

THE MOCKING BIRD'S SONG.

The true song of the mocking bird
Far in the woodland lone is heard,
No mimic strain therein has part,
The tones come singing from his heart;
Another note he brings each day,
Where roses o'er the lattice sway;
The song in which the world has part
Is not the true song of his heart.

In dulcet, palpitating tone
He sings and dreams himself alone;
Such music in the cadence lies,
'Tis like a voice from Paradise;
I softly stealing through the wood,
Capture the song, a sweet prelude;
It thrills the dusky solitude,
Dream of a nest and downy brood.

Through all the song's bewitching power,
There floats as fragrance from a flower
A spell, as though a haunting tone
Had drifted from a joy long flown;
Dear bird, your secret would I tell,
One hint of your sweet madrigal?
Enough one listening ear had part
And heard the singing of a heart.

LAURA F. HINSDALE.

"THAT PRESUMIN' VILLUN."

Up at the hall was a general commotion. Mr. Westley, the owner of Westley Grange, had come pretty nearly to the end of his tether. He had but lately succeeded to the estate, and it had come to him very heavily encumbered; and now, with reduced rents, irregularly paid, he found it impossible to go on. He had, therefore, determined to spend a couple of years on the continent, during which time he hoped that the agricultural depression would pass away.

The establishment at the hall was not a large one by any means for a country bachelor squire, but it was larger than he could afford to keep up under existing circumstances. So one evening he called his servants together and told them how matters were with him, bidding them seek other situations at once.

His personal servant, Ben Biggins, was not included in the general dismissal, but was destined to accompany his master abroad. Ben was one of those men not unfrequently met with in this country—a man who could turn his hand to most things, though he might not be good at any. The position he held at Westley Grange was a cross between a valet and a game-keeper, but at odd times he had been known to cook his master's dinner and make his master's bed. This was during a grousing expedition on the Welsh hills, but the rumor of it had travelled to Westley. Ben was in high spirits when he was told of the journey in store for him.

"I'll teach these foreigners a thing or two," he said to the cook one night; to which she replied: "You be very careful, Mr. Ben, that they don't teach you more than you teach them."

"Them!" he cried; "them teach me. Why, I could wallop the lot of 'em, if I wanted to."

"Then you mind you don't want to," she answered.

"Why, you knows very well," continued Ben, "that I set your watch a-going after James, the watchmaker, had had it a month, and couldn't make nothing of it; and I stopped the blue bedroom chimney smoking, when the smoke had nearly druv you all out of the place."

"Rubbish!" she said. "The watch only wanted winding; and as for the chimney, it smoked because there was a bag of straw in it. You needn't crow over them things, young man."

Yes, there was a little ill-feeling on the part of the cook toward Ben. She had claimed him for her own originally, but Ben had fought shy; and latterly he had been paying a good deal of attention to Anna, the housemaid at the rectory. Either fault alone, on Ben's part, would have made the cook somewhat aggrieved toward him, but the two combined were more than culinary flesh and blood could stand. Thus it happened that her tongue had an access of acerbity when moving at Ben.

Down at the rectory the commotion was nearly as general. The servants discussed the situation from morning till night, and Anna received many unpleasant jeers.

"Stick to you!" said the coachman; "not he. Them sort never sticks to nothing but their baccy. When you says good-by to Ben, you says good-by for ever, my lass."

"He can please himself," she said; "but if he thinks I shall die broken-hearted because he takes on with some foreign girl, he's very much mistook."

"That's always the way with you women-folk. You talks as big as big, and when it comes to you, you doubles up to nothing. There was that gal o' Simmond's—her as kept company with that keeper fellow. Look how her brazened it out when they found he'd left a wife in Wales, and her died of consumption in less than a year."

"But Ben and me's different," said Anna. "If he's not in earnest, no

more aren't I," which was, perhaps, consolatory.

The time slipped rapidly by, and it wanted but a day till Ben and his master should start for the continent. That night Ben repaired to the rectory, and had a parting interview with Anna. His last words were: "You'll not forget me, Anna, while I am parted from you? I'm a-coming back for you some day. Till then, ho river!"

"Till what?"

"That's a bit of French, my dear. I've bin learning the langwidge lately. It's something like 'good-by,' only more so. Ho river!" and so they parted.

In the course of a few weeks Ben and his master were comfortably settled in a small German village near Bonn. The house where had made their home was an old farmhouse that had once belonged to a noble family, but was now partly fallen to decay. It was inhabited by the present owner, who carried on the business of a small farmer and wine grower. He had neither wife nor child, the domestic functions being superintended, and in a great measure performed by a sister. Naturally, therefore, it came about that Ben and Fraulein Schmidt were often in each other's company, and, naturally also, Ben improved the occasion. If the Fraulein, with womanly curiosity, asked about the Herr Westley, Ben was careful to explain to her that Herr Westley was a great baron at home dwelling, in a mansion with marble halls and gilded ceilings; that he, Benjamin Biggins, was the confidential companion of this said great baron, and that, though he (Benjamin) now appeared in the role of a servant, he had a remarkably good position among the gentlemen of his native land. And the Fraulein would listen with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. Sometimes in the evening, before the farmer had come home, as they sat together by the house place fire, Ben would delight his listener with stories of the wonders of London. He had spent a few hours there one day while attending upon his master, and he therefore felt competent to describe its principal sights, and where his knowledge failed his invention came to the rescue.

