POETRY.

Tennyson Made a Baron.

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,
Of me you win no new renown;
You thought to daze the country folk
And cockneys when you came to town.
See Wordsworth, Shelley, Cowper, Burns,
Withdraw in scorn, and sit retired!
The last of some six hundred Earls
Is not a place to be desired.

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,
We thought you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for ours,
Too proud to think a title fame.
We hail the genius—not the lord;
We love the poet's truer charms,
A simple singer with his dreams
Is worth a hundred coats of arms.

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,
I see you march, I hear you say,
"Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes!"
Is all the burden of your lay.
We held you first without a peer,
And princely by your noble words—
The Senior Wrangler of our bards
Is now the Wooden Spoon of lords.

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,
You put strange memories in my head;
For just five decades now have flown
Since we all mourned young Arthur dead.
Oh, your wet eyes, your low replies!
Our tears have mingled with your tear:
To think that all such agony
Should end in making you a peer!

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,
Our England has had poets too;
They sang some grand old songs of yore,
But never reached such heights as you.
Will Shakspeare was a prince of bards,
Our Milton was a king to hear.
But had their manners that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere?

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,
Bobe, now your bays are sere and spent:
The King of Snobs is at your door,
To trace your long (and deep) descent.
A man's a man for a' that,
And rich on forty pounds a year;
If rank be the true guinea-stamp
To win Parnassus—die a peer!

Trust me, Baron Vere de Vere,
When nobles cut their noblest words,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the airs of poet lords.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Plain souls are more than coronets,
And simple lives than Baronhood.

I know you, Baron Vere de Vere:
You pine among your halls and bays;
The jaded light of your vain eyes
Is wearied with the flood of praise.
In glowing fame, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
You are so dead to simple things,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

Alfred, Alfred Vere de Vere,
If Time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no toilers in our streets,
Nor any poor in all these lands?
Oh! teach the weak to strive and hope,
Or teach the great to help the low,
Pray heaven for a noble heart,
And let the foolish title go.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Leap-Year Dilemma.

Miss Jennie is a winsome girl—
The fairest lass of many;
And I would be a heartless churl
Did I not love Miss Jennie.
But when into my list'ning ear
Her tide of passion gushes,
I scream and run away, for fear
She'll see my tell-tale blushes.

Miss Susie is so sweet and mild,
And loves me, oh! so dearly,
I can't reject the little child—
'Twould drive her crazy, nearly,
But as she hangs upon the gate
And sings her hopeless sorrow,
I murmur: "It is getting late,
Please come around to-morrow."

And there is rosy, romping Belle—
And there is proud Ophelia—
And pensive, lofty-minded Nell,
And prattling little Delia;
And I am wooed by Eloise,
And courted, too, by Jessie,
While Maggie falls upon her knees,
And ditto charming Bessie,

There's still another—homely she—
The gaunt, uncouth Eliza—
When first she came a-wooing me,
Oh, how I did despise her!
But as she fondly lingered near
There fell, like dripping honey,
This sweet assurance on my ear—
She had a heap of money!

So, though I sigh for Jennie's curls
And Delia so impassioned,
And hanker for the other girls
So sweetly, grandly fashioned,
It seems decreed that I should part
From all these charming witches,
And sacrifice my manly heart
To gaunt Eliza's riches

Life's Story.

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born
A helpless babe; to greet the light
With a sharp wail, as if the morn
Foretold a cloudy noon and night;
To weep, to sleep, and weep again,
With sunny smiles between—and then?

And then apace the infant grows
To be a laughing, sprightly boy,
Happy, despite his little woes,
Were he but conscious of his joy!
To be, in short, from two to ten,
A merry, moody child—and then?

And then, in coat and trousers clad,
To learn to say the decalogue,
And break it, an unthinking lad,
With mirth and mischief all agog;
A truant oft by field and fen,
And capture butterflies—and then?

And then, increased in strength and size,
To be, anon, a youth full grown,
A hero in his mother's eyes,
A young Apollo in his own;
To imitate the ways of men
In fashionable sin—and then?

And then at last to be a man,
To fall in love, to woo and wed!
With seething brain to scheme and plan
To gather gold or toil for bread;
To sue for fame with tongue and pen,
And gain or lose the prize—and then?

And then in grey and wrinkled eld
To mourn the speed of life's decline;
To praise the scenes our youth beheld,
And dwell in memory of lang syne;
To dream awhile of darkened ken,
To drop into his grave—and then?

AN IMPOSTOR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF;

A Story of a Year.

