

OUR DEAD.

Changed, one sun-lit summer day, to stroll Amid the busy silence of the wood; And in the shelter of the sturdy oak, I saw a feathered pair and birdlings four, And marked their happy life.

"But Olive may read as many verses as she pleases. I have got to think and work." "I shall work, too," said Olive, with a quick, bright glance. "I must begin tomorrow."



SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

hid her tears; already she was realizing that she must not let Michael get too many glimpses of her inner self. Of course he loved her. Did he not speak confidently of the future life that they were to live together? But what sort of a life would it be?

CHAPTER VII. AMONG FLOWERS.

Mrs. Wake was ready to accompany Olive to the flower-shop on Monday morning. Pale and shadowy as ever, the little woman was quite equal to the occasion, and even spoke a few words of encouragement to her companion.

"The wife isn't always wrong," said Samuel, who had been listening with rather a sad smile. "And the foolish father was the chief person to be blamed. It was my fault, Olive. Poor Jessie was a delicate-looking white thing, pretty in her way; and I thought she was too fragile to go into a business. George Burnett took her for an heiress, I suppose. He believed that I could afford to keep her, and her husband, too."

This curious, unsuccessful old man understood Olive very well, and as the days went on he saw that she suffered from feelings that were many and complicated. She was always trusting and mistrusting; doubting and longing to believe; unquiet, because the truth that was in her would not let her be satisfied with shame. Very gladly would he have tolled for her, and spared her all necessity of work. But he knew that work was good for her—that the world was good for her—that the sight of many faces and the sound of many voices would help her along that difficult, unseen path which every one of us must tread alone.

She settled easily and naturally into her place in Burridge's flower shop, and all Lucy Cromer's predictions were fulfilled. It was only with Michael that Olive was nervous and shy; with other people she could hold her own modestly and quietly, yet with resolution. The ceaseless roar of the great street soon ceased to be confusing. She sat steadily at her work behind the counter, bend-

ing her small brown curly head over the fragrant blossoms. There was always a great deal to do. Wreaths and crosses for the dead; bridal bouquets; sprays and graceful trailing clusters for ball dresses. Her deft fingers did wonders with flowers, arranging them among many shaded leaves and delicate maidenhair. The window was filled with specimens of her handiwork; passers-by paused spellbound; the charm of her fancy gave a new beauty to the fair, frail things that she touched with dainty skill.

One day some one came into the shop and ordered a spray of yellow roses. Olive was as busy as usual; but when he spoke she looked up. He was a well built man, slightly above middle height, and he was looking at her with a pair of thoughtful gray eyes, dark and rather lethargic. He had a clear, gentle voice and slow manner, in which, however, there was not the slightest affectation. Nothing in his face was remarkable; the skin was bronzed, the features irregular, and a tawny mustache drooped over the mouth. Yet there was something in those heavy-lidded gray eyes that made Olive think of them again.

There was a lady with him; a well made woman, not beautiful, but distinctly thoroughbred. She wore a jacket and gown of brown tweed, and the plain costume seemed to adapt itself to all the easy movements of the wearer. She too looked at Olive; and the girl's quick ear caught the sentence that the man said to her in a low voice. It was something about Dante's Matilda, "who on the edge of happy Lethe, stood wreathing flowers with flowers."

They departed, and Olive went on with her wreathing. Often, in a silent fashion, she talked with the blossoms as she picked them carefully out of the scented heaps before her, and confided her thoughts

And they in their turn breathed out fragrant memories of her childhood and early girlhood; of the plants that her father and mother had tended in their cottage garden; of the May garlands that the village children had carried from door to door; of the nosegay that Michael had brought her one summer morning, his first love-gift. Simple memories indeed, yet they helped to keep her spirit fresh and sweet, and cherish her old love for the humble country home that was now so far away.

Nowadays, with all the stores of Uncle Wake's shop at her command, she spent a great deal of time in book-world. And the books filled her mind while her fingers were busy, and kept her brain so happily occupied that she missed many undesirable things which she might otherwise have seen and heard. While she sat cluster beside cluster, she thought sometimes of Perdita at the sheep-shearing, offering posies to the shepherd's guests; or perhaps of Nydia, the blind flower-girl of Pompeii, wearing her chaplets in the Thessalian fashion; or of those heavenly flowers which St. Dorothy sent to Theophilus after her martyrdom. And all the while the roar of the great world was going on, and the endless procession went sweeping along palatial Regent street, while one quiet maiden dreamed her dreams and wove her garlands in peace.