True, he mixed things up a little. He got the National Gallery and the houses of Parliament under the same roof, Westminster Abbey and the Tower within a stone's throw of each other, while the way to the Crystal Palace was over London bridge, and up the river, past Battersea Park. But this made no difference at all to his listener. Like Desdemona, she drank in all his descriptions—

"But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again."

All this was I fear, on Ben's part, a matter of calculation rather than sentiment. That he wished to stand well, for the standing's sake, in the eyes of his landlady, goes without saying, but the standing well brought with it and after it some advantages that were of infinitely more value to Ben. There were many things dear to Ben's heart but none more dear than poached eggs, and hot buttered toast; and though those were "not in the contract," they were almost daily incidents of Ben's life. At first, it is true, he had not got on so well with his landlady, for notwithstanding the best intentions, neither had been able to comprehend a word said by the other. Time, however, which works wonders in so many cases, brought amelioration in this, for Ben got a smattering of German, and the Fraulein picked up a few words of English, and from that time Ben was, to use his own expression, "a made man." Though not endowed with a large amount of wisdom, he "knew which side his bread was buttered," and he resolved to keep on good terms with the Fraulein, no matter who else might be offended. And the Fraulein herself grew really to like the big, boastful Englishman, and did her best to make both of her lodgers contented with their temporary home.

This was about the position of affairs when, some 18 months after they had left England, Mr. Westley told Ben he should soon be returning. This was a sad blow to Ben. No more poached eggs on hot buttered toast, no more tempting Rhine wine, no more idle days. He told the Fraulein what the Herr had said, and she, too, grieved. No more stories about London; no more leaves from the stately genealogical tree; no more pleasant evenings.

"And you must go?" she asked.

"And I shall never you no more see?"

This set him thinking. Why should he go back? And the thinking ended in resolution—he would not go back. It came out in words at the first opportunity: "I do not mean to go back to England, Fraulein, but shall settle down in Germany, if I can get any work."

"There is plenty work on the farm," said the Fraulein.

This did not altogether chime in with Ben's view of life. Work was a thing to be endured, not courted. Plenty to eat and to drink, and nothing to do, was Ben's domestic creed. Still, he could work, and not work very hard; and if he married the Fraulein, the farm would be as good as his at once, and absolutely his some day. He might do worse; he feared he could not do better.

"I've had some news from home, Ben, that ought to please you. Your

old sweetheart at the rectory has had a couple of thousand pounds left her by her uncle the miller."

"Two thousand pounds!" Why that's a fortune. Things is becoming extremely complicated. I think I shall go back with master."

That night a letter was dispatched to England bearing on the envelope the name of Miss Anna Robinson, at the rectory, Westley, Shropshire. This was the letter:

"My Dearest Anner—I ope this will fine you, in good elth as it leeves me at present. My dearest Anner, it his a long time sense, I rote to yew, but their have been so much to do as I have, no time. I hop this will fine you, in good heith, my dearest Anner. This is a very quiet place, their is no sports nor nothink, I orphan sy, for deer old Englan an the swete faces, pechially one, I left behind. I ope to see, it soon, so know more at present from your trew lover!

Ben.

What the Fraulein thought of it when she heard that Ben had changed his mind I hardly know, but he made some plausible excuse, I have no doubt, and promised (to soothe her wounded feelings) that he would soon return.

Once more at Westley! The first evening after his arrival Ben went down to the rectory, Anna was out—but the coachman was in!

"Go'back again, my lad! Yo're just like a bobby, a-turning up wher you are not wanted."

That was the coachman's welcome, and Ben resented it.

"Perhaps, if you don't want me there's some one else as does."

"Then perhaps there's two on'em, for I see two on'em together not five minutes ago."

"Hey!" ejaculated Ben.

"As much hay as yo' like my lad. We gie it to the 'osses, and can spare a bit for a donkey."

Clearly, there was no friendly feeling on the part of the coachman for Ben.

Then the cook tackled him. "You've made a fine mess of it, Ben. Have you heard what she's had left her?"

"Left her?" exclaimed the humbug.

"Yes, left her—two thousand pound; and she's going for it on Monday. It'll make them very comfortable."

"Her and her mother," suggested Ben.

"Ho, ho, ho, ho!" roared the coachman.

"Hi, hi, hi, hi!" laughed the cook.

