

POETRY.

If I Could Keep Her So.

Just a little baby, lying in my arms,
Would that I could keep her with my baby...

Helpless, clinging fingers, downy, golden hair;
Where the sunshine lingers, caught from other...

Rough little dandel, scarcely 5 years old,
That never weary, hair of deepest gold...

Sweet, thoughtful maiden, sitting by my side,
All the world before me, and the time so wide...

Has she grown, shy maiden, just there to wake?
Is that rose of dawn glowing on your cheek...

All the listening angels saw that she was fair,
Ripe for ruse unfolding in the upper air...

The Little Black Teapot.
When the sky darkens down on cold winter's day...

When the sky darkens down on cold winter's day,
When we long for the sunshine to come and to stay...

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me?" she says, stretching her hand out to the dog, who licks it, with a faint recollection of the time when he was a puppy in her hand...

"Come in, Miss Darrah, though it's the bare floor and the cold, and this not all standing, that I ask you into this day, and as he speaks Ferrall falls back a step for her to enter, and jerks his arms up above his head with a gesture that is pregnant with wrath and despair.

"On Ferrall's Darrah says, laying her hand on his arm as fearfully as she had held it out to the fierce, hungry bloodhound, 'the soldiers are not the police, and if they were they have no right to, and no reason for, searching your house. Keep your right to have it for your very own; meet Mr. Annesley as a friend, and he will be very patient; work and bring things back to the old way—what is that?'

"Something glittering falls from a corner of the half-opened door in which he has been groping for the last few seconds—falls at her feet; and as she stoops and picks it up, she sees a diamond ring, and she knows the likeness of the widowed Lady Killen, set round with a circle of diamonds of price, from which circle one stone is missing, and it darts into her memory that Killen always wore it.

In a moment the senseless trinket becomes accusing agent, telling its tale with terrible accuracy to the horror-stricken girl. 'You've saved the soldiers the trouble, Miss Darrah,' Ferrall says, with savage sadness; 'it'll not be like to believe that I was passing the road that night; the only person who could have done that, and the gims were lying there on his breast asking to be taken up—'

"'Corney!'" his wife screams, warning; "you were not by the road that night, some one gave the 'jule' to you, and you were tempted to keep it to sell for bread; you were never up the road that night."

"Did I say I was?" he asks savagely; and then with a cry that is an exclamation, he starts forward to tear the jewel from Darrah's hand, as he hears the tramp of many feet outside, but Darrah springs aside, passes her hand and the bloodhound, and hides the trinket firmly in her hand, says rapidly to Robert Annesley and Captain Mackiver:

"I have found this in the house of the man I came to try to help and to save; my cousin always wore it. It must have been taken from him after the murder, for he found him, insensible before Dolly and I found him. The man who shot him must have taken it, and I found it in Ferrall's house. Poor Kathleen's lover will be saved."

CHAPTER XXIX.
"IF DARRAH MARRIES!"
As they march away with their prisoner through the unsavory yard, they are met by a vast crowd of law-breaking, reckless, savage, hungry and whiskey-maddened men and women. The former are armed with all sorts of destructive but ignoble weapons, and the latter are dressed in blue, blue, jagged-edged pieces of broken crockery-ware. Each and all of these are good enough for the purpose of battering in the heads of the excoautants of the laws of order and honesty.

But there is an end to temperate forbearance when, with a wild rush, a gang closes in round Darrah Thynne, separating her from her friends by such a sudden movement, made with such skill and unanimity, that Captain Mackiver knows that it must have been agreed upon before hand. There is an end to temperate forbearance when this happens, and further endurance would be criminal, when one of the head centres of this savagery cries out:

"Till Ferrall is set free, boys, we have a hostage, and as he is served so shall the lady be."

"Sure it's Miss Darrah! she must be let go with a hand on her; it isn't Miss Darrah that's our enemy."

"It's through Miss Darrah that I'm here now," Ferrall yells out, and then as he sees the crowd, he asks them to cease from their groans and execrations, and Captain Mackiver despairingly gives the longest for order, and his troops fire.

A dozen men drop where they stand or crouch, and the rest are panic-stricken for the few moments that it takes them to rush in among them and bring Darrah out from their croud, cowardly mind. Then into the thick of the fray, well-mounted and habited, looking beautiful and wealthy enough to be the Queen of Connaught, rides Mrs. O'Leary, and the rabble rally round her, as in clear, ringing accents, she asks them to cease from resistance that can be of no avail to-day, and to reserve their courage and their strength for a better organized struggle."

"Aren't you sorry that you can't arrest me for sedition, conspiracy, and rebellion?" she asks, riding up to Captain Mackiver, and laying her whip lightly across his arm. "It must be annoying to you that, as a matter of fact, I have quelled a riot that you were powerless to put down?"