She did not forget Lucy Cromer, that dear friend who had once sat in this very place, busy with the same dainty work that she was doing now. Little as Olive knew of Lucy's story, she had guessed at some of its details, and felt that a weary, passionate heart had throbbled over the flowers in those days. Why had life been made so bitter to Lucy, and so sweet to Olive herself? Why had the one been taken and the other left? This bright girl, young and undismayed, thought pityingly of her who had leant upon a broken reed, and rejoiced proudly in the trusty staff that supported her own footsteps. The time of loneliness and desertion was nigh at hand; but she was happy and confident still.

Nothing of importance happened in these days of early summer, while Olive sat wreathing flowers in the Regent street shop. The routine of her business life was seldom broken. One



IN BURRIDGE'S FLOWER-SHOP.

customer, who had ordered the spray of yellow roses, came in and wanted more. He seem to require a great many bouquets and sprays, and sometimes the young lady in brown tweed came with him, but more often he was alone. The flowers were packed in tin boxes and sent to Seaward Aylstone, Esq., Cecil street, Strand.

If Olive had forgotten the existence of Aaron Fenlake, Jane Challock's letters must have recalled him to her mind. But she had not forgotten him, and had asked many questions of Michael about their old friend. She had soon discovered, however, that Michael hated to recall early associations, and his answers were so curt and unsatisfactory that at last she dropped Aaron's name altogether. Still, it vexed her sorely that she had no news to send to Jane, for although there had been no openly avowed engagement, everyone in Eastmeon had known that Jane Challock and Aaron Fenlake were lovers true. In a village it is not easy

to do one's courting unobserved. The birds of the air tell the secret; the trees whisper it; the stream babbles of it night and day. Aaron's unspoken love was freely discussed by all his old neighbors; and poor Jane's unuttered hopes were the property of all her girl friends.

Aaron Fenlake had always been a shy, slow fellow, one of those unlucky men who fail to express their feelings by look or voice. He had often scowled at Jane when he had meant to smile sweetly, but Jane preferred his frowns to the smiles of other men, and in her heart she did not envy Olive for having won the magnificent Michael, so dear was poor gloomy Aaron to her. Olive herself respected Aaron and liked him, not only for his devotion to Michael but for the steadfast honesty that she had always found in him. No, she did not believe that he had changed to Jane. Men of his stamp do not change, but they sometimes despair. Aaron might lose his hope but he would never forget his love.

One day when June was drawing to a close she wrote a little note to Aaron Fenlake and sent it to Battersby's works. She asked why he had not been to see her and told him that he would find her at home any evening in the week, Sundays excepted. On Sunday she belonged exclusively to Michael, and some instinct warned her that he did not want to be intimate with Aaron. Yet, submissive as she was in most things, Olive felt that a tried friendship had its claims and that something was due to Aaron Fenlake. It pained her to think that Michael did not acknowledge that claim, and then she soothed herself by fancying that he had shown his gratitude and good feeling to Aaron in ways unknown to her. But that was not enough; she would be kind also, and she must see Aaron for Jane's sake.

She had posted her note on Monday, and on Tuesday evening when she was sitting alone in the room upstairs, Aaron came in. He paused awkwardly on the threshold, and Olive rose and went to him with an outstretched hand and a bright face.

"Oh, I am glad to see you at last!" she cried in her sweet voice. "Why have you been so long in coming?" He looked at her in an odd, constrained way. "I didn't know where you were living," he said, bringing out his words with a visible effort. "You did not know? Then Michael must have forgotten to give you my messages."

"Did you really send messages to me?" he asked eagerly.

"Indeed I did," she answered, "and I have been thinking you quite unkind." He looked at her again very searchingly, as she stood illuminated in the evening light that touched her brown hair with gold. She was wonderfully pretty—prettier than he had ever seen her yet; it was as if she had suddenly bloomed into fresh sweetness and brightness. Her altered style of dress had something to do with her new aspect; but Aaron, being a man, could