

Only a Game of Euchre!

BY ARTHUR MACK.

Only a game of euchre! Only one little game! But she had a cup to tipple. And she had to play again.

Kathleen's Repentance.

Four people sat in the large drawing-room at Castle Dermott, an old half-timbered mansion in the North of Ireland; old Colonel Macdermott, owner of the castle and its few impoverished acres; his lovely daughter Kathleen, the belle of the county, with the bright blue eyes and brilliantly fair complexion so often seen in Irishwomen; his quiet little brown-eyed niece Margaret; and Ronald Hargrove, the son of an old friend.

The old gentleman was busy with an antiquated newspaper, Roland and Kathleen were whispering earnestly together, and Margaret had discreetly withdrawn herself to the far end of the long room, rightly guessing that she was not wanted by the other two.

And certainly any third party would have been a grievous hindrance to their conversation, for Roland's looks were fixed most wistfully upon Kathleen's lovely face and downcast eyes, while he pleaded with her for her love, his own being entirely hers.

"Do not turn away from me, beautiful Kathleen; I have loved you from the first moment I saw you, and your love would be an inestimable treasure to me. I am poor now—would for your sweet sake it were otherwise; it seems so cruel to ask you, so peerlessly lovely, so fitted by Nature to fill the loftiest position, to share any but princely fortunes. But I shall not always be poor, I feel within me the capabilities of future success; the splendid prospects opening before me, through Lord Carwardine's generous offer of this secretaryship, bid fair to lead me to fame and fortune, and if I could only have the sweet knowledge that you love me and are waiting for me, oh, Kathleen! there is nothing I could not do, no task so arduous I would not undertake it, spurred on by such hopes."

Roland's face glowed with enthusiasm, but Kathleen was still silent. He mistook this for maiden shyness, and continued to plead for her promise.

Presently, raising her lovely eyes to his face, she said: "I really don't know what to say, Roland. You have taken me by surprise, and I—I have no wish to be married nor even engaged for a long time. Will you give me a few weeks to think about it?"

A few weeks! To a man desperately in love this was intolerable, and Roland felt a sudden chill. If Kathleen loved him, why not tell him so at once? But he conquered his patience, and promised to wait for her answer until the night before his departure from Castle Dermott for London, which would be in about ten days. Could he have seen beneath Kathleen's winning position he would never have loved her, but he took her outward beauty and grace as a sign that she must be true-hearted and loving, and had given her all the devotion of his noble chivalrous nature.

"I am in a horrid quandary," thought Kathleen to herself, lying awake restless and excited long after she had retired to rest; "I am twenty-two now, and have sent away no end of lovers since I was seventeen, because not one has ever been able to give me the position I want in the world of rank and fashion from which I am shut out here. If I only could know whether Lord Carwardine really feels anything beyond passing admiration for me, I should know how to act."

Lord Carwardine was the great county magnate, fabulously rich, a great Parliamentary leader, forty years of age, but handsome and unmarried. His influence had procured Roland the lucrative secretaryship, and he was soon to fill, and the secret of Kathleen's hesitation was that one or two dinners and balls they had all attended at his mansion during his short Christmas visit, he had been very attentive to her—not enough to cause remark, but quite sufficient to raise ambitious hopes and wishes in her breast.

There was to be a large ball held in the county hall the following week, in aid of the Irish Distress Fund. "Lord Carwardine would be present, and Kathleen thought: "I shall see then whether he thinks anything seriously or not; if he does I shall still be free, and if not, then I may as well accept Roland. I dare say he will succeed as he says, though it will be horrid to wait for years. I should be quite old before he could give me half so good a position as would be mine at once if Lord Carwardine would only propose. It is terribly perplexing, but then I might be worse off, like poor Maggie even, who never had a sweetheart in her life, and never will."

And the proud beauty composed herself to sleep, while poor Maggie, who was quite a little Cinderella to her grand cousin, minus the cinders and housework, also tossed on her pillow sleeplessly.

But that pillow was wet with tears of bitter unrequited love—a first pure love, all given to Roland Hargrove, but entirely unsuspected by him, or any one else.

He had been kind and attentive to her, out of pity first, because no one else seemed to take any notice of her, and because she was an orphan like himself, but from interest lately, because he found her so bright and intelligent, and so ready to listen while he talked of his hopes and plans for the future, to which Kathleen always listened impatiently, or interrupted him to ask some question about the great people he knew in London.

Her father would gladly have given her a season in town, but he was too poor to afford it, and their only fashionable relative, Lady Burnett, had three plain daughters of her own, and she had no room for a fourth.

So spoke Lady Burnett, who, having successfully married her own girl, was trying to secure a husband for Kathleen, now in her twenty-seventh year.

