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POETICAL.

DREAM ON. While the moonbeams bright are peeping Through the lvy-curtained pane By their mellow radiance steeping

With a silvery gray. Dream on darling ! While thou'rt sleeping, Angels pure and bright Around your cot their watch are keeping Through the silent night
Then dream on while you may.

Ah! too soon will come the waking From the dreams of childhood's days: Clouds the fair horizon breaking Soon will meet thy youthful gaze As you wend life's way, That no joy can kill or calm :

Soon the hours of childhood flying, From your transient dreams you'll wake. And the sound of sobs and sighing On your youthful ears will break. As from day to day You will try—but vain the trying— To find that bliss no one can know ; For grief is living, joy is dying,

-Justin F. Carthyin Cornhill SELECT STORY.

ROMANCE OF THE HOTEL STAR. CHAPTER I.

The muddy voiture drawn by the azy horse clattered over the cobbled pavement of the village, and I, seated therein, took in such details of the prospect as was unobscured by the road round shoulders of my chari teer; to my right a sheer precipice of ome two hundred feet in height, rowned with shocks of ruddy foliage; o my left a bare landscape that but a nonth ago had been rich with golden

grain; overhead a steel-blue sky, dap pled with shifting clouds. The long avenue of fir and poplar stretched before me in wearisome monotony of green and susset, and the road was moist with rotting leaves. Three miles of muddy road, three miles of monotonous firs and poplars, an hour of shake and jingle of the razy vehicle, and we rolled into the illage of Pastal. The round shouldered driver checked the lazy horse at the portals of the Hotel of the Star, a auge whitewashed edifice, its walls pierced by innumerable windows, and surmounted by unglazed attics, which stared blindly at the dreary fields be-yond the swollen stream, turgid with

ate rains. There were half a dozen iron-topped tables and as many chairs and benches, all in a state of clammy perspiration, under the damp awning above the windows of the salon. At one of the windows there was a face, which flushed and paled as I descended from the carriage, and as I entered the public room the same face met me at the door. Not an unhandsome face, if judged by the standards of form and color, but one which expressed ir resolution and moral shiftlessness, if

"Mr. Gordon! what in the name of wonder brings you here ?"
"Business," I replied; "important

"Indeed! with whom?" The question was superfluous, as his shifting glances and irresolute voice would have told any onlooker. "With you," I answered. He looked at me swiftly, and lowered his eyes "We can talk here, I supagain.

"Yes," he said, sullenly enough There isn't a soul in the house who inderstands English. Hasn't been for

the last fortnight." He drew a chair to the fireless stove, and sat chafing his bands in evident discomfort. I took a seat at some little distance.

"How's Mary?" he asked presently, without looking up. "Well in health." He was silent again for a minute,

and then broke out querulously: "Can't you say something to a fel low? What's the matter?" "I have come with the intention of saying something; and you ought to Why have know what the matter is.

you not written ?" "I have written." "She received your last letter nonth ago.' He attered an inarticulate growl by

way of answer, and I repeated my question. "What is there to write about in hele like this?" "Walter, my lad," I answered quiet ly, ignoring the puerility of his excuse and the insolence of his tone, "it won't

"What won't do !" "Your conduct. And you must alter it. I have come here at some personal inconvenience, and if I am to be of any use at all you must behave Now what's the matter? frankly. Some new entanglement, I suppose?"

"By Jove, sir, it's not my fault-upon my soul, it's not. I like Mary thousand times better than I-than I like her. But she won't take 'No' for an answer. What's a poor devil to do with a woman like that?" "Have you ever given her 'No' for

an answer f He answered nothing, but sat moodly staring at the fire. "Will you ever have an ounce duck or a shred of common hon-

He growled again and shifted hi feet uneasily.
"Who is she? What is her name? "Madame Malines," answered Wal-

"Malines ! I know the name. Have ever met her?" "Everybody knows the name. She's he widow of Malines, the French Academician, the dictationary fellow. "Indeed! But he was an old man urely. How old is she ?"