BY GEORGE KYLE.

"Economy House. Rooms 25 cents a night. For gentlemen only. Clean beds." Such was the inscription that stared at me from over a bare-looking doorway as I tramped wearily up one of the great thoroughfares of the metropolis.

The very word "bed" sounded luxuriously as I read it, for I had had a hard day, climbing up high door-steps with my "book that sells on sight," and then sadly climbing down again, without having sold it; and I was utterly worn out. I felt in my pockets. I had no need to feel there; I knew well enough what they contained—just a quarter of a dollar, not another cent.

Should I sleep and go without a breakfast, or breakfast and go without sleep? My heavy eyes and weary body won the battle, and a few moments later I was stretched out upon a little iron bed in a little whitewashed room, very much like a cell in a prison. The mattress was rather hard, I remember, and the coverings not over warm; but they were infinitely preferable to a cold bench, with the night fog for a blanket.

Yes, it had come to this! How strange it was to realize that I, whose prosperous business enterprises had made my name so well known throughout the country that it was familiar to every child in every little village in the land, and whose equipage and household luxuries had formed the subject of many a newspaper paragraph in the "flush" times gone by should now be sleeping in a cheap lodging house, without a cent in my pocket, and no hope of a meal next morning. But so it was, and so accustomed had I become to poverty of late that it scarcely troubled me to realize it; not enough at all events, to drive sleep away; for in a very few moments I had dropped into that delightfully democratic state which, like death, puts us all upon a level.

I had a strange dream that night. I thought I was being carried through the air by a great bird, a soft, downy kind of bird, that made a great rustling with its wings; and I thought that it was such a pleasant, kindly creature, and carried me so gently, that I would just let it have its own way with me, and finally it dropped me softly upon something as soft as itself, when I fell into a still deeper sleep that was altogether dreamless.

The little lodging-house room seemed to have expanded when I awoke next morning, and, what was stranger still, some one had come in the night and covered the ceiling with beautiful frescoes. And the bed, too, how wide and soft it was! I was willing to swear that when I got into it last night I had to lie very straight, or my poor sore feet were in the cold air; while now I might scramble about at my sweet will, and lie crosswise, even if I saw fit to do so. Then again, the room was filled with beautiful furniture and objects of all kinds, prominent among which was a highly idealized portrait of myself, hanging over the carved wooden mantel.

But the prettiest thing of all in the room was a pretty little lady; not a girl exactly, but about the age my wife would have been if I had ever had one. There she sat, as placidly as though it was all right and real, working at a piece of embroidery in a cosy armchair by my bedside.

This was another dream, of course, but such a pleasant one that I feared to speak, lest I should awaken and lose it all. So I lay there, turning matters over in my mind, and wondering if this were the way with most dreams, and if the distinctness faded out of them when we awoke, and left only a blurred impression behind.

"Would you like your breakfast now? The doctor says you may eat anything you like that is nice and digestible," said the pretty little voice that seemed tuned to utter only kind and cheerful words.

"Madam," I asked, with as much respectful dignity as my position permitted, "would you kindly inform me who I am, and what I am doing here? how I got here, who you are yourself, and any other facts of a personal nature that occur to you? I admit that at present I feel a little bewildered."

"Your name is Richard Rollins," said the little lady, in a sort of reproving tone, such as she might have used in speaking to a wayward child.

"Yes, that tallies with my ideas, at least."

"And," she continued, "you are a cruel, wicked man, who runs away from home and pretends not to know his own wife when he is brought back again."

"Then you, I suppose, are my wife, and this is my house, and I never was an agent for the 'Universal Instructor,' and I did not go to bed without a cent in my pocket last night in the Economy House?"

"Now, dear Dick, you talk in such a nice, reasonable way that I can scarcely believe you are not quite well again. Do, darling, try to remember. You cannot be very wrong in your head now. Your eyes look so bright and clear, and your voice sounds so nice and quiet. When you went away you thought the Fenians and the Nihilists had formed a league to murder you, and that I was the member appointed to commit the crime. You have got all over that, you see, and yet, now, you pretend not to know me."

I began to see light now, though dimly. I had been mistaken for some other man whose name and appearance were identical with mine and had been brought here while in the deep sleep of complete exhaustion. The big, soft bird of my dream had been produced by the motion of the carriage or whatever means had been used in conveying me.

I determined to set myself right at once.

"Madam," I said, "if you will kindly waive the question of our relationship and allow me to get up and dress, I will be pleased to go down to breakfast and talk the whole matter over with you quietly."