For five years the haughty girl had been wearing away youth and beauty in their old ruined mansion; no attempt to recall Roland had been successful. Maggie, tired at last of submitting to her cousin's

per, had left her and taken a situation, companion to an old lady of rank and fortune, who soon learned to appreciate her at her true value.

Lord Carwardine had passed the duke's daughter, and Kathleen's life had been utterly uneventful since.

That night Lady Burnett, who had been hours was thronged with hissing and hissing, but Kathleen cared for none; she was waiting with feverish anxiety for her old discarded lover, now Sir Roland Hargrove, the rising young politician whose wonderful talent for diplomacy had been the means of keeping his party in office, and had won for him already a baronetcy, besides the esteem and confidence of his leaders.

He came at last, and Kathleen, as in a dream, saw him again; but oh, what is this? A lady, shining in silks and costly jewels, is with him, and Lady Burnett, disappointed, but courteously and graciously as ever, is introducing them.

"Sir Roland and Lady Hargrove!" Kathleen looked up, and Lady Hargrove took her hand, exclaiming: "Kathleen dear, I am so pleased to see you again!"

"Maggie" was Kathleen's exclamation. "Yes, Miss Macdermott, your cousin Maggie, now my dear and cherished wife. You see we were all abroad together, and have stolen a march upon society generally, not wishing to make a show of ourselves. You will forgive me and not refuse to acknowledge us?" he added with the old winning smile Kathleen remembered so well.

She made some commonplace reply, and turned to listen to Maggie's animated conversation, sick at heart.

All through that London season she had to see Maggie occupying the position as leader of fashion which she had so coveted, and once, to increase the bitter repentance, she overheard Maggie say to her husband, when some thoughtful act of his had pleased her: "You are too good to me, dear Roland."

"Nay, my darling, you are wrong. How can I ever be good enough to the darling little wife, whose faithful love was my comfort and hope through years of trial and adversity?"

Decide And Do.

Scarcely anything is more productive of uneasiness, vexations and disappointments than the determination to leave that until to-morrow which may be as well performed to-day; and to no one are the consequences more serious in the end than to the thoughtless individual who contracted this unfortunate habit. Procrastination—it is not only the thief of time; it often happens that the procrastinator loses fame, fortune, respect, and confidence from others in this world.

Great things spring from trifles, and the habits once formed in the young mind are difficult—nay, we would almost say, impossible to be wholly eradicated. "It can be done as well to-morrow as to-day," has been applied often, perhaps to matters of inconsiderable or trifling importance. Days, and months, and years roll on, and the mind gradually becomes a slave to a tyranny so fearful, that if sober reflection were called to the aid of the men or women who are continually exclaiming, "I'll see about it," they would shrink from the act of delaying. Some do, and happy are they whose strength of mind enables them to draw back in time; but by far the greater portion only think seriously on the error—of which they cannot but be conscious—for a moment or two, and then dispel unwelcome ideas for a time which with a determination to return to the investigation at a more convenient season, which either never arrives or only comes when it is too late to repair the evil or prevent the consequences. Some reproach themselves with having long neglected to visit, it may be, a dear or an afflicted friend, "I am quite ashamed," say they, "of not having visited such and such a one before this, but I will go to-morrow."

The morrow comes, and they do not go; day after day elapses, fill by some sudden impulse or emergency, they do that which might long since have been done, but they find in their former warm acquaintance distant looks and a frigid civility, and for the beaming eye and kindly tone of the once animated and cheerful friend, their gaze rests on the inanimate form, the closed orbs, and the marble lips. Then, for a time, remorse does its work; neglected opportunities rise up in judgment to condemn; and the torture of crushed hopes attends them. For a season, it may be, they struggle with their tyrant, but the habit has gained strength by its repeated exercise, and it soon reascends the throne which it had but temporarily abdicated, and commences once more, and with renewed energies, its resistless domination.

There is no circle of society, either political, social, literary, or commercial, where the baneful effects of this habit are not observable. The "law's delay" is not so fatal to the happiness of mankind, as a whole, as is the delay which springs from our own inclination, and choice.

Those who act promptly only feel the pleasure of knowing that certain things have been done at the right time, and that it is over. Unpleasantnesses lose half their repelling aspects by boldly facing them. In all cases unnecessary delays are dangerous; in no case are they excusable. To all, then, we say, "Decide and do."

Where Inexperience is Valuable.

"Hello, Jiggins, what are you doing now?" asked Snopper.

"I am running a hotel."

"How do you like it?"

"Pretty well; but there's something very peculiar about the business."

"What is it?"

"You know that in any other business the more a man knows about it the more chance he has to succeed."

"Well, it is not so in the hotel business."

"Oh, no; in that line the inn-experienced man succeeds best."

