POETRY. On a Naughty Boy, Sleeping. Just now I missed from hall and stair A joyful treble that had grown As dear to me as that grave tone That tells the world my older care

And little footsteps on the floor Were strayed. I laid aside my pen, Forgot my theme, and listened, then Stole softly to the library door.

No sigh, no sound 1-a moment's freak Of havey thrilled my pulses through "I1-no"—and yet that fancy drew A father's blood from heart and cheek.

And thon—I found him. There he lay, Supprised by sleep, caught in the act, The rosy vandal who had sacked His hitle town, and thought it play.

VOL.XXV.

A NOVEL-BY FAYR MADOC.

PROLOGUE.

hearts was stained with blood.

The shattered vase; the broken jar; A match still mouldering on the floor The inkstand's purple pool of gore; The chessmen scattered near and far.

Strewn leaves of albums lightly pressed This wicked " Baby of the woods ;" In fact, of half the household goods This son and heir was seized—possessed

Yet all in vain, for sleep had caught The hand that reached, the feet that strayed; And fallen in that ambuscade The victor was himself o'er wrough'

What though torn leaves and Still testified his deep I stooped and kisse ' (ce ) With its demure the cable

Then back Istels, at 11:11 topolis My guilt, it adds to a who d beep . T. Harte.

-----

We  $(i + i) \in \{i + i\}^{-1}$  suce last night, W.  $(i + i) \in \{i + i\}^{-1}$  and maze of flowers; The creates aniliant with their blaze of  $i + b \in \{i\}^{-1}$ . In so, and feasting passed the houre.

My little nephew, four years and a balf, Bewildered, glad and wonder-eyed. Saw all the glitter, heard the song and laugh, And ate unwonted sweets beside.

Next day he pondered much, as wise folks (do, Then craved of me a little boon ; 'Aunt Jeanle, why don't you get married, too? I hope you'll do it very soon."

Dear child," I said, and stroked his curly head, "You would not wish it if you knew That I must go away if I should wed, Instead of living here with you."

His face grew grave, for he hal only thought Of wedding cakes and ices sweet; But, if with loss of Auntie it were bought, The feast would be a doubtful treat.

He clasped my neck and kissed me on the cheek, Then said the loving little elf, "Aunt Jeanie, don't get married till next week, And I will marry you myself."

## Extraordinary Auction.

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers And as fast as I dreamed it, it came into num

bers ; My thoughts ran along in such beautiful metre, In sure Incient and any p. etry sweeter. It seemed that a law had been recently made That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be

laid And in or ler to make them all willing to marry,

And in or ler to make them all willing to marry, The back was as large as a man could well carry, The backetors grunnbled, and said twas no use— Twas horrid injustice and horrid abuse, And declared that to save their own heart's blood from spilling, Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling. But the rulers determined them still to pursue, So they set all the old bachelors up ut vendue. A crier was sent through the town to and fro, To rattle his bell and hra trumpet to blow And to call out to all he might meet in his way. And presently all the old mankel in the town, Each in her very best bonnet and gown, From 30 to 60, fair, plain, red and pale, Of every description, all flocked to the sale. The auctioneer then in his labor began. And called out aloud, as he held up a man, "How much for a bachelor? Who wants to bu ?"

In short, at a highly extravagant price, In short, at a highly extravagant price, The bachelors all were sold off in a trice; And forty old maidens, some younger, some older, kach lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

THE DUDE. Who strolls the Ave. each afternoon; Who whistles airs all out of tune; And dons short coats cut quite too "soon?" The Dude. THE DUDE.

Observe his form. You can, for he Wears pants as tight as tight can be-(And pants for notoriety), The Dude.

Who's stiff as statue cut in wood; Can't bend, and wouldn't if he could; A sort of nothing 'twixt the bad and good? The Du ie.

Who wears his hair all nice and bauged; And says, "By Jove, that Mrs. Laugt-Ry's chawming quite, or Fill be hanged?" The Dude

Who drives a tandem through the park ; Says, "Life's, aw, such a jolly lark (rerhaps the Dude's the long sous g sought Snark The Dude.

**MELICENT:** the Soul replies to the Earth-A GDDA is a point of the second state of the substrate of Mother, I know thou art queenly and splendid, Yet is there death in the blush of thy bloom ?\* The Mystery of the Veiled Picture.

