MOTHER'S LULLABY.

Hush-a-bye, baby!
Mother will sing to thee.
Soft is the moan of the wind in the tree,
Angels are listening,
Bright stars are glistening,
Like sentinels watching my baby and me.

Hush-a-bye, baby!
What shall I sing to thee?
Sigheth the bird to her nest on the bough;
Shadows are creeping,
Moonbeams are peeping,
Twilight is deepening over moorland and sea.

Lullaby, darlin'!
Mother is near thee;
Bright may the dreams of my little one be.
Angels defend thee!
God His love send thee,
And carefully guard both my baby and me.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

CHANGING CHUCKER'S PANTALOONS.

HOW far it is expedient to convert a railway carriage into a dressing room is a question which would be quickly solved in the negative in continental countries, where guards walk along the footboards and collect tickets while the train is in motion.

But in England a passenger who likes to change his attire in a first-class compartment, as a rule, pretty secure from interruption.

At least, so thought Mr. Barnaby Chucker, as he alighted from a hansom at Paddington, and rushed across the platform, bolting a railway rug and a carpet bag, which contained a complete change of raiment—to wit, dress-clothes.

Mr. Chucker had received an invitation to dine at Windsor, with some friend of influential position; but, being a busy man, he had not found time to dress at his office in the city, or at his chambers at the West End. Stepping into the train, he slipped a shilling into the hand of the guard, and said:

"Keep this compartment, I want to dress."

"All right, sir," answered the guard, and the next moment the train started.

Mr. Chucker then unlocked his carpet-bag, and drew out a clean shirt, with other equipments necessary to his bodily adornment.

It must not be supposed that he did this without reluctance, for he was a great stickler about all the proprieties of life. He objected to seeing things out of season. If he had caught his best friend changing his pantaloons in a railway carriage he would have thought meanly of him for being of disorderly habits, and so now he judged himself with a candid severity for not having better regulated his own time.

"If an accident occurred," mused he, as he removed his coat and waistcoat, "I wonder what would be thought of me for being half undressed in a train?"

This reflection made him redden. He was a shy, middle-aged man, with large, red ears, and a fat, florid face. The effect of pulling off his boots always suffused his countenance with crimson, and it did so now, insomuch that, what with the color that came from physical exertion and that which resulted from a troubled conscience, Mr. Barnaby Chucker looked truly distressed. Having removed his boots, he denuded himself of his trousers. This was a trying moment, for if an accident had happened then.

"Why, why, dear me?" ejaculated Mr. Chucker, at this stage of his cogitations, "I think the train—no, it cannot be—is stopping."

The train was stopping in effect, as Mr. Chucker might have foreseen that it would do, since he was not travelling by express; but he had been so enwrapped in his self-upbraiding thoughts that he had not even noticed the first slackening of the engine's speed.

He now found himself in the midst of a very disreputable litter of clothes, and with no time to re-dress himself before the train stopped.

He had to decide hastily whether he would steam alongside Ealing platform in his shirt-sleeves or minus his pantaloons.

He chose wisely in huddling on his coat, which he buttoned up, while he covered his lower man with his railway rug. This done, he collected as many of his belongings as he could into his bag, kicked his boots under a seat, and tried to look dignified.

The train had come to a stand-still now, and a guard opened the door of the carriage in which our hero was sitting, and cried:

"There's room here, sir, for you and this lady."

"Hi, guard!" exclaimed Mr. Chucker, leaning out in horror, "you told me I should have this compartment to myself."

Unfortunate for our modest friend, the guard to whom he had given the shilling was not the one appointed to travel with the train. These little mistakes often occur, and lead to unpleasant consequences.

The present guard said bluntly:

"I can't give you a compartment to yourself unless you pay for it, sir. It's against the rules. Here, madam, step in, please."

A lady who looked in very delicate health got into the carriage, and a gentleman with her. Mr. Barnaby Chucker felt ready to swoon. Before he could inform the guard of his readiness to pay for a while compartment sooner than have his privacy intruded upon, the train was off again, and Mr. Chucker fell to reflecting how he should effect his change of carriages at Slough, now that he was in no fit state to step on to a platform. The train in which he travelled was not bound straight for Windsor, but for Birmingham, and Mr. Chucker would have to change at Slough if he wished to dine with his friends that evening.