Endured the severe marching of the Northwest campaign with admirable fortitude. The Government should have supplied them with a quantity of the celebrated Putnam's Painless Corn Extract. It never fails to remove corns painlessly, and the volunteers and conscripts also should have it. Beware of substitutes. Get Putnam's Extract and take no other.

Paul Ross, who was found dead near Winnipeg last week, one of the pioneers of Bruce, and was known all over that country.

A few days ago there arrived at Battleford from Saskatoon, eighty-five miles distant, a settler with a load of fresh butter and potatoes.

Two young men at Rolin have been fined for disturbing the Saved Army, and charges have been laid against four others for the same offence.

The Halifax street railway, consisting of four and a-half miles of track, an enterprise of New York capitalists, has been formally opened for traffic.

The contract for potatoes for the Mounted Police at Battleford has been let at \$1.95 per bushel. The potatoes will be brought about by Prince Albert by teams.

Captain Feron, of the 91st Battalion of Manitoba, has raised a company of Icelanders, Norwegians, and Swedes, and they are alleged to present a fine appearance.

A citizen of Kingston has decided to take action for \$20,000 against a prominent resident of Storrington Township for circulating the report that the Kingstonian is almost always under the influence of liquor.

The Port Arthur Sentinel states that the East End mine at Silver Mountain has been sold to a company of English capitalists; that \$200,000 has been appropriated for the development of the property, and that active operations will be commenced at once.

A man at Spring Hill, N. S., was fined \$5 and costs for putting out poison in his garden, which destroyed a number of his neighbor's hens. He was earning \$1 a day, but rather than pay the amount of the fine and costs, about \$7, he served out a twenty days' term in gaol.

A boy named George Edmiston, of Ashfield, arose before the rest of the family one morning recently, and while washing was seized with a fit and fell into a water trough and was drowned. A few years ago his grandfather, while in a fit, fell into a ditch and was drowned. Both were subject to fits.

Last week a landslide occurred in the Rocky Mountains, near Ashcroft, on the Canadian Pacific line, while a passenger train was passing over it. Air brakes were applied and the train stopped in time to prevent a serious accident. The engine left the road and the engineer was scalded. Fifty feet of road went away.

The Scrip Commission have closed their work at Prince Albert and have gone to Batoche. Fifty-five Halfbreeds left the treaty in the Prince Albert district and took scrip, and scrip was issued to fifty-four non-treaty Halfbreeds. Only four took land scrip. The total amount of scrip issued at Prince Albert was about \$26,000.

A St. Thomas hide dealer had been in the habit of purchasing hides and sheepskins from one of his employees. On Wednesday afternoon he purchased a hide from the employee which it seemed to him he had purchased from a farmer in the forenoon. The employee was questioned, admitted the offence, and on making restitution was relieved from legal proceedings.

Farmers in Clarendon, N. B., set a trap for a bear that had been slaughtering their young stock. A fence was built around the trap, so that when the bear got over he must put his foot in it. Bruin was as smart as any fox. He didn't get over the fence, but dug under it, overturned the trap, and got the bait. The farmers tried again, this time setting a second trap in the hole that the bear had dug. This was too much for him, and in the morning he was found, raging, but firmly held by the jaws of the trap that he had not seen.

Ira Cuthbert, a weak-minded boy, 15 or 16 years of age, son of Wm. Cuthbert, who resides near Swegburg, drove his brother William to Woodstock a few days ago. Not having returned home, inquiry was at once instituted, and it was found that he was last seen going over Cedar Creek bridge on his homeward way. He was driving a black horse with white face. About twenty of the neighbors turned out the next morning to make a search, but so far the search has been unavailing.

The Calgary Fair is stated to have been successful beyond the most sanguine expectations of its promoters. The show building was crowded with exhibits of farm produce; wheat, oats, peas, and barley being largely represented. The dairy display was of unusual excellence. The exhibit of live stock is not often excelled in any part of Canada, and the display of grain and roots was such as to prove the exceptional capacity of the Red Deer district for the growing of these crops.

A short time ago a yoke of cattle were stolen from Mr. Arthur Simpson, of the 13th concession of Bentick, and two young men, James Brennan, of Holland, and John Buchanan, of Sullivan, were arrested near Harrison for the theft. The cattle were tired, and the young men were resting on a fence corner when overtaken by the constables. They were taken to Durham and committed for trial. The young men are not professional thieves, and were both drunk when they stole the oxen.

Mrs. Dunlop, arrested for the murder of her husband at Mink Lake, since the time of the tragedy has resided with her father a few miles distant from her late husband's home. Her Constable Hellingworth found her, and on his making known his errand no one in the house uttered a word. Finally, Mrs. Dunlop, asked the constable if she would have to go with him then or if she could remain until the next day, and when told that she would have to accompany the constable at once she retired to her room to dress for the journey without further comment.