I had come to pay a call at a countryhouse, and, while awaiting in the drawing-room the entrance of its mistress, I had busied myself in examining a picture which, as yet unframed, was adjusted on an the grave there will be rest," I venture. "Yes, there is Love," the astented. "But often his wings are folded; sometimes he is casel near the window. Drawn to is at first by mere curiosity, I was quickly ab-sorbed by its beauty and quaintness, and

Inst by heat curtoutly, I was quickly ab-sorbed by its beauty and quaintness, and by the almost pre Ruphaelte nicity of its execution. It was divided into four panels of unequal size, each panel connected with the others by a separating, yet a combining, wreath of roses and deadly nighthade intertwined. In the largest panel a mar-riage solemnity was depicted: the bride and bridsgroom stood before the altar, and the priest bent to join their hands: the "No, quite the reverse. Every morning I rise with fresh hope, and hall the new the priest bent to join their hands; the

the price bar to join their hinds; the lifthe with fresh hope, and half the new young couple, and none observed that a sucke had crawled between the pair, and was preparing to concoal himself within the folds of the bridal dress. In another stood a little child, whose tearful face bespoke a recent disappointment: the cause of her iniquities, more mournful tragedies, than with the submer who her adowning fell a face a little child, whose tearful face bespoke a renewou angent iniquities, more mournful tragedies, than recent disappointment: the cause of her iniquities, more mournful tragedies, than those upon which the gloaming fell a few hours before. When I think of the peoples who suffered and have passed away, I blows that the fate of humanity is fraught

thirst, had slipped from her hands, and isy br.ken and spilled at her feet; the grapes, to which she would next have turned, hung far above her L liputian stature; and the intermediate to con-the base to con-the base to con-the base to "Yes," she assented. "You must not think I am irreligious because I have spoken as if this world and man were every thing. But I regard life, as it is, with an "He " thirst, had pierced her hand with a cruel thorn. In the third panel was portrayed a man upon the sea-shore, who was strug gling to seize a floating box bearing the label Joy; but the tide had turned, and the box was drifting away from his outstretched hauds. In the last there was a churchy ard, absorbing interest. It has, for me, an un-rivalled importance. It is what we feel

where a company of strolling players had and see, it is what we know. Yet genera-pitched their tent, and were performing tions of experience have not secured for us their uncouth drolleries among the graves: either happiness or goodness. Marcus their uncouth drolleries among the graves either happiness or goodness. Marcus an octogenarian and his infant grandson Aurelius has said: 'Where a man lives, were the sole audience; two of the buffoons he can live well.' True; we know what a an octogenarian and his infant grandson man can do; the question is, What will he do? What is he doing? Equally, where lounged, smoking, upon a moss-grown tombstone; and two urchins of the company sat astride upon a daisied hillock where sat astride upon a daisied hillock where there is human nature, there is a capacity some baby slept, and prattled gaily over for happiness. But is not the happiness their supper. Around the picture was a always marred? Is not the joy iorever kind of tramework of small medallions frustrated ?" each filled with a separate device, and "We have wandered a long way from

each deserving the minutest study. In one, your painting," I said, evading a direct a group of primroses clustered round a skull; in another, a withered lily lay upon a well-spread board; in a thud, a clown emerged, capering, from a coffin; in a for the ambeing a direct "Not so very far, I think. My picture is metaphorical, but it is truth. It points to the concealed poison in the rosy fruit. fourth, a melicious imp was aiming a stone at an unconscious snail; in a fifth, a pack of cards had fallen asunder, and the acc of pottage, with death in the pot. And is not

death the blighting shadow which crushes our energies and paralyzas our vitality, even while we live?" I had not finished my scrutiny, or exhausted my admiration, when my hostess came in, and, after the first civilities were exchanged, I hastened to broach the sub Christ has overcome death," said I.

"But christianity has not permeated the world," rejoined she sadly. "Some of the best among us die in Christ, and perhaps exchanged, I hastened to broach the sub ject which was uppermest in my mind. "Who composed this fantastic and wonderful delign?" I inquired, eagerly. "You may well ask," replied my hostess. "It is, indeed, a remarkable production, and is, as you justly term it, a composition. Nay, it is even more. It is a poem-a philosophy -a criticism of life 1, was exthey are neither miserable nor afraid, but they are neither miserable nor arraid, but many are. And others of the best follows Sourates, and perchance they also are neither unhappy nor afraid, but methicks some are. But what becomes of the foolish multitude, who know only that they cuted by a young and very beautiful lady, are wretched, and see no reason