Alas! a more urgent difficulty than that involved in a change of carriages soon presented itself to him; for no sooner had the train started than the lady who had just stepped in began to moan and to shiver, saying that she felt cold all over. Her husband sought to quiet her, but it was all of no use, for she was really ill. At last the poor man looked in despair at Mr. Chucker, and politely said:

"Excuse me for taking a great liberty, sir; but would you be so kind as to lend my wife your rug? We started in a hurry and forgot to bring one. As it is not a cold day, perhaps you would not mind obliging us as far as Slough, where I shall be able to buy a rug."

"Eh?" grunted Mr. Chucker, stupefied.

The request completely staggered him, and he could find no words in which to reply.

"Would you kindly lend this lady your rug?" repeated the gentleman, rather astonished.

"Hoo!" growled Mr. Chucker, in a voice like a bear's. It had just occurred to him that the safest way out of his difficulties would be to sham being mad.

A Frenchman would have quietly beckoned the gentleman to the other side of the carriage, and would have explained the dilemma with a laugh.

But Englishmen are persons full of niceness, and Mr. Chucker dared not confess to a perfect stranger that he had no trousers on.

He repeated "Hoo!" two or three times over, and his stratagem succeeded perfectly, for both his fellow-passengers became convinced that they were travelling with a lunatic.

The lady began to scream. Her nerves were so unstrung that they could not stand this extra shock. And Mr. Chucker made things worse by the fixity with which he stared at her. The gentleman armed himself with an umbrella to protect his wife.

Mr. Chucker, entering into the spirit of his part, caught up his own umbrella and brandished it.

The travellers were in their attitude of vigilance and menace when the train once more slackened speed, and Hanwell was reached.

Instantly the gentleman jumped out on the off side of the line, so as not to pass Mr. Chucker, and helped out his wife, whose screams had by this time, given place to a fit of shivering.

Mr. Chucker thought himself well rid of his mess, for the train would go on again, and he should be able to complete his dressing. By way of insuring privacy for the remainder of his journey, he began by pulling the carriage blinds down.

Alas! he was not to get off so easily. Already there was a commotion on the platform.

The husband of the fainting lady had explained matters to the station master; some porters and guards had overheard him, and rumor circulated that there was a lunatic in the train. Some passengers, poking their heads out of the carriage windows, protested against travelling in the company of a man who might commit some mad act—set the train on fire, throw himself out, or emit awful noises. The station master was obliged to pacify these murmurs by striding toward the alleged maniac's carriage. The all-unconscious Mr. Chucker was rudely aroused by the door being suddenly opened and a gruff voice exclaiming:

"Now, sir, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing's—the—the—matter with me," stammered Mr. Chucker. "What should there be?" but, so saying, he hugged his rug closer to him with a guilty look.

"Would you mind stepping out, sir?"

"Why should I? My ticket is for Windsor."

"Change here for Windsor, sir," responded the guard, who was quite convinced by this time that he had a queer character to deal with.

"Well, man, since you put me to it, I've no trousels on," confessed Mr. Chucker, lowering his voice; whereupon the station master echoed in amazement:

"No trousers?" and the crowd behind caught up the words: "No trousers?"

"He's thrown 'em out," suggested a porter.

"Perhaps he had none on when he got into the train?" suggested the station master.

"Of course I had, man. I've two pair with me now. Let me alone, that I may put one on," faltered Mr. Chucker, intimidated and disgusted by the sight of so many people staring at him.

But while he was speaking, some low churl, seizing a corner of his rug, gave it a twitch, and abruptly exposed Mr. Chucker's dishabille to view.

There was a shout of mingled laughter and dismay among the passengers, some of whom, being ladies, deemed it expedient to squeal.

"Out you come," roared the blushing station master, in a paroxysm of indignation, and he clutched Mr. Chucker by the wrist.

"Well! but—but—let me d—dress first," pleaded the victim, as he felt, not only his arms, but his legs in the grasp of different hands. He made a short struggle, but this did not improve his position, for his resistance was ascribed to a maniacal outbreak, and emboldened his aggressors to drag him out of the carriage feet foremost. He tumbled out in a heap, and was then carried across the platform, kicking and roaring in the sight of a hundred pairs of astonished or amused eyes.