"Oh, do you feel well enough to get up?" she said.

"Quite, quite. I only desire a little privacy and a little time to make myself presentable."

"That's a good boy," she said, stooping over and pressing a pair of soft, cool lips on my forehead. "I will humor you this time," and she slipped quietly out of the room with a smile of indulgent pity on her face.

The garments that lay waiting for me were certainly not those I had worn the previous night, but they fitted me perfectly, and when I had slipped on the embroidered dressing gown and soft, warm slippers, I seemed to have gone back to the old, luxurious days again.

A dainty little breakfast awaited me in the sweet, warm-looking dining-room, where everything was so fresh and pretty and in such perfect taste, that it looked like some dainty *genre* picture by Leloir.

Only two chairs were placed at the table and in one of them "my wife" sat, looking like the embodiment of domestic sweetness. I let myself forget the truth, and dropped into the pleasurable delusion until I had finished my breakfast. I felt like a miserable swindler, sitting there in some other man's place, eating *his* food and chatting with *his* wife, but the temptation was too great for a poor devil such as I was at the time. And then I thought, "it is only for an hour or two; after that, poverty, loneliness and fatigue once more, and perhaps worse things, for aught I know." But when we had finished our meal, I pushed back my chair from the table and plunged boldly into the subject of the strange mistake which brought me there.

"Madam," I began, "the truth must be told, and told at once, and I can only beg that when you know it you will forgive my involuntary intrusion on your kind hospitality. You have made a grave and terrible mistake in having brought me here. I am Richard Rollins, and from your words and actions I presume that I resemble in a marvellous degree another man who bears the same name as myself. But I am not your husband. I am a poor man without a friend or relative in the world. If you will kindly return me the mean garments which I wore yesterday I will leave your house at once. You will admit that I have treated you with studied respect, and have only presumed so far upon your error as to eat a meal at your table, a meal which I confess I should otherwise in all probability have been obliged to forego."

"Oh, Dick! Dick!" moaned the little lady before me, bursting into tears, "I thought you had entirely recovered, and here you are talking more wildly than ever. Oh, my heart will break with this disappointment."

How I longed to kiss away the tears from those kindly bright blue eyes, and take the sweet little woman in my arms and hush her grief to rest upon my bosom.

"Take care," I said; "if you tempt me too far you may make your life a torture of shame and remorse when you really learn the truth. Listen to reason before it is too late. Once more I say I am not your husband. God knows he is a man that any one in the world might envy. But I am not he. Think, think of some mark by which your husband might be positively identified—some scar, some boyish mark in tattooing."

She started up at the last words.

"Yes," she said, "you have a little blue star upon your arm just above the wrist. Don't you remember how you used to feel ashamed of it, and said naughty words about the big boy who induced you to put it there?"

She had no need to pull up my sleeve and point to the tell-tale mark; my face must have been proof enough that she would find it there.

"Now," she said, "will you give up your foolish delusion? I cannot believe that you are insane. You are only cruel and hateful, and want to break your poor wife's heart. Your voice sounds just as it used to before you were taken ill, and your eyes do not wander now. I believe you have got another wife somewhere, and want to get rid of me by pretending not to know me. What have I ever done that you should treat me so? All the long time that you were deranged I watched over you and cared for you. When they wanted to take you away, I refused to let you go. And after you wandered off that time and lost yourself, I might have been free if I had wished it. But I did *not* wish it. I have searched for you, and waited for you, and been as faithful as though you had been well and with me. And this is my return for all." And she sank sobbing on the sofa.

How was I to convince her that she and not I was laboring under a delusion. After cogitating this question for some time, I came to the conclusion that my best and safest plan was to give up the attempt, evidently a hopeless one, of explaining matters, and simply leave the house at once. It was all very well to make the resolution, but when it came to carrying it out I discovered that I was not a free agent. My attempt to get back my own clothes proved fruitless, so I resigned myself to the necessity of walking through the streets in dressing-gown and slippers. But here again I was thwarted; the lower windows were all barred, the doors locked and the keys hidden from me.

Now, what was I to do? Wait until the doctor called and try to get his help? That seemed a feasible plan. So when, a little later in the morning, the white-haired and benignant medical man made his appearance, I appealed to him in the most earnest and straightforward manner to relieve me from my false and embarrassing position.