"As a matter of fact it is a repulsive spectacle to see a woman mixed up in these affairs," he says, with ill-disguised dislike to her. "Nonsense!" she says, good-temperedly (Mrs. O'Leary is always good-tempered in prosperity, and she is growing very prosperous out of Ireland's woes). "Nonsense!" your own Darrah was mixed up in these affairs long before I was; she has rattled now," she continues, loudly, turning toward the sea of upturned ghastly faces, and in response to her remark there rises a sullen muttered roar. Darrah would fare ill at this moment were she in their power at this moment.

presently in the character of your guide, philosopher, and friend. 'In other words you have come to lecture me about my evil courses; having converted Miss Thynne to your English view of Irish things, you are going to try your hand on me?'

"I am not responsible for Miss Thynne's moderated views, I assure you," he says, rather coldly, for he dislikes hearing Darrah's dear name taken in vain by this woman whom he distrusts; 'and I'm not anxious to make you see things from my standpoint, but I have been requested to suggest to you that, as you value your liberty, you will do well to abstain from insulting the people, as you did yesterday, for instance.'

"I do value my liberty." See, I have one of my high-art Indian silks on now," she says, laughing, and holding out a fold of soft olive-green silk for Ronald's inspection, and then she goes on to pronounce an eloquent panegyric on the safety and more high art and Eastern emporium in Regent Street, in the vain hope of leading Captain Mackiver's mind away from the matter on which he has come.

"You won't find them good prison wear," he says, when she has finished. "You're not going to wear upon women, are you? That will be cowardly," she says. "Upon such women as you, yes; for you are as plucky and as dangerous as any man."

"Praise from Captain Mackiver! I am flattered; well, what is it that you want me to promise?" "Merely, for your own sake, to keep clear of the insurrectionary movement; you're not an Irishwoman, you don't care a brass farthing for Ireland's wrongs or rights, and before the officer fully comprehended the awful reality of what had happened, he had received several hard bumps in what was also his most vulnerable spot. But Officer Rhodes is not a man to be bumped with impunity, and he had soon made it inconvenient for the man to bump any more. The man, who gave his name as James Hays, of No. 152 Leonard street, was minus two teeth, lost in the bumping exercise, when he appeared before Justice White in the toms. He informed His Honor that he had been afflicted with a toothache, and that he had been obliged to stop only way he could stop it was by bumping his head against some soft substance, and not being able to reach Mr. Keating's head, he had done the best he could. Justice White fined Mr. Hays \$10, and Mr. Hays wept. He was not able to pay it."

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add to poor anxious, harassed Dolly's peace of mind or hilarity of spirit. While they are doing and daring together, she has been at home taking counsel as to various petty and narrowing ways and means with Powles, who still remains faithful, though she has little to cook and less to eat in these days.

In the excitement and misery consequent upon her wrongs, and the imprisonment, Kathleen has ceased to purvey for them. The poor girl can do nothing but hang around the prison doors and pour forth passionate protestations and assertions as to his innocence to any one who will listen to her and may help her.

And one who listens most patiently and promises to help most encouragingly is the distraught Claddagh girl at this juncture is Mrs. O'Leary. But she exacts payment for her participation.

"If I am to help you," she says, severely, when she is given a promise to help, "petition 'for the poor boy who never did the murder at all, Mrs. O'Leary,' sent up to some mysterious persons in authority; 'if I am to help you in your heart's desire, Kathleen, you must help me in mine; you must go to Darrah just as usual, and you must bring me what goes on there, especially of what goes on between Miss Darrah and Captain Mackiver.'"

"The saints look down upon me and forgive me for being a spy upon her," Kathleen says, piously; and Mrs. O'Leary says, impatiently: "The saints are more likely to look leniently upon that perfidy than upon anything like lukewarmness toward your lover. Be a sensible girl. You like going to Darrah; what harm can there be in your telling me what they are doing there, if there is no harm in it? It's a spy I'll be," poor Kathleen draws out, unwillingly. She longs to buy freedom and security for her lover, but the price she is asked to pay for making the effort to gain these things is a heavy one.

There is no disgrace in being a spy when you only want to spy out something that may turn out to be for the good of those you love. Mrs. O'Leary says, especially: "Lord Killen has a great deal of power, and he will use that power to get your sweetheart released if you get me certain information that she wants." "Is it to harm her I'll not get it?" "If it's to harm her I'll not get it."

"Be an obstinate girl and see your lover perish, then," Mrs. O'Leary says, angrily. "I only ask you to go there and find out if there's any love-making going on between Miss Darrah and Captain Mackiver. It's nothing to harm her, and I'll be bound; but Lord Killen would like to know it."