"I do not know," said I, frankly. "Underneath are the Everlasting Arms! That is the only answer," she said, greatly who is at present my guest. She has recently married an extremely rich man. who possesses large estates in the adjoining to my surprise "Where we are ignorant, God knows. His purposes are from the beginning to the end. We can only read a "Where we are 1 county. He was of his neighborhood, for, added to his immense wealth, he is remarkable for a striklugly haudsome person and exceedingly cage or two of the book which He is writing, agreeable manners. He had one child by his former marriage—a daughter, who has married her step mother's brother. We and of which He has composed the whole plot.' "Mrs. Fremaine, you are an enigma," will go into the gurden, if you are inclined. We shall find Mrs. Fremaine there with my could not refrain from saying. "A moment ago I was almost tempted to accuse you of daughters, and probably her husband and reviling your Maker, and while I am seck mine will shortly join us." I felt a keen desire to s.e, and, if pos ing for words in which to convey my re proach, you give utterance to expressions sible, to hold speech with, the author of the work which had so greatly attracted of the profoundest faith and trust in God.' "I am aware that my doubleness must appear strange to you," she replied. calmiv me, and followed my hosters into the gar-den with no reluctance Upon the lawn, where the elim-irees had thrown their "But you must remember that there is a duality of mind as well as of vision. When one stands upon a bridge between two cities, one sees both before and behind, and shadows for many decades, and where the rooks incessantly cawed, we found a bevy of ladies occupied in the discussion of afternoon tea. Mrs. Fremaine's age was there is light and shade on either bank." She turned upon me a piercing look, and precumably six or seven and twenty. She was tall, and superbly made. She was for an instant the mystic veil, which separated her inner life from the world with out, seemed to fall apart, and I thought ] singularly fair; her features were faultless, her hair and coloring full of ailure-ment. Yet that which undoubtedly rencould see a glimpse within of charred and blackened runs, with a swift and troubled aered her most charming was the expres-sion of her countenance—an expression so full of the noblest and tenderest beauty, stream, starlit and tortuous, hurrying through their midst. In a moment the veil had dropped, and her face was averted; and surcharged with a gravity so pr. for and I heard, as it were, the faint cry of and an isolation so pensive, that I felt overpowered by the thoughts and visions nuns' voices chanting the Miserere, and the sudden snapping of a violin string in a which the sight of her brought before my mind's eye. Vaguely, as 1 regarded her, great orchestra. We had emerged from the shrubbery on memories floated before me, of grand cathedrals erected when faith was warm to the sunny lawn. A group of ladies and gentlemen stood at a little distance. My and devotion pure, of Italian sunsets illumining a bygone and speechless splenhost and another gentleman had evidently ust returned from riding. The latter dis dor, of the sitent glories of Alpine ranges angaged himself from his companions, and of Himalayan loveliness and sublimity, of Marcus Curtius plunging into the unknown advanced towards us. It was Mrs. Fre-maine's husband. He was a man of barely abyss, of Buddha bidding his people re-nounce themselves, of Jonathan's exceeding fifty, tall, well knit, dark, and extremely handsome. Nevertheless, his beauty was of a kind which gave me no pleasure. love for David, of the pathetic Supper at Jernsalem before Calvary. Yet, although grave, Mrs. Fremaine was "This gentleman," said Mrs. Fremaine, after effecting an introduction between us, not melancholy. It is true she never laughed, and rarely smiled, but she was and adverting to the subject of conversation as we sat at tea under the elms-"this gentleman will arouse your envy. neither depressed nur bitter. Her dignified serenity was incomparable, but He has been even a greater traveller that tinged with the hopeless inevitableness of yourself, and seems to have visited every autumn. She seemed to me like a person who had tasted truttion and disappointpart of the globe." " Delightful !" said Mr. Fremaine smiling. "Nodoubt, sir, you have had no tie to encumber you. I have always had a ment at one and the same time-as Daphne may have experienced the intensest relief and the most passionate longing for lady-and a young lady to boot-to take life, as the last nerve of her body chauged cure of, and have never been able to risk into a fragrant blossom of the protecting my health among the Esquimaux, or my shrub. But whether the gift or the denial life among the Patagonians. I have always been compelled to pursue only beaten tracks, but I dare say you have had nothhad left the impression I could not determine. After a time our hostess proposed that ing to deter you from greater enterprise." "No," I replied, briefly, for I thought we should stroll through the shrubberies, and, as if moved by a common attraction, Mrs Fremaine and I fell babind the rest of is manner both frivolous and ungallant. To my sorrow I have been always perfectthe party, and presently, impelled by a feeling to which I can give no name, I told her that I had been looking ather raintly clear. 'You are right." said Mr Fremsine "I thas been my greatest privilege that I have lived my whole life under the influ-ence of women. Men cannot attain to the ing, and with what deep interest I had scanned it. "And did you like i ?" she asked, height of womanhood, but next best to be-"And did you has to rester as a second "More than I can say." I replied. "I was, indeed, penctrated by the power both of its excention and is conception." "Nay, you flatter me," said she, got iy. ing a woman is to be influenced by women. The goodness of these dear women is in-

Do you remember Buchanan's poem, where Fremaine nor I made any reply, and, after MERIE, MERIE MAY. a pause of a few seconds, he went on speaking, changing the topic with great One Experience of the Many

THE YORK HERALD.

RICHMOND HILL THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1883.

not agree with him. It may be as natural for bystanders to witness death as to with ness birth, but to the individual, his birth, of which he had no conscioueness, is as nothing to him, while his death is an ex-pected shadow, ever shrouding his path, and beckoning with an awful fivger to an beckoning with an awful fivger to an of the with a knot of villagers round a grave, and an old clergyman reading the service. Children were there in plenty, and some of THE RAID OF THE TRUCKMEN. and a look of unutterable woe in her face. Her husband had left her but an hour unknown hour. Life, as 1 read it, is a them wore pink frocks, which lent color to series of failures, with a little grave at the the picture. A pretty young lady stood by the picture. A pretty young lady stood by the mossy wall outside, with moist eyes, before, fleeing from the wrath to comeseries of failures, while a fixed plant of the mossy wall outside, while mossy wall outside, and while mossy walle mossy wall outside, while mossy w them. wrapped up in newspapers or pieces of carpet, and her children were sitting on the bare floor playing jacks with her best cuff ventional simplicity, 'It is little Nancy. She was but nine years old- the only child of her mother, and she is a widow.' buttous. He spoke picturesquely, but I thought

aimed at effect, and my heart was not touched

touched. "Poor woman!" said Mrs. Fremaine, softly. "But little Nancy is spared much pain and grief. A daisy plucked before the borse-boofs have trodden it down! A streamlet dried up before it has reached the salt and bitter sea !"