He blandly agreed with all I said, and spoke in terms of the highest commendation of my good taste and honorable feeling, but concluded by saying: "I think, however, that you had better remain—of course, you understand, under such conditions as will save your enforced residence here from any appearance of impropriety. Your wife—I beg your pardon, this lady—might send for some elderly female relative or friend to act as her companion, and any other such expedient as you approve might be made use of. But I think on the whole you had better remain." Here I caught him glancing meaningly at my pseudo wife, who stood listening intently to every word we uttered.

"My God, man!" I shouted, provoked beyond endurance, "do you call yourself a physician and do not know that I am a perfectly sane man. Look in my eye, feel my pulse! you must see that I am *not* deranged."

"Oh, not at all. Not at all," said the old doctor, in a tone of the deepest earnestness. "I only thought it might relieve the lady's feelings. She is a little un—you understand," and he touched his forehead with a little twirling gesture of the finger.

It was hopeless. I saw plainly this house was to be my place of residence whether I wished it or not, and until the real head of it was discovered, if he ever was. I should have to occupy his place. So, after a few more fruitless attempts, I gave up the struggle, and allowed myself to be carried along by the tide of circumstances.

Certain things, however, I insisted upon as the only conditions upon which I would remain passive. The doctor's suggestion as to a companion for the lady must be carried out at once, and I must be treated merely as a guest in the house.

"You had better humor me," I said, "for I might become violent, you know, if I should be thwarted."

The doctor opened his eyes at this last remark of mine with an expression of surprise and interest, but he did not alter his manner towards me in the least. I learned that my "case" afterwards formed the subject of a most interesting article in a medical journal, for which the doctor received great credit in his fraternity.

For a whole year I lived in this strange and false position, growing day by day more deeply attached to the dear, affectionate little woman who sat before me at every meal, who sang sweet, simple little songs for me in the evening, with kind, motherly old Aunt Sarah smiling in her armchair by the fireside.

We used to drive out together in the family coach, not in the afternoon parade through the park and back again, but out into the country, where we could see Nature, not yet made commonplace by unsympathetic crowds. In everything our tastes agreed.

Every day some new point of sympathy would develop itself.

Sometimes, when I thought that all this must end soon, my heart would seem to rise up in my throat and choke me. If the true husband ever returned I could face him with a clear conscience, for not by one action had I wronged him. He might forgive me, but for my part I felt that the day I lost the companionship of this dear and kindred soul would end for me the possibility of happiness in life.

Towards the end of the year I saw a singular change come over the manner of my friend and companion. She became a little less familiar and sometimes I discovered a look of doubt and terror in her eyes. At last one day I found her weeping bitterly. Tremblingly I asked her to explain the cause of her tears.

At first she could only sob, but at last she whispered:

"It is only the old question of your delusion."

It was the first time in many months that either of us had alluded to the subject. Heaven knows how I was tempted for a moment to lie to her, and deny my identity. But I resisted the unmanly suggestion of my own weakness, and said:

"Do not let us speak of that."

"No," she burst out, in a tone almost of defiance. "I have not told you the truth. I am beginning to doubt myself, and not you. Sometimes I seem to see a difference, not in your face or form, not in any outward thing, but in your soul. I never loved you before you left me as I do now. I almost doubt that I loved you truly. Then it was merely affection, now it is something deeper and stronger. Look in my eyes, and tell me truly. Are you my husband?"

If I should live for centuries, I should never forget the anguish of that moment. But at last I nerved myself, but such an effort as the victim of the inquisition must have made when he acknowledged the heresy that condemned him to the torture, and said in a faint and hollow, but distinct tone:

"I am not your husband. Farewell!"

Sadly I arose, and with downcast head left her presence. I had opened the door, and was about to cross the threshold when I heard the rustle of a woman's dress coming down the stairs, and before I had made another step a pair of soft, warm arms were clasped tightly around my neck.

"Don't leave me," pleaded the sweet voice that I had loved so well. "I cannot bear to part with you. You are mad, you are my husband!"

Firmly but gently I unloosened her clinging arms.

"Friend of my soul," I said, "I love you too much to wrong you. You know that I am not your husband."

The red blood of shame rushed into her face, and she sank into a seat and covered her face with her hands.

Without another word I rushed into the street, utterly exhausted by the effort I had made, and almost hating myself for the cruelty that honor had demanded of me. I had insulted the woman I loved, and now she would despise me, perhaps. "Well, better so," said my conscience; but "No, no," said my wretched and tortured heart.

Fortune seemed to turn in my favor after this time. "Seemed," I say, for it was, in reality, the most wretched period of my life.