"Twenty-eight or thirty, I sup

"Where did you meet her ?" "Here, about six weeks ago, and she nade a dead set at me-confound her -the moment she set eves on me. I'm the unluckiest beggar that ever lived, I think." "What do you mean by 'made

dead set on you?" "Why, monopolized me, and bunted ne about wherever I went." "She is in the hotel at present ?" "She will be soon. She's gone for

"Well, I asked presently, "what are

pour intentions?'

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His cowardice respecting the woman of whom he spoke had put one suspic-ion into my mind which I did not hesitate to express plainly. "Your connection is, at least, blame-"Entirely. I swear it, Gordon, on I had cleared a little ground for my perations and began forthwith.

Columbian.

"As they are now." "What are they now?" "Fear of her when she is present;

The early winter evening had closed so thickly about us that I could not see his face; but judging by his voice, which had for a moment lost its irresolute character, I believed him. We were silent for some little time, and in our silence the singing of the river came up distinctly from below. A clumsy Flamande, one of the servants of the hotel, entered and clamped about the room, lighting the lamps affixed to the walls. She went out, and, turning my eyes to my companion's face, I saw upon it the intent look of one who listens eagerly. I listened too. Clear through the rhythmic cadence of the swollen

and the softened roll of carriage

"Madame Malines" CHAPTER II. Almost as he spoke her name the

dinary size, they were yet large, and

those of any it has ever been my for She came straight towards me tiny gloved hand, which I took a little

"Good evening, Mr. Gordon!"
"Good evening, Madame Malines!"
She laughed a little at my prompt

eply.
"The bore of an introduction avoid ed for once. My guess was right-as it generally is. riend. Will you be mine, I wonder? She was silent, looking me in the ace with her searching glance. "Yes, I think so."

She turned to my companion. "Wal-ter, Mr. Gordon and I have business to talk about. We will see you at din-

He accepted his dismissal without word, and went away, leaving us together in the dimly lighted salon.
"Mr. Gordon," said Madame Ma lines, when we were alone, "whether your appearance here will be a circumstance for me to remember with pleasure in the future, the future must show for itself. For the present I am glad

"Thank you, Madame Malines." She waved her hand a little impa

"We have much to talk of, and little time to do it in. I am glad of your appearance here, because you can be of of mine, and for no other reason in the

her and seated myself. "Mr. Gordon, if any understanding no matter of what kind, friendly o otherwise—is to be established between us, we must be frank one with another

certain questions to ask. Will you auswer them ?" "If I can do so without any breach of confidence-frankly and fully."

"How long have you known Wal-"All bis life." "Intimately !" "Yes-most intimately." "What is your opinion of him?"

I stammered something-what, scarcely knew at the time "Would you like to know my opin ion of him ?" I answered awkwardly that I should be pleased to hear any communication

with which she might honor me. "I despise him!" she said calmly The speech amazed me, and I showed my amazement in my face. laughed a short hard laugh of doubt-My opinion of men in the abstract is

I often wonder now, looking member with what feelings I received

sanctified by love. I believed men loved their wives then, Mr. Gordon; I was only seventeen. That was my sound. first disillusion. The world remem-bers my late husband with reverence as a scholar and a man of genius; wife remembers him with loathing, as a cruel and niggardly tyrant. By marrying him I exchanged one prison for another; the neglect of many for whom I had no feeling for the neglect of one whom I strove to love and honor, but who repelled me with a cold suspicion. At the convent I had been despised for my poverty; in the world I was received with fulsome flattery, the meed of my high position and my husband's wealth. I wore jewels duchesses envied, drove horses which were the admiration of Paris, lived on the Boulevard des Italiens, and at the grand hotels of Nice and Baden; and I went to bed in the dark to save the expense of a candle, and spent the greater part of my mean allowance of pocket money in supplementing my neagre meals served on solid silver by

passionate contempt she felt. "I had at hand the remedy which other women in my then position often take. I have been told that I have more than the common share of beaustream came the beat of horses' hoofs ty often enough to believe it; and such love as the brainless gandins who wheels on dead leaves, and, with a throng Parisan drawing-rooms have sudden sbock of sound, horses and wheels struck upon the cobble-stones of the Place Publique, and fell into silence at the door of the Hotel of the Star. I looked inquiringly at my