"Oh!" exclaimed the young ladies, as he passed.

"Poor man!" cried some older ones.

"Hi! Fetch the police," chorused some of the porters.

Ten minutes later, when Mr. Chucker had been conveyed, under strong escort, to the station master's room, and had been suffered to don his pantaloons, he contrived to get a hearing and to explain how all the trouble had arisen.

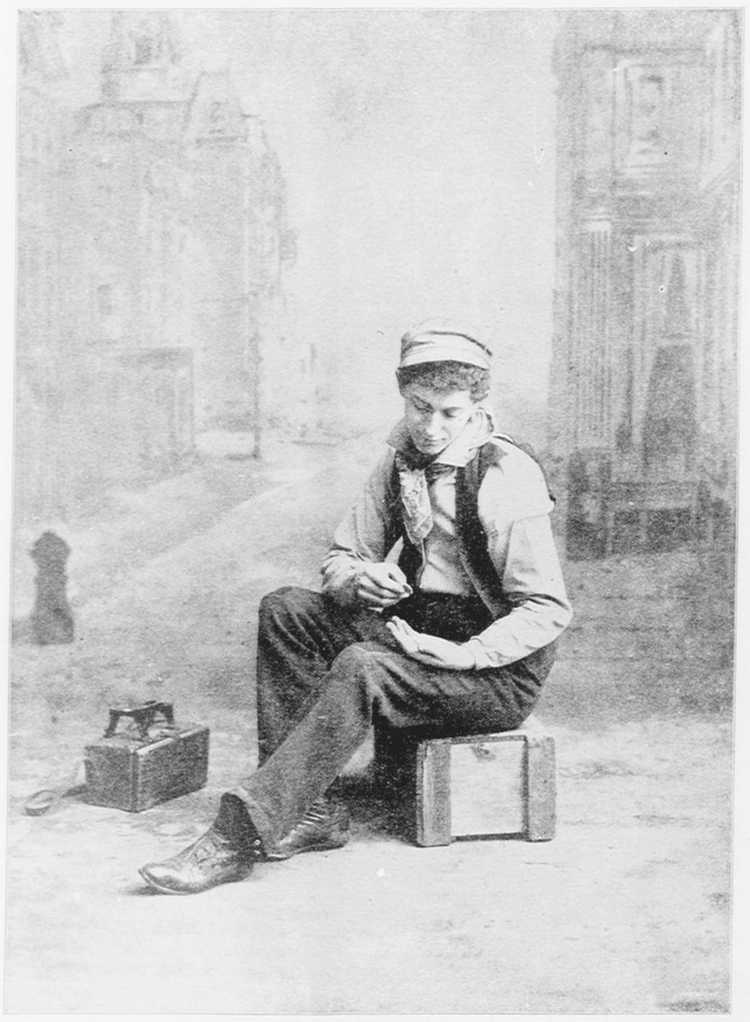
"Well, but why didn't you tell us this before?" cried the nonplussed station master.

"Because you wouldn't listen to me, you beast," screamed Mr. Chucker.

"Well you've missed your train and your dinner," said the station master, "and that'll be a lesson to you."

"Lesson of what?" asked Mr. Chucker, exasperated.

"Lesson—why—why—lesson not to take off one pair of breeches until you've put the other on, and that for decency's sake, sir!" answered the station master, sternly, formulating an axiom which sounded well; though perhaps, like some other maxims propounded by worldly philosophy, it was not easy to follow.



IS IT COUNTERFEIT?

ANNE BEDE'S DEBT.

The judges were in their places.

Outside the fog weighed heavily upon the shapeless building, effaced the walls and glued itself to the windows, concealing their frosty flowering.

In the hall itself the air was thick and stifling. It smelled of sheep-skins, peasants, eau-de-vie, and the leaden ventilators in the upper glasses of the skylight turned slowly and slothfully.