"Hee, hee, hee, hee!" sang the kitchen maid—all in chorus.

"Her and her mother!" and then they went off again.

"It's very funny," said the victim, "but I don't see where the fun comes in."

"Don't e now? Then I'll tell yer. Yo're come back to make it up w'her because yo'an heard as her's got some money. But it's bespoken already for—her and her mother."

Coachman, cook and kitchen maid repeat chorus.

"I'll not take it," said Ben, "from no one's lips but hers. Her said her'd stick to me, and I've stuck to her, and I expect her'll stick to me, and that's all about it."

"Then you can take it from her lips now, Mr. Benjamin," said Anna, coming in at the moment. "You never wrote to me for more than 12 months, though I wrote to you twice, and then, when I had some money left me, you sent me a letter pretending as how as you was very fond of me. Afore you went away I said to the coachman, 'If he's not in earnest, then I'm not in earnest,' and that's all about it."

"Never mind," said Ben to himself that night. "If one door shuts another door opens."

"Yes, the door was open when Ben got there, some six weeks after he had left. He entered the house with the air of a master, pausing a moment to look round on the vineyards which would soon be his. He opened an inner door; there sat Fraulein, busy with her needle.

"I am back again," said he; "give me a welcome."

"Then you can go back again," she replied.

"But I am come to stay and work on the farm."

"The farm does not want you, neither do I," she answered.

Then Benjamin waxed furious. He called her fickle and unkind, told her that no good could come to a double-dealing person, and left her with the somewhat double-edged remark that "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"I think I ought to explain the Fraulein's behavior. The old cook at Westley wrote to her to warn her against that presumin' villun."—*Cassels Magazine*.

The Newspaper.

A friend from Boston relates the following anecdote, told by a head master of one of the schools in that city, as illustrative of the hold that a well-known daily paper has upon the popular mind:

"The recitation was in ancient history. The pupil expatiating upon the topic of the Olympic games. 'A great many people went to see them,' she said, 'because it was put in the paper when they were coming off.' 'The paper!' exclaimed the teacher. 'Did they have newspapers in those days?' 'Why, yes,' was the reply, 'it says so in the book, anyway; it says the 'Herald' proclaimed them.'"

Duc de Morny's Divorced Sister.

Paris Letter to London Truth: Last week the matrimonial link which bound Sophie Adele Mathilde de Morny to the Marquis de Belboeuf was severed in the divorce court—"to the profit of the husband," says Les Petites Affiches. Sophie Adele is no longer a Marchioness: She set out in life determined not to be fast, but the "Carolines" of her own age and social standing, the general atmosphere of high life, and doubtless her own bon sang overcame her excellent resolutions. I saw her at a good many fetes when she was newly married and thought her a piquant and pretty specimen of the Miss Tomboy sort of belle. She had her hair cut short and curled; and in a jockey-cap and sporting costume she was singularly attractive. Nor did she appear to less advantage in a ball-dress. In ball rooms she went in for a sort of tulle habiliment that resembled the costume of a dancer of modest ballet. The Belboeuf match was thought a brilliant one. It brought with it the enjoyment in the summer months of a delightful seat near Trouville. It is said that a Spanish nobleman of ancient family and very broad lands is ready (if allowed to do so) to step into the place of the ex-husband.

The De Mornys are descended in this way from Louis VI. One Adele Michel, who was born in the first Parc aux Cerfs, married a Comte de Flahaut and then a Comte de Souza, a Portuguese. Her son by the first husband was the friend of Queen Hortense, who supplanted Admiral Verhulst, and every one knows that illustrious and accomplished lady was a parent of the late Duc de Morny.

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms, as general debility, loss of appetite, palor, chilly sensation, followed by night-sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is a scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scrofulous or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a peccator. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption, send 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Royal Pageant.

The other day Queen Victoria passed through eight miles of streets in London, on the occasion of the opening of the People's Palace. She was guarded by 10,000 volunteers, 5,000 regular troops, comprising artillery, cavalry and infantry, and 10,000 policemen.

She had not been in the "city of London" for many years and the Lord Mayor, in crimson and ermine robes met her at the city boundary and presented her with the pearl sword, which the Queen received and at once handed it back to the Lord Mayor, who in turn gave it to the "sword bearer," from whom he received it a moment previously. At the palace, which is for the benefit of the poor, the Queen received the golden key and then the Prince of Wales declared the palace open. Subsequently the Queen laid the foundation of the technical schools attached to the People's Palace. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury prayed for and blessed the people, and pronounced the benediction. The Queen was then escorted to the confines of the city, by her 25,000 armed protectors, when the Lord Mayor escorted her to the Mansion House, and "to tea."

The Princess of Wales has presented Mrs. James Brown Potter with a handsome gold bracelet, set with sapphires and diamonds, and an autograph letter filled with expressions of friendly regard.

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