> still. "The uncle of whom I have spoken by him and others, that a creature in my friendless condition should be only brussels to Luxembourg lay through too thankful for any help at all, that Pastal. Walter had been so discom the idea that some part of his riches fited by the discovery that he had might have been used for the softening aroused Mary's anxiety, and explanaof my hard lot at the convent never tion was impossible, as we had long crossed my mind. I was grateful for since made a compact never to mention the care which had found me even so the name of Madam Malines in her mean an asylum from actual hunger presence. We proceeded in almost and nakedness which would, I was unbroken silence to the hotel. As we taught to believe, have been my por- entered the salou I could not help tion but for my uncle. Well, Mr. Gordon, I learned by his death-bed confession, when the cowardice which he, and | so much in my thoughts had last stood the priest who attended him, called re- in my presence. The room was empty, pentance, forced him to confess the save for the hotel servant, who came wrong he had done me, that my parents had been rich, and that their wealth was mine, and that he had robbed me of it. That, so far, Mr. Gordon, has arate chambers to clear away the stains been my experience of men: my only

husband robbed of my youth; and now, tues of Belgian summer resorts—re-when a womans life should be just be-spectable native tradesmen from Mech ginning, mine is ended.

pause was but a short one. "I have already learned to know sorhaving handed her a chair. She wav-ed me to another; I drew it toward have learned, too, to appreciate at their leafage were gilded by the evening true value those illusions which hap beam, was all that broke the brooding pier people have but to believe to con-silence of the Summer night. The fire vert into realities, that no sorrow or flies wheeled and dashed and darted disappointment that life may have in in the myrtle leaves about me; and store for me can hurt me much. There overhead, the stars shone out with "I have known her all her life. I an her guardian." "She loves him ?" "Dearly."
"And her?"

I hesitated in reply. Madame Ma-I sprang to my feet, half doubting my waking state. The voice laugh-

"Madame Malines "

The same. Are you glad or sorrow to meet me, Mr. Gordon ?" I did not answer the query in

trouble, and she laughed again

"They are happy, and my own sorrows have taught me at least this nuch-that happiness is so rare a thing, and lasts so short a time, that it should be left to live out its own brief

They are happy, I hope !"
"They are happier," I answered,
"than, in the old days, I ever dared to

"When do you go !" she asked sudlenly, after a minute's silence. "By the first train to-morrow morn-

ng," I answered. "So soon ! Then, will you promise me one thing, Mr. Gordon f "Certainly."

"I have something to show you. Will you come to my sitting-room and see t? No, not now," she said, as I rose; 'to-morrow morning, before you start. Do not think it will be too early : I shall be waiting for you. You prom-

ise ?" Very many thanks." I promised, wondering what this might mean; and she went away as "The next train for Luxembourg, she had come, after giving me the num-mensiour? To-morrow morning, at six ber of her room. Her hand, as it couched mine in parting, was like ice.

When I went within my face betrayed that something unexpected had happened, I suppose, for both Walter and Mary questioned me as to my disturbed appearance. I put them off with some imonplace reply, and soon retired to bed, but not to sleep, passing the night in thinking of the strange hazard which had again thrown me in the path

of this strange woman.