"And she has lost incalculable joys and "And she has lost incalculable in the formation of the she has lost incalculable in the she will be shown in the she will be she will be shown in the she will be she will b pleasures," said Mr. Fremaine. " In her grave lies a bride whom 10 bridegroom will ever woo or win ! In her grave lies a mother whose lips no son will ever kiss ! "There is an unnaturalness in death striking down the young which we cannot get over, though it is as common as for fruit-buds to be nipped by spring frosts," Baid I.

"I think it is an unnaturalness which is not only easily got over, but which one welcomes," said Mrs. Fremaine. "There are many things worse than death."

"And pray, what can be worse than death ?" asked her husband, half contempt

"Unfulfilled longings," she said, quietly. "The certainty of death makes life tolerable.'

able." I marvelled. She seemed "waywardly— almost childishly—resolved to contradict all that she had recently said to me. Was she wilfully capricious? or had she indeed a rare and painful duality? Then L conjectured that she herself stood half-way upon a bridge, and I wondered what sad memories, what terrible possibilities, lay behind her and before.

behind her and before. Mr. Fremaine shrugged his shoulders. "You women are as inscritable as you are good," he said. "But, my sweet Melicent, so long as Death is not your bridegroom, I am thankful that he can make existence pleasant to you".

pleasant to you.' He spoke lightly, and I noticed that she raised her eyes to his, and looked wistfully at him, with an expression which was neither love nor hate, but which seemed to be apologetic and dutiful. As this expres-sion subsided it seems to me as if again the veil which concealed her soul was momentarily withdrawn, and I caught once more that glimpse of the troubled river and the smoke blackened runs. then the vision was gone, and again I fancied I heard the dreary chanting of pune 4 or was it the wail

of Marsyas falling backwurds, defeated and hopeless? The rest of the party now joined us, and the rest of the party now joined us, and The rest of the party now joined us, and after a little desultory chat, I took my departure. Urged by I know not what impulse, I said, as I held Mrs. Fremaine's hand, "I hope I may have the pleasure of

meeting you again soon." "I hope so too," she said, softly, as we stood a little apart. "But you will not forget that I am an enigma?" she added, milling timeling to sing: smiling faintly.

WHOLE NO. 1,297 NO. 50.

A! Teefy

HOUSEHOLD DECORATION. How the Home May be Made Beautiful -- Picturesque Designs-Artistic Effects Secured at a Trifling Cost.

Cottage like homes artistically adorned are often far more inviting than the im-posing abodes of the favorites of fortune. The unpretentiously decorated home is wonderfully explivating, and human nature basking in this charmed circle of dainty loveliness receives a beneficial polish. Wh loveliness receives a beneficial point. Who that loves poetry would exchange the sweet simplicity and dainty heauty of the cottage home for the imposing grandeur of the stately mansion, with its lofty ceilings, ponderous doors, immense halls, grand stairway and a multitude of decorations, professive hemildering in their desping perfectly bewildering in their dazzling splendors. Strange as it may appear to the unthinking, a profusion of artistic effects is chilling and satisty is experienced, a most oppressive sensation. A multiplicity of magnificent productions, collectively viewed, repels; the picture excites wonder ment, its magnitude alone will create surprise. And yet this costly abundance is not at all inspiring; elevation of thought can scarcely be derived from it. There poor human nature is apt to be affected by

### envy and odious comparison. DOMESTIC ART.

Beauty has become so general of late, Beauty has become so general of late, appearing in some way in almost every-thing manufactured, there remains no longer an excuse for an absence of pretty effects in the homes of the humble. Of course grim poverty shuts out the slightest attempt to beautify its surroundings, but in homes where there is any comfort there is generally to be seen some sort of ornament on the mantelpiece, a tidy or two, pillow shams and white curtains looped back with ribbon bows, disclosing a few pots of flowers. The children of the households gather at the ward schools a great deal of art information. The needlework of to day surpasses in beauty of form and liberality of detail the embroideries of "ye olden time," and the facilities in the execution of home decorations have been and are daily so agreeably improved and increased that it is ndeed, a delightful pastime for ladies and

girls to engage in those artistic pursuits, the results of which adorn our homes so charmingly, and are absolutely educators of refirement and promoters of sensibility. THE "ART CRAZE."