The jurors, too, leaned wearily against the backs of their chairs. One of them had closed his eyes and let his hand fall inert, lulled to somnolence by the monotonous scratching of the clerk's pen. Another tapped and softly beat the rat-a-plan with his pencil on the table.

The President pushed his spectacles to the tip of his nose and mopped his damp brow, his stern gray eyes, with a glacial stare, bent fixedly upon the door whence would issue the culprits in course of trial, and on whom they waited to pronounce the sentence.

"Is there not still another one?" demanded he presently, of the sleepy-looking tipstaff at his elbow, in a hard, resonant voice.

"One," responded the other, "a girl."

"Eh bien! bring her in, then," said the President.

The crier called, the door opened, the girl entered.

A current of fresh air glided in with her and softly fanned the faces and tickled the lashes of the curious assistants. At the same moment a ray of sunlight pierced the shrouding fog and danced between the frosty etchings of the panes across the dusty walls and furniture of the Hall of Audience.

"A girl" had said the tipstaff—a child, rather, scarcely more than on the verge of maidenhood, and so pretty in her little furred jacket, embroidered with wreaths and blossoms and fitting like the skin the rounded waist, straight and slender as the stem of a young palm. Her black eyes were lowered to the floor, but her white brow was clear and unclouded.

"What is it that you have done, my child?" questioned the President indifferently.

The girl nervously rearranged her handkerchief that covered her head, caught her breath heavily, then answered, sighing:

"My affair is sad, Mon. le President, very, very sad."

Her voice, soft and dolorous, went to the heart like good music, that, even when one hears it no longer, seems still to vibrate in the air and change everything by its mysterious influence.

The faces of the jurors were no longer so motose. The portrait of the king, and farther away still of the Justice Corps, appeared to make to her from the silent wall benignant signs, encouraging her to bravely recount the affair "so very, very sad."

"But see you," said she, "this writing; it will tell you better than I can."

Only she had first to seek it; to unclasp the buttons of her corsage and draw it from her bosom—a piece of crackling parchment, stamped and closed with the ponderous official seal.

"A judgment," murmured the President running his eye over the paper, "a judgment against Anne Bede, assigned to begin to-day a punishment of six months' imprisonment."

The girl nodded sorrowfully; the handkerchief, loosened by the movement, fell from her head, and a heavy tress of her long black hair, all unbound, veiled her features. It sought, perhaps, to shield them from the gaze of the people, for if she was white as a lily a while ago, she was purple with shame at this moment.

"It is a week since we received it," stammered she in a broken voice. "The court officer brought it himself and explained what it wished to tell us, and my poor mother said to me: 'Thou must go, my child; the law is the law, and one should not take it as a pleasantry. I have come, therefore, to—to begin the six months!'"

The President wiped his glasses, then wiped them again, his cold, stern gaze seeking the faces of his colleagues, the windows, the floor, the great iron stove, through whose grated door fiery eyes seemed to sparkle and threateningly regard him.

"The law,' murmured he, "the law is the law!"

And he read anew the summary before him, the black, sprawling scratches across the white page, declaring "Anne Bede condemned to six months' imprisonment for the receiving of stolen goods."

Meanwhile the leaden ventilator had quickened its pace and spun furiously. Outside the wind had risen, and now it shook the windows, whistled through the crevices, and seemed to hiss remorselessly about the ears of the gaping crowd:

"The law, yes, the law is the law!"

The head of the President bent affirmatively before this importunate voice; he dropped his eyes and touched the bell for the tipstaff.

"Accompany Anne Bede," said he, "to the house of the Inspector of Prisons."

The man bowed, the child turned obediently, but her little rose-red lips opened and shook tremulously, as if words were on them that she could not speak.

"Perhaps, my child," said the President, noticing her distress, "perhaps you have still something to say to us."

"Only—that I am Lizette, Lizette Bede, Monsieur le President; Anne Bede was my sister, and we buried her poor girl! a week ago."

"Twas not you, then, that was condemned and sentenced?" cried the President, surprised.

"Ah! Bon Dieu, no! Why should I have been condemned, who have never done harm to a fly?"

"Then why are you here, mad child that you are?"