Early in the morning I rose and performed my tiolet, looking forward to the coming interview with feelings of doubt and wonder. What could it be that she had to show me? I asked myself again and again. At last, weary of asking and finding no answer, I left my room and passed along the corridor leading to the chamber in which my rendezvous was appointed. The door His face was white, and he pulled at stood half open. I knocked lightly, his moustache with an uneasy hand, and received no answer, though I repeated the summons some three or four times. I entered, and looked about me. "You may go," he answered, "I Through the half-closed shutters fell one broad band of golden light upon the floor. The place was empty. There was a faint sickly perfume in the air, which assuredly was not born of any of the flowers whose petals trembled in the since we met Madame Malines. Of all unlikely things in the world, it is the least likely that she will be here. And even if she is, we may avoid her. You surely have no fear of yourself at this which filled my heart, I advanced to make the surely have no fear of yourself at this which filled my heart, I advanced to make the surely have no fear of yourself at this which filled my heart, I advanced to make the surely have no fear of yourself at this which filled my heart, I advanced to make the surely have no fear of yourself at this which filled my heart, I advanced to make the surely have no fear of yourself at the surely have no fear pany with the names of counts and barons in pleanty. Will you believe me, Mr. Gordon—I find it difficult to believe go with us."

which filled my heart, I advanced to ward it. A mass of waving black hair lay on the pillow and streamed about to go with us." He yielded to my arguments, and we stared through the tangled locks. mounted to the ramshackle carriage, drew the frail covering aside, and the very same as had borne me, that saw—Madame Maines.—Tinsley's

A Campaign Romance.

"Hello, Bill ?" "How are you, Tom ?" And they were boys. And neigh-ors. And grew up together. And

William learned farming. And wore omespun. And read the papers. And ad influence. And was respected. And Tom studied law. And wore broadcloth. And a plug hat. And doves. And sported a cane. And a iamond. And sometimes met William. And didn't know him. And was busy putting on his gloves. And viewing the scenery. And looking at the weather,

And Tommy wanted an office. And he rode out to the hop fields. And he met William again. And he knew him. And he said, "Hello, Bill! How is your wife? And the children? And how is the hop corn? And they talked. And William said "I'll see." And he saw-his neighbors. And November came. And they voted. And this scene changes to the "pent-

ap" city. And there is a telegraph And an operator. And-Tommy. And Tommy said :
"What news from Marshfield?" And the operator answered, "A big majority."
And Tommy said, "That is good."
And he rubbed his hands.

And the operator added. "And its all on the other man.' And Tommy said, "I'll be banged, And slammed. And bring a male from off the canal to kick me." And Paddy stood near. And he

"An' if yez want a mool to kick ye, then kick yourself." And thus Tommy soliloquizes: "And if ever I want an office again "I'll wear homespun. And my pants in my boots. And trade off my plug hat And rub some hay seed in hair. And go out buying cattle. And

horses and things."-Utica Press. "Isn't that pretty steep "" replied a man who was asking for a railroad ticket to Lansing yesterday morn-"Usual rate, sir."

"But don't you sometimes make a discount ?" "Sometimes—to elergymen. Are you

clergyman ?" "Well, not exactly," slowly replied the man as he scratched his ear, "but I reckon I'm the next thing to it. I've stood by and seen my dogs tail chewed up and never wanted to lick the owner the other animal.

He paid full fare.

Dried herbs are necessaries with good ousekeepers. Some are good for cooking, some are medicinal in their properties, &c. The practice of sending for the doctor every time one feels a little bad, catches a bad cold, or over-works is very bad. Hot infusion of herbs of the proper kind and a good sweat after it would save many a spell of sickness, if taken instead of the drugs of the doctor, or worse still, some pat ent nostrum. Herbs should be dried by spreading them thinly on trays and exposing them to the heat of the sun, or better still in a dry, warm oven, observing in the latter case to turn them often. The quicker they are dried the from the dirt before they are dried.

aum Pipes, Cigar Holders, Cigar Cases, couches and other goods suitable for the s trade. County dealers should consuit before purchasing elsewhere.

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with silver caps and gold joints. In our long and varied experience in handling watches, we cannot but acknowledge and give our testimony that the Keystone Solid Silver Watch Cases are the best made to our knowledge. Having no soldering they remain homogeneous, harder and offer than they would be were they heated for soldering, and have more radiating power against present that my where cases the made to make extended they are the makes. Schmidt J. Jackallo J. Wallay Vo.

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Dr. RICHARD SAPINGTON, one of Baltimore's oldest and most reliable physicians, says:

A Druggist Cured.

