was gathering in
his face a look of wonder, anger, and even
rage.

"You dared—I mean, they dared! As if
we were paupers, to whom they could send
their alms at Christmas! Take their gim-
cracks off—at once—without an instant's
delay! My poor Cis! But it's not your
fault."

And, turning from her, he seized his pen,
and she knew he was writing a furious let-
ter, for she heard him mutter—
"This must come to an end at once—at
once!"

Then he called to the servant, and bade
him pack up all the things and carry them
over to Hornby, "with the letter."

"And don't exchange a word with their
servants—not a word, mind—but throw it
down in their hall, at their door, and be-
gone."

The hamper was packed, the stupendous
goose re-introduced to his straw, and little
Ciss sadly took off the cross and ear-rings
and put them where they were before. It
was then carried away.

It began to grow dark, and in that little,
wise head a plan was being formed. She
stole up-stairs softly, and paused a moment
at the door of her father's study.

He was still at the fire, in his high-backed
chair, but his face was turned to "mamma's
picture" over the chimney-piece. And she
heard him say—

CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.