I ran across an old employee of mine, now a wealthy man, thanks to help I gave him in my days of prosperity, and he proved to be possessed of the rare human virtue of gratitude. He took me into his employ, and placed me in a position of trust and dignity. But I was gloomy and spiritless, for the one being who made life of interest to me seemed separated from me for ever, and I believe I should, indeed, have gone mad, but for a strange circumstance, which suddenly altered the whole complexion of my life.

One morning, just as I was about to leave my lodging for the office, a letter was handed to me. I knew the handwriting at once. It was from *her*. I hastily tore open the envelope, and three letters fell out upon the table.

The one that first caught my eye was in the same hand as the address, and I eagerly seized and read it. It contained only these few words:

"DEAR FRIEND,—I received the two letters, here enclosed, and send them to you without comment, as they speak for themselves.

"With kindest wishes for your happiness, I remain,—Your friend, E R.

The next letter I picked up was in a strange hand and ran as follows:

OCTOBER 3rd, 18—.
GREEN CO. INSANE ASYLUM

"DEAR MADAM,—The enclosed packet was handed me by a patient calling himself Alfred Landis, just a year ago, with the request that I should keep it for a year, and then send it to its address.

"The patient, Landis, had been suffering from acute mania, imagining himself the victim of a conspiracy. A little while before his death, however, he had a lucid interval, as frequently occurs in such cases, and it was in this brief time that he wrote and handed me this packet, with the request I mentioned.—Very respectfully,

JAMES BUDD, M. D.,
"Sup't Greenville Insane Asylum.

"To Mrs. Eleanor Rollins, New York.

I opened the other note with an eager hand, and read as follows:

"DEAR ELEANOR,—When you receive this I shall have been dead for a year, and beyond the reach of all worldly reproach. I cannot bear to think of your having such a shock as this letter must give you, until absence has had time to obliterate in some degree your affection for me.

"My name is not Rollins. That is the name of an old playmate of mine, whose strong resemblance to myself used to create a great deal of comment.

"As I grew to manhood I fell into temptation, and disgraced myself and my family. I was ashamed of my name, and concluded to change it and leave the section of country where I was known. Richard Rollins at this time was growing wealthy, and his name and face were known all over the country. I commenced a system of swindling by passing myself off under his name, imitating the cut of his beard and hair—and even his tricks of speech. It was a sharp game, and many a time I was on the brink of detection.

"When I met you I had already obtained an immense sum of money by this means, and had concluded to live a quiet and steady life, if I could do so. You will remember how careful I was to live privately after we were married. I was afraid of your hearing the reports about me, and I studiously kept every newspaper from you that contained any allusion to me; for at that time they were full of sneers at "the poor bankrupt, Rollins, who is now living in luxury," etc. The anxiety and strain of those days brought on the brain troubles, which I have never been free from until the present time, when they tell me I must die in a few hours. Try to forgive me for my deception, and forget me as soon as you can. ALFRED LANDIS."

What a flood of light was let in upon my mind by this revelation. I remembered Landis very well now, as a boy who had been very like me in appearance and who had afterward turned out badly and disappeared from our native town.

Here too was an explanation of the mysterious paragraphs about me which had puzzled me so much from time to time, and the mysterious tattooed star was a mystery no longer.

For Landis and I had taken the freak, as boys often do, of imitating the marks we had seen on sailors, and had used the same star of needle-points to do the work with.

Need I tell how I flew to the side of her I loved and from whom nothing but death was ever again to part me?

All these things happened many years ago, and I am now getting on in life with a sweet and good wife and as fine a pair of boys as any man in the land. But I shall never forget how for one year of my life I was an impostor in spite of myself.

FOR THE

KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—whatever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these herefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where Warner's Safe Cure has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles, for the distressing disorders of women, for Malaria and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure.

For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,

Toronto, Ont. Rochester, N. Y London Eng.

D. C. N. L. 3. 84.

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick headache."

Neuralgia, female troubles, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner.

No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure me until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle
Nearly cured me;"

The second made me as well and strong as when a child.

"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty year with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint,
"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—
"Incurable!"

Seven bottles of your bitters cured him and know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved your bitters,

And many more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost
Do miracles?"

—Mrs. E. D. Slack.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE GREAT CURE FOR

R-H-E-U-M-A-T-I-S-M

As it is for all the painful diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realise.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS

THE ONLY VEGETABLE CURE FOR

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Loss of Appetite,
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Sick Headache and Biliousness.

Price, 25. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Best PLACE to secure a Business Education or Spencerian Penmanship at the SPENCERIAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

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