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

it had not been for her. But I can't

go. What would be the good? She knows all about me and would be on my track by the next boat."
"Have you told her your engagement ?"
"No," he answered, with shifty eyes:

"I dared not." "What do you mean by 'dared Cherished homes their leave be taking, Hopes that never could bring balm; He looked at me quickly. "Wait till you see her and then ask Then dream on while you may

In this weary world of woe ; Then dream on while you may

> "If you were free, if your engage-ment with Mary did not exist, what would be your feelings toward Mad-ame Malines!"

lislike when she is away." "I have one more question to ask, Walter, I implore you to answer it truthfully. What are your feelings toward Mary?"
"I love her—I never knew how much until I met Madame Malines."

sudden shock of sound, horses and Star. I looked inquiringly at my companion. "Madame Malines!"

lady entered the room and came to ward us: a woman of resolute car riage, though short in stature and slight in build. Her head was perhaps a little disproportionately large, and the expression of the face was decidedly rather masculine than feminine. The forehead was high and broad, the nose large, the lips full, the chin firm, the cheeks a little thin, but colored by the ruddy glow of health and recent contact with the weather. But her most remarkable feature was her eyes. Without being of extraor-

of a depth and brilliance surpassing tune to see set in a human head. without bestowing so much as a glance upon Walter, who stood awkwardly regarding us, and held out to me a

use to me in resolving certain doubts I waited for her next utterance,

You are a man of business? "I am." "I am a woman of business. I have

ful meaning, and went on: not high. My opinion of such men as

"Gordon, I don't know: I can't tell." Is my loss. You shall judge, Mr. GorHe rose and began an irregular walk
about the room. "I can't understand
things at all, myself, or her, when she's
away. I care nothing for her: I hate

"Gordon, I don't know: I can't tell."

Is my loss. You shall judge, Mr. Gorthe woman who now spoke, comforting
the woman who now spoke, comforting
me.

"Of one thing, at least, you may be
sure, you need fear nothing from me."

She took a seat beside me and went
on calmly:

her!" he broke out, with a sudden febrile vehemence. "She makes me behave like a hound. I should have behave like a hound. I should have six months after. My only relative, was unmarried, and he sent an uncle, was unmarried, and he sent me the to Convent des Petits Oiseaux at Treilles. There I remained until I ed the paper. "Order my carriage at all, soon enough. You need not think was seventeen years of age, poorly fed, poorly clad, and badly taught, or, to tell the truth, not taught at all; growing up amid universal neglect and deword spite. I often wonder now, looking back at that dreary time, that I lived through it, and oftener still I wish that I had not. At seventeea I was taken Madame Malines, her face thickly veilfrom the convent to be married to my ed, gave me one swift pressure of the late husband. M. Malines. I can rehand, the carriage lurched and rattled

the news of my approaching release. and struck upon the soundless leave I was going to exchange a prison for a beyond a hand fell upon my shoulder paradise, a loveless existence for one I turned and saw Walter beside me.

at him I saw that the trouble in my face was reflected in his own. half a dozen flunkeys." She spoke of these sordid details of her married life with perfect calm of voice and manner, with only the slow burning fire in her eyes to speak the

ing that time-that I was true to my husband in word, and deed, and thought ?" There was no capacity of vulgar crime in the soul which found expres-sion in her eyes, and I believed her. She went on with her story camly

belive myself sometimes, remember-

went on, with a self-scorn very terrible to see, "that to the end of the chapter, let us be deceived as we may, we must love and hope for love. I know your errand here. I can guess pretty fairly selves to a neighboring room, to listen the means you will use to fulfill it. You to the strains of a piano presided at by will pay me the doubtful compliment of saying that your friend is unworthy of me. You cannot know that better of me. You cannot know that better than I. It is emblematic of my whole love upon a creature whom I despise. It is more emblematic still that the shadow of happiness I seek in him should be denied me. I have told you I despise him ; I do ; but I love him,

too. Oh, Mr. Gordon, think what thither, and took my seat at a little that means and have some pity for iron-topped table, hidden behind a The motion with which she made this

can be no question between such a one as I and any creature who has yet to learn what life means. This girl-Walter's fiancee-you know her too !"

lines smiled bitterly.
"You are delicate, Mr. Gordon, with out cause. He does not love me. He would marry me, perhaps; but not from love. You may speak freely." "I think," I answered, "that he loves her as well as such a nature can love anything. It is an unfortunate business, Madame Mahnes. I hardly know which to pity most, you or her." "You are unfavorable to the match?"