"Is it Mr. Arthur that's jealous?" "He's not Mr. Arthur any longer, remember, and he's not jealous at all; he's very fond of Miss Darrah in a kind cousinly sort of way, but he's not in love with her. And he's not going to marry her. I think he would like to know that she was going to marry Captain Mackiver and be happy."

So Kathleen is persuaded to go up to Darrah, and to a certain extent she possesses herself of Miss Darrah Thynne's confidence. But Mrs. O'Leary is very little the wiser for what transpires at the interview. So much as Kathleen tells her is strictly true, but she does not think herself bound to tell the whole truth.

"Dead then, ma'am, Miss Darrah is unhappy enough to make Mr. Arthur's lordship go mad, and to do any thing for her in the kind, cousinly way still, and that's about all that I have to tell you."

It is true that she has not obeyed his injunctions with regard to keeping her name out of the papers, but she trusts to her rarely failing charm to make him forget the fact.

"Is it true that you rode down to Ferrall's and encouraged the mob the day that ruffian was taken?" Lord Killen asks, reproachfully, and she puts a infinity of pathos into the tones in which she replies: "How one day I got misapprehended by those who were my life's friends! I stood even in fear of my calls to use the influence you have taught me how to gain with these people, to induce them to submit to legal—though unjust authority. I saved your cousin Darrah from rough usage."

"Darrah! Roughly used her! By Heaven! the devils shall pay for it." "Hush! hush! she found that wretched trinket in Ferrall's house and built up on once a theory of his being the murderer; it is such an unresolvable mystery to me, that you can't wonder that the popular mind revolved against her. Besides, then she was ranging herself visibly with Captain Mackiver, who represents the oppressors; you can't wonder that the people's love turned to hate—"

"I wonder at your defending such a devil." "They only fought, poor things! they scarcely fought, but struggled for freedom. Why should they have relinquished the struggle for the sake of putting a smooth face on things before a girl who is ready to relinquish everything for the sake of a man who is here with the intention of shooting them down if they infringe on his notions of right?"

"Darrah isn't going to marry Mackiver, is she?" Lord Killen asks, uneasily, and Mrs. O'Leary throws an air of perfect conviction into her answer: "She has the grace to keep her intention quiet, but she has not deceived Kathleen, and, to do Kathleen justice, she has not deceived me."

"If Darrah marries that fellow I'll never believe in a woman again," he says, striking and talking in an angry manner. Then Mrs. O'Leary soothes him, telling him that the wisest women are "weak where they love," and bidding him remember that "other women are ready to share and elevate his fortunes though Darrah has failed."

presently in the character of your guide, philosopher, and friend. 'In other words you have come to lecture me about my evil courses; having converted Miss Thynne to your English view of Irish things, you are going to try your hand on me?'

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How They Make Their Tootles. A traveller in Arabia writes: In the floor of the tent or hut, as it may chance to be, a small hole is excavated sufficiently large to contain a common champagne bottle; a fire of charcoal or of simply glowing embers is made within the hole, into which the woman about to be scented throws a handful of drugs. She then takes off the cloth or "top" which forms her dress, and crouches naked over the furnace, while she arranges her robes to fall as a mantle from her neck to the ground like a tent. She now begins to perspire freely in the hot-air bath, and the pores of the skin being thus opened and moist, the volatile oil from the smoke of the burning perfumes is immediately absorbed. By the time that the fire has expired the scenting process is completed, and both her person and robe are redolent with incense, with which they are so thoroughly impregnated that I have frequently smelt a party of women at full a hundred yards distance when the wind has been blowing from their direction.

Another Pest. Farmers are now obliged to battle against another pest—wild peas. They are supposed to have been brought to this section by pigeons or black birds, most likely by the latter. The peas are very prolific and the vines spread over a field with great rapidity. They are small, of a dull gray color and are very injurious to the growth of grain and particularly to barley. This pest has proved very destructive to crops in Prince Edward and Yendegash, but has not visited Sidney as yet. In some instances farmers have cut down grain with which these peas had grown and burned it. Owing to the existence of this pest a large demand for fanning mills has sprung up.—Belleville Intelligencer.

Testimonial from Mr. DONALD BAIN, Dealer in Brewers' Supplies, No. 557 Main Street Buffalo, N. Y. J. N. SUTHERLAND, Niagara Falls, Ont. DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I can inform you that one and one-half bottles of your preparation Rheumatine has cured me of most severe rheumatism in my feet, ankles and knees. For some time I was disabled and unable to walk. I took your medicine steadily, according to directions, with the best result, viz., a cure. I am now well and free from pain. Yours truly, D. BAIN.

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