What is termed the "art craze" has cer tanly brought about a marvellous change in the home eircle. The wheels of fancy industries have been set in motion in the cause of art and a multitude of home decorations have been invented. Manufacturers have caught this spirit of household adorning and a host of lovely things have been brought out. Appliqued flowers and figures of all sorts of birds, insects, reptiles and quaint images are sold at extraordinarily low prices. Silk and worsted embroidery, all ready to apply on plush, velvet or brocade beads in all colors ; gold and silver cards and numerous other beautiful articles for ancy work are sold very reasonably. How

in the world the "strong-minded "women, advocating the adoption of masculine pur-suits, vivisection, dissection, ballot manouvring, etc., can see their argument over-shadowed by parlor-like industries for beautifying the home and not cry out with a loud voice against such (to them) pusillanimous labors, is surprising. Indeed they have already stigmatized bric-a-brac as rubbish. However, domestic art is daily increasing, and these home industries give color to many households where economy is a chief study. Pretty decorations are

wild azalias, a trailing branch of blackber which azamas, a training branch of blackber-ries with leaves, and delicate araberque figures with hair lines encircling their outer edges. Æsop's fables are often retold in pictorial scenes on china sets and plaques. Home art appears to have no limit, and these fancy industries have a firm footing even in the abodes of the wealthy.

# THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

What a Buffalo Paper Thinks of the New York Aldermen.

A Buffalo despatch says : The Commercial Advertiser, referring to the fact that the New York aldermen have passed a resolu-tion requesting the trustees of the East River bridge to change the date for the opening of that great work from May 24th to May 30th, on the extraordinary ground that the time first appointed happens to be the birthday of the Queen of England, says : "There is something peculiarly exasper-ating in this insolent demand that one day in the calendar shall be put under a bar nd publicly declared a dies non, because the ruler of a certain foreign country hap-pened to be born on that day. What is Queen Viotoria's birthday to the people of New York and Brooklyn one way or another? What if it happened to be the birthday of Jefferson Davis or Benedict Arnold, or any other man or woman living or dead? The aldermanic protest is singularly stupid as well as impudent, but its animus is unmistakable. The majority of the aldermen are, as usual, of Irish race and they have let their Anglophobia run away with their common sense. They seem to be Irishmen first, and only inci-dentally Americans, which is not a tenable

position for an American citizen to occupy. The fact that the change of date on the grounds alleged would be an uncalled for insult to the ruler in question would be reason enough for refusing to comply with it. Towards Queen Victoria personally the American people have always cherished the kindest feelings, and on more than one occasion - notably during the civil war and at the time of President Garfield's death -she manifested her good-will towards them in a not-to-be-forgotten manner."

LATE NORTHWEST NEWS.

Odd Accident to a Rody of Indians--Some Big Farming - Tar Springs Discovered.

Maple sugar making near Selkirk has been going on actively this spring, and considerable quantities have been boiled down, Miss McDiarmid, of Sparta, Ont., has been appointed teacher in the third depart-ment of Brandon Public School, at a salary of \$500 a year,

Gas was struck lately in a well six miles west of Wolseley, near Regina. The well ligger was sufficated. His body was not ecovered at last accounts.

It may be some satisfaction to Emersonians, who are now obliged to pay 20 cents per pound for beefsteak, that in Brandon the price of that luxury is 25 cents per pound.

Col. Sykes is now busily engaged in preparing for operations on his vast farm of sixty sections near Qu'Appelle. His steam lough, capable of breaking 90 acres per day, will arrive next week.

A telegram from Moose Jaw reports that A tengran which started from Maple Creek on Tuesday night with 300 of Chief Pie.a-pot's bund of Iudians, which are being transported to the reserve at Qu'Appelle, ran off the track, due ping the Iudians in the ditch. Most of the Indians started to walk home to end of track. They declare that if the Government wish to transport them to Qu'Appelle, the Indian Department must supply them with carts, as they have had enough of railroads.

A Winnipeg despatch says: Civic mat-ters here are in a perfect jumble. General Rosser, who was appointed a short time ago city engineer, has by by-law, for reconsideration, been superseded by one Wassel. The Mayor has vetoed the action of the Council as illegal, and thus matters stand. It is rumored that application will be made at the approaching meeting of the Legislature to dissolve the Council. Business is hampered every week by internal dissension among the aldermen.

Particulars of the railway accident west of Moose Jaw report that a few Indians only were seriously injured, and one squaw mortally. The Indians are imbued with the idea that the engineor wrecked the not necessarily expensive, while their pretrain nurnosely, and nursued and threat

The Man became a Thing. Wi h shirt sleeve rolled back on the brawny arm and the face hidden by the hideous smile which our civilization provides to conceal the real intention of the mover, preceded by the trembling housewife and followed in deadly silence by the two assistants. It was taken upstairs. Within a cosey parlor and beneath the chandelier that dangled from the ceiling, It was placed.

It was placed. The prayers and instructions of the lady of the house to be very careful grew more fervent and emphatic, and the faces of the little children who clung to her skirts

grew paler. It gave no sign.

to exist.

Suddenly, and apparently with unintend-ed haste, this Thing that had been a Man, that had furniture and domestic utensils at home, that liked to have bright things around him and a well kept and cheerful place to return to after the labor of the day-

This Month.