"Yes ; I have done all that was possible to prevent it." "Don't look at things too gloomily, Mr. Gordon," said my companion. "A good woman my do wonders-1 good woman may reform Walter. He will

She rose and struck a gong upon the chimney-piece, and then hurridly traced a few words on a piece of paper. "Tell Adele to pack everything, and

once. I shall be ready in ten min- that any act of mine will hasten it. She left the room without another word. Presently I heard the roll of away, and as the wheels left the stones and struck upon the soundless leaves

"Who was that ?" he asked, with : nod in the direction of the lessening "Madame Malines."

CHAPTER III.

The official bustled away, the horn ounded, and the train which had deposited us upon the platform of the lit-tle station of Pastal steamed slowly away.
"Your luggage, messieurs?" inquired
a bloused and flat-capped porter, bearing upon the arm with which he point-

ed a brass plate, on which was inscribed "Hotel-de-l'Etoile." "Yes." "The messieurs go to the hotel ?" "I am not sure," I answered. "Waler, one moment. We will be back directly, Mary." I led Walter aside, and as I looked

"Is there any other hotel in the place?" Then there is no choice," I said. "We must go to the Etcile."

the fields. I was angry at his cowardice, and showed it. "It is five years since we were here-

day five years ago, to my first and last interview with Madame Malines. Changes had come about since then. Walter and Mary were married, and happier together than I had ever dared to hope. We were on our fourth yearly excursion to the Continent in each other's was rich. I had been taught so well, company, and had discovered, when too late, that the only route from Brussels to Luxembourg lay through glancing huriedly at the place where the remarkable woman who had dwelt

forward to welcome us. It was close upon the hour of dinner, and after a short retirement to our sepof travels we returned to the salon, to kinsman, the brother of my dead fath-er, robbed me of my childhood; my were of the ordinary type of the habilin and Brussels and Namur, with their "We are such fools, we women," she wives and children, with a sprinkling of Germans, French and English, whose warring tongues created a veritable Babel. At the conclusion of dinner the majority of the guest betook them a young Englishwoman, to lounge and chat and flirt, after the immemorial custom of miscellaneous assortments of humanity in general. The hotel garden seen through the glass doors of the salle a manger, which opened on to it, looked peculiarly cool and refreshing after the sultry heat of the day ; ordering a cup of coffee and a cigar, I went

The moon low down in the violet of appeal—an emotion which touched me deeply—had faded from face and voice before she had spoke again, though the air was still as death, and an occasional muffled note from the little wood which clothed the swelling rise of the deepening lustre in the infinite depths of the firmament. It was a time and place for peaceful dreams, and my houghts were happy. But suddenly, half dozing in my deep content, my ear caught a rustle of the boughs near at hand, and, as I turned, a form glided into the moonlight before me, and a voice fell on my ear. "Bon soir, Mr. Gordon."

bouquet of rhododendrons and myr-

You have forgotten me, then, and your memory is no bettter than other

was principally prompted by those sor-

still. If my judgment has been warp- the right direction."

"You need have no fear for me, Mr. be dried very quickly to preserve their ed by unfortunate circumstances, that Five minutes before I had been yain- Gordon, I will not harm the pretty odor.

Troubled as I was by her sudden apparition, I thought I detected something in her laugh which was not all bitterness or self-mockery, though it to be thrown away and free them not high. My opinion of such men as it has been my lot to know is lower follow any leader. Let her lead him in peal to her, when she spoke again. Paper sacks are very good to keep them in after drying. Aromatic herbs should