There is a woman at Chatham, N. B., who cherishes a great dislike to the Saved Army. A few days ago, as she was passing by the camp, she gave vent to her spite by bounding in and closing the door with a bang. Her children came home and, after a period of kicking and pushing, were forced to climb in through the window. Her husband returned from work, and after a vain effort to open the door crawled through the window. The door had to be wrenched off the hinges finally and set up again before it could be induced to resume operations.

A Calgary despatch states that Major

LATE DOMINION NEWS

Stewart has just returned from the coal mine and reports that the new mine, George, is being ready employed in laying out the site, putting up freight sheds, and forward the work vigorously.

It is the intention of the company at the earliest possible date to forward the product of their mine upon the local consumption of coal in the North-West, and that by next summer shipments made to Winnipeg and Eastern Manitoba. The company expect to have three men at work all winter at the mines.

On Wednesday last week a man while passing a log house in the swamp, observed through a window a pool of blood on the floor. He called to his neighbors and they entered the building through a window. Several feet of blood the size of a washbasin were on the floor, the walls were covered with blood, and there were blood marks leading to the front door. A stocking which had been used to wipe up blood, and a man's paper covered with blood stains were discovered. In the pools hair from a man head were found. Two large dogs were also found, but upon their heads traces of blood. The house has been since last spring, and it is the conviction of the neighborhood that within the past days a murder has been committed with its walls.

Sorrowing for the Dead in Africa.

The beating of the drum announced the dance was about to begin. The men ranged themselves in a circle, and the women in a ballet dance in a European style. The dance opened by an African man, who knelt before the women and retired. The men next advanced, each one after the other, kneeling, and drew. After a pause both men and women went through a figure somewhat resembling "The Lancers." The women displayed peculiar contortions of the limbs, and the men passed in and out between the contortions. This was only a prelude to a more exciting scene—a very different dance not unlike the French can-can, accompanied by savage gesticulations of the men; they themselves violently shaking their knees with their hands. Subsequently the women formed a circle, and the men entered in line joined by the men. The men vied with each other in grotesque contortions, and the one who succeeded in making the loudest appearance, every joint and muscle was brought into play, and intervals the men and women would be out to refresh themselves with millet beer. In this way the "sorrow for the dead" was kept up throughout the night without intermission.

Driving Boys From Home.

Mothers who are disturbed by the and untidiness of the boys at home, must be careful, lest by reproaches they drive their children from home in search of their cure elsewhere. "There are these boys all finger marks again," said Mrs. C. as she made haste with a soft linen cloth to polish down the shining oak. "George," she said as she gave a decided wrench to the basin of suds, "if you go to the stairs again before bed-time you shall be punished."

"I should like to know where I am going," said George, "I cannot stay in the kitchen I am so much in the way I can't go into the parlor for fear I'll get that up; and now you say I can't go up to my own room. I know of a grand place where I can go," he added to himself, "they are never told they are in the way there and we can have lots of fun. I'll go down to Neil's corner. I can smoke a cigar as well as any boy, if it did make me again about it."

And so the careful housekeeper virtuoso drove her son from the door to bang the steps and sit under the broad, inviting portico of the village grog-shop.

Opinionless People.

The opinionless man is anxious to agree with you and everybody else in everything, therefore he is an insincere friend. He declares that you are a saint to the man who believes you to be so, and, with just as much emphasis, asserts that you are a villain to the next man, to whom, possibly, you have sold a horse who did not turn out as well as might have been expected, considering the price paid for him. These opinionless people are the pests of society; they when, besides being opinionless, they have an uncommon fluidity of speech, and all the time, one can be far happier in the neighbourhood of a hornet's nest than in their society. Really malicious men and women do not make as much mischief as they.

Bulgaria.

Bulgaria, the bone of contention, in the way of the Czar on his march southward, is probably received Christianity from the Apostle Paul, who is recorded as having landed at Philipp. The first efforts of Russia on Bulgaria were made between 680 and 972 Anno Domini. The Greek Bulgarians revenge himself on the Czar of Bulgaria by inducing the Czar of Russia to descend on Bulgaria with an army of 60,000 men and a thoroughly equipped fleet. He compelled the country and captured all his fortresses, and then at that early date determined to establish his capital on the Danube. The Greeks did not relish the prospect of being so powerful a neighbor, and then commenced the contest of the Danube which has been kept up through all the ages since.

Sporting Items.

Gillhooly has a fine pointer, but Smith has none.

"Let us go out hunting to-morrow."

"But how will you get along with the fam'ly dog?"

"Of course I haven't any dog."

"I'll draw you a dog of my own do you suppose I'd let you to go along?"

YOUNG FO

(CONTINUED.)

Some kinds of frost, other climates, may cr

Two roles of the place were broken to pieces and longest stone arch in the River Dee with indred feet.

There is another bridge of romantic interest. The wall built is still standing.

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