A pale-faced woman sat on the end of

trunk in an uptown house this morning. She had a towel tied around her head

the arrival of the man who was to move

Around her were her Lares and Penates

A truck drove up to the house and three

It was the owner of the imposing May

equipage, with his two assistants. After a short parley the sad-faced house

wife surrendered the house to them. From that moment the truckman ceased

men stood at the front door.

suddenly It broke loose. It darted into a corner and began to pile the furniture up as if It were constructing a funeral pyre. Vases, pictures, carpets, tables, chairs

became an indistinguishable mass in the hands of this raging, destructive Thing,

that but this morning was a Man. The family shrank back in terror as It went whirling around like a bob tailed steer in fly time.

Then came tremendous convulsions as the carpet was yanked up from the floor, and the Thing that had been a Man heaved and tossed and straightened out and heaved and tossed again until the air was filled with dust and the leg of the sofa was driven through a family portrait. By and by, after such fearful contortions as cannot be described. It tore up the last strip of carpet and sent the clock flying from the martel like a catavult mantel like a catapult. The lady of the house could endure no

ore and she fled to the front basement, and, sinking on a roll of oilcloth, burst into tears.

To-night when she is enthroned in her new house there will be many a grievous rent and tear in the curtains and bed-clothes, and dilapidated chairs and tables, headless statuettes and crushed clocks will mark the trail of the truckman from street to street.

And yet one post has the heartlessness

Who goes to all receptions, teas; Who smirks a smile at friends he sees; And, for his health, siys sangarees? The Dude.

Who dresses in the latest style; Declares. "The weathah's thim nly vile And lisps some dainty swear, the whil The Dude

Who's neither fool, nor knave, nor sage ; Who's neither 1001, hor source, age -This jumpy speck of nature's page -Conundrum of the modern age? The Dude.

Who, then, can work the puzzle through-Tell what it's for-What it can do? Guess what it is, I'll give it you, The Dude.

THEN AND NOW.

A grandame, crooping a melody low, A quaint, weird eong of the long ago. To a sleepy child on a summer's d.y, When has air was perfumed with new mown he air was perfumed with new mown hay.

A time-worn face, with snow-white air, A face grief-lined and furrowed with care, A form that is bent with the burden of ye And eyes that are burnid with unshed tea

The voice that is singing is trembling and low. And the words of the song fall sadly and slow, From her shrivelled lips, and her withered ham Have almost numbered the hour-glass sands.

She rocks the cradle and sings the song Till the twilight shadows are lengthening long, And a far away look creeps into her eyes As the sunset's glory fades in the skies.

. . . . A woman stands by a moss-grown mound, Where the myrtle and daisies have covered the

And thinks of the days in the long ago As she crooms a melody quaint and low

Again the heat of a summer's day, Again the perfume of new-mown bay; But low in the grave the grandame is sleeping, And the woman that sings is sadly weeping.

#### THE MURDERED LORD.

Memorial Cross Brected at the Grave Lord Frederick Caveudish.

The Bradford Cemetery Company have just completed. on behalf of the tenentry of the Duke of Devonshire on the Bolton Abbey estates, a memorial cross of the late Lord Frederick Cavendish. The cross and shaft are very richly carved with the curious interlacing patterns peculiar to remains. Or the pedestal is the following inscription in Runic text :

To the Beloved Memory of Lord Frederick Charles Cavendish, Son of William, 7th Duke of Devonshire, and of Blanche Georgina, his wife. Born November 30th, 1836. He went out as Chief Secretary to Ireland "Full of love to that country, "Full of hope for her future, "Full of capacity to render her service," And was murdered in the Phoenix Park, Dublit Within twelve hours of his arrival Within twelve hours of his arrival, May 6th, 1882. "The Lord grant thee thy heart's desire, Aud fulfil all thy mind."

The text of the inscription was decided upon by Lady F. Cavendish and Lady Egertou, his sister, while the lines quoted are words used by Mr. Gladstone in communicating the news of the assassination to the House of Commons. The cross is to be erected at the edge of the Abbey burial ground in a romantic spot, beneath the shade of one of the magnificent sycamore trees for which the Abbey is famous

The editor, wrote "that he was a mem ber of an old family of musicisns," and when it appeared in the paper it read "a member of an old family of nuisances."

but-

imitable. To vie with their capacity for rectitude, their love of integrity, their passion for virtue, is impossible. To be a woman is to be an angel, and it is the angel

"It has been stignatized as a morbid, almost a sickly, production. You, perhaps, in woman that prohibits the fiend in view its sentiment less hypercritically, man. I did not know, nor could I guess from "On the contrary, I viewed it as a satire."

to pieces.

(To be continued.)