"Because—if you please—it is because Anne died while his business was before the Royal Table" (the Lower Court of Hungary). "It was when she was lying in her coffin all cold and white that this order concerning the six months arrived, certifying that she must submit. . . . Oh! how she had wanted and prayed for it, and tried so hard to live to receive it! She had never dreamed of this, Monsieur le President, and when they had taken her away with closed eyes, mute and deaf forever, my mother and I told ourselves that we must repair the wrong she had done because of her fiancé, Gabriel Karloney. It was for him, and without knowing it, that she sinned, and we thought—"

"What, my child?"

"That to let her rest peacefully in her mortal ashes, and that no one should say she owed them anything—that we must do as I said—repair the wrong done by her. My mother has paid the damage for the goods, and I have come, Monsieur le President, to serve in her place the six months in the county prison."

To serve in her sister's place!

What innocence, what simplicity!

The jurors smiled broadly; the face of the President was no longer cold or ceremonious, nor was it precisely his brow from which he mopped the moisture with a large yellow handkerchief.

"It is well," said he, "you were right, my child; but—but, now that I think of it."

He stopped, frowned, and seemed to reflect intently—"now that I think of it," continued he, "there was an error in this affair. We have, my dear child, sent you the wrong document."

"The wrong document, Monsieur le President?" faltered Lizette, raising her great, sorrowful eyes to his face with a gaze of heart-breaking reproach, "the wrong document!"

She could say no more, and the President himself was no less moved.

"The wrong document, my child yes," said he firmly, rising from his seat to tenderly pass his hand across the shining hair, "beyond there"—pointing to the heaven above them through the misty veiled windows—"Justice has given another verdict!

Go now to thy mother, and tell her from me that thy sister was not a criminal—that Anne was innocent."

"Before God, at least," added he, in a tone only audible to his own great heart, "before God, at least!"

DUKE OF YORK.

The huge guns of modern navies can be fired only seventy-five times, when they become worn out.

Baron Hirsch has thus far sent about 4,000 Russian Hebrews to the Argentine Republic, and hopes to have a Hebrew community there of 100,000 within ten years. He sends them out in companies of fifty families, each provided with a rabbi and a doctor, and he expects them to settle in villages, giving a special tract for each company.

JUNE ROSES.

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for 25c & 30c, sale price 21c.

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Lemon Peel, 20c lb.
Orange Peel, 22c lb.
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a Oxford, worth $1.25, for $1.00.
pper, two straps, worth $1.75, for $1.35,
Soff Bals., worth $2.00, for $1.50.
Boots, worth 90c, for 75c.

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Coming.
ery shape and at rockbottom prices.
pay you the highest market price.

ORLOCK,
Upper Town, Durham.

Thoroughbred Chester White Boar,
'Washington,'
FOR Service. This splendid animal was imported from the United States and was a winner of four Prizes at the World's Fair, Chicago.
Also RUFUS, six months old, a gift from Prince and Princess Lyons, and a fine animal.
TERMS — $1.00.
BOULDEN & Co., Harness Makers,
April 3rd, '95. Durham

Thoroughbred Berkshire Boar.
'FERDINAND.'
This fine animal will be kept on the premises of JNO. CLARK, Jr.,
LOT 32, CON. 3. W. G. R., BENTINCK,
For Service during Season of 1895-96.
Registered in the "Canada Berkshire Swine Record" as No. 2956. Farrowed Nov. 21st, 1893, and bred by John Meyer, Kossuth, Ont.
TERMS:
$1.00. To be paid for at time of Service.
Aberdeen, Oct. 15th, 1895.

BERKSHIRE BOAR.
SEASON 1895—96.
The undersigned has for service at Lot 23 and 24, Con. 3, S. D. R. Glenelg,
A THOROUGHBRED BERKSHIRE BOAR.
TERMS $1.00
A. & J. SEALEY, Prop.
Dec. 10th, 1895.

Strayed.
Came to the premises of the undersigned about two months ago, one Leicester Ram Lamb. Owner will please prove property, pay expenses and take it away.
ALEX. TAYLOR, Dromore.

Came Estray.
Came to the premises of the subscriber about the 1st, October, two Sheep and two lambs. Owner will please prove property, pay expenses and take the animals away.
J. McKINNON,
Rocky Saugeen.
49