## A TREMENDOUS DROP.

### A Detroit Painter Suspended in Mid-Air Like Mahomet's Coffin.

A D.troit despatch says; One of the most remarkable escapes from a terrible death was witnessed by the people who chanced on Wednesday afternoon to be in the vicinity of the new Campan building when E. H. Floyd fell from the roof of that six storey edifice. Floyd is a painter, and during the day had been at work on the roof of the building. About 5 o'clook he had occasion to change his position, and was descending the ladder, the foot of which rested in a gutter near the ledge of the roof when it tipped back, and in an instant he was shooting down toward the ground, about 100 feet below. Falling a dis-tance of nearly 75 feet, he struck the network of the telephone wires that stretch across the street. Several wires snapped with the weight of his body, and he fell again, but reached for the other wires and secured himself for some time It was thought he could not retain his position, as the wires swaved so greatly He swurg out toward Griswold street several times to a great distance, and it

seemed to onlookers utterly impossible for him to retain his grup of the wires. His coolness of head and great strength served him well, and he managed to get such a hold of the wires that he maintained his position till ladders and a rope were brought, by which he reached terra firma. To a reporter he stated that in falling he ade several somersaults after leaving the see that no prowlers were about. Not a ladder, and was perfectly conscious of the part he was taking in one of the most remarkable acrobatic feats on record. He fell on his back and complained of feeling considerably hurt by the wires, but considerably hurt by the wireturned to his work on the roof.

## POISONED DRINKS.

Two St. Regis Indians Given Poisoned Liquor-One Dend and the Other Dying.

A Cornwall despatch says : Two Indians named White and Laran, of the Indian village of St. Regis, situated on the St. Lawrence River five miles below this place were poisoned on Monday by liquor that had been mixed with strychnine. A white citizen by the name of Sawyer, who had ousiness at Hogansburg, a village on the American shore, was commissioned by the Indians to procure them some liquor. This he did, and a little more; after pur-

chasing the liquor he proceeded to a drug store, where he bought some strychnine, which he mixed with the liquor and gave it to the Indiane. White partock freely of the liquor, and died shortly afterwards; Laran a now lying in a critical condition. Sawyer has left for parts unknown.

## Hail Like Grapeshot,

A Belton, Texas, telegram says: On the outskirts of the recent tornado hail fell like showers of grapeshot. Some hailstones

were five inches in diameter. Much stock vas killed. A family of seven persons took refuge in a cellar in time to escape being carried away with the house, which was lifted bodily, carried 400 yards, and dashed

As it fell upon a day In the merry month of May, Sitting in a pleasant shade Which a grove of myrtles made. Another Mephistophelian rhymester

warbles : Sweet May hath come to love us Flowers, trees, their blossoms don ; And through the blue heavens above us The very clouds move on.

The wail of the dispirited housewife ises to the heavens :

"Wonder what husband will say when he gets home to-night?"

THE FENIAN WATCH IN LONDON.

Extraordinary Watchfulness of the Law Officers.

(Philadelphia Telegraph's London Letter.) The vigilance of the police just now in London is extraordinary. I am told, and can quite believe, that there are nearly as many men on guard in plain clothes as in uniform. Their eyes are everywhere, and a good deal of inconvenience to perfectly respectable people, guileless of conspiracies to blow up anything, is naturally the esult. The other night at Broad Street Station, I happened to be carrying two amall leather bags. Beiog encumbered also with a handful of papers and an umbrella, I had to pat my load down while anbuttoning my coat to take out and consult a pocket time-table. As the hour was late few people were about, and the railway company, on economical thoughts intent, had turned the gas down to that point which just serves to "make darkness visible." Knowing the dexterity of Lonlou sneak-thieves, before putting my bags down I glanced around very cautiously to lace, are lovely and very cheap.

soul appeared visible within 50 feet, but hardly had my hand relinquished my pro-perty before a firm hand was laid on my arm, and its owner, a well knit, muscular man, asked me who I was. Not realizing the situation for the moment, I angrily deshams. about the dado, and only learned that the walls were in some way adorned by this sort of art production, but for the life of manded what he wanted, at the same time attempting to wrench myself free. Another man was at my side directly, whose grab was so professional that I was reassured. We want to know what you have in those bags," was the demand. A light dawned upon me and I burst out laughing at the idea of being taken for a "Dynamiter," and bid them look for themselves. Two minutes sufficed for a neat and thorough but polite examination. Nothing more dangerous to the public peace than a few books being found, the detectives apologized and leit me, feeling much amused at the in-cident. The whole affair did not take five

minutes. It is one of scores of similar cases which go to show the eager vigilance of the police at the present time.

Enthusiastic Professor of Physics, discussing the organic kingdoms: "Now, if I should shut my eyes-so--and drop my head-so -and shou!d not move, you would say I was a clod ! But I move, I leap, 1 run: then what would you call me?" Voice from the rear: "A clod-hopper." Class is dismissed.

A debating club lately discussed the instinct.'

A tar spring similar to those on the Persian and Egyptian patterns are copied Arthabasca exists on the Red Deer River as edgings upon dessert sets, having some near Tail Creek. A coal seam in the bank of the river has been burned out, and below unique figure in the centre. The Palissy wave tints, intense blue and violet, are very this burned out place, at the water's edge, attractive as backgrounds to floral and other designs painted in natural colors, such as the tar oozes out of the bank.

sence graces the various rooms in the most pleasing manner, sending out a sunny effect ened to scalp him, but were pacified through that gives a glow to everyday life. the interpreters and resumed their journey. LET APPROPRIATENESS RULE.

To be sure one must not forget that appro

THE SILLY SIDE.

INEXPENSIVE DECORATIONS.

Industrious fingers, guided by artistic taste

will shape out leaves, buds and blossom

THE BRADLAUGH FRACAS.

priateness should be the rule in art decora-tions. This is not only true in the correctness of designs and the naturalness The Atheist M. P. not Allowed to Swear. A London cablegram says : In the House of Commons the Speaker stated of their execution, but it applies to the fitness of the adornments. Handsomely that a letter from Mr. Bradlaugh announced his intention at the beginning embroidered sofa cushions, plush picture frames, mantle lambrequins, finished off of business vesterday to ask to be per-mitted to take the oath. The Speaker asked the guidance of the House. There with fringe or lace, to produce a harmonious effect, must have corresponding surroundwere loud cries for Mr. Gladatone, but he did not rise. Sir Stafford Northcote stated that he would propose that Mr. Bradhugh be precluded from going through ings. But there is no reason why a simple home cannot have pretty mats made of braided rags; cheese cloth curtains, six cents per yard, neally edged with lace and looped back with bright bits of ribbon, stand "splashens" of coarse cloth nicely such form. Mr. Gladstone said he could raise no objection to the motion, under the circumstances Sir Stafford fuished with a row of cotton fringe. In the homes of the thrifty, door panels Northcote was the proper person to make. On motion of Mr. Lybouchere it was appropriately painted, give an indescriba-ble richness to the beauty of the whole. decided to hear Mr. Bradlaugh in his own behalf. Mr. Bradlaugh said the House last evening rejected the Affirma-tion Bill, which would enable him to take his seat. It was now his duty to take the oath. The law gave him a seat This art decoration does not entail a great outlay of money when executed by the ladies of the household. Diligent work is, however, manifest. Many very artistic ideas can be portrayed in panel decorain the House, and in the name of the law he demanded it. His exclusion was an tion. A design of wonderful effect is composed of two shaded purple irises crossing act of flagrant iniquity. No act of his justified the action of the House, which each other, and intermingled with the leaves is a small spray of convolvulus. Abother rich design is a long sprig of apple should declare the seat vacant, or pass a bill disqualifying him. As long as he was blossome with two humming brids hover-ing near. Embroidered pauchs are very handsome. Plush lambrequins for the mantel piece are adorned with chemille not disqualified he could claim his seat. Mr. Labouchere opposed the motion of Sir Stafford Northcote. Mr. Gladstone, in moving the previous question, announce ed that he would vote with Mr. Labouchere against the motion. The motion carried by 271 to 165. Mr. Bradlaugh again addressed the House, arguing in favor of his claim to the seat. After speaking half an hour he returned to his Of course there are many silly things done in the effort to secure artistic effects. Dado creations are sometimes ridiculous One enthusiastic woman read usual seat below the bar and the subject

dropped. A Newsboy's Orinie,

A London newsboy has been sentenced her she could not conceive what a dado really was. She inquired and was to a month's imprisonment for pushing business by crying out "Horrible Assassinginformed that a dado consisted of anything pretty tacked to the wall. A few days tion of the Marquis of Lorne," and for resisting the police. The prisoner pleaded that he only shouted "Attempted Assassiafter her parlor looked like a bazaar with all the fancy goods fastened to the walls. nation of the Marquis of Lorne " and that was what was stated in the paper he was A lady hunting after ceramic ornaments who was rich yet close with money, was indignant at the price asked for a pair of selling. There is no doubt that somebody ought to have had a month's hard labor, small bisque figures, and selected a pair of china ornaments instead, exclaiming in a triumphant manner, "These are sweetly but we are not so sure it was the newsboy and he was so disgusted that he told Sir Robert Carden, the magistrate, that the pretty-good enough for any lady's parlor. next time he was sentenced to a month's imprisonment it would be for something. Many handsome decorations are manipulated from scraps of fine dress goods.

They kept that horrible attempt pretty quiet at Ottawa.

### Bright's Diseme, Diabetes

also add devices from bits of flannel, wool suitings and cloth, and buttonhole the same to baize or any goods suitable for table-covers, and the effect is very beautiful. The decoration of china and unglazed pothese diseases or other serious Kidney. Urinary or Liver Diseases, as they only relieve for a time and makes you ten times worse afterwards, but rely solely on Hop Bitters, the only remedy that will surely tery is a charming occupation. Completed sets are sometimes adorned in a style to match the finishings of the dining room. and permanently cure you. It destroys moves the cause of disease so effectu Perchance the tea set is in blue, crimson and gold, shades that predominate in the and ally that it never returns.

carpet, upholstery and wall paper. Indian, Bread is the grub that makes the butter

> Ranavalomanjaka, Queen of Madagasear. is said to spend half an hour or an hour regularly every morning in prayer and reading the Bible

Beware of the stuff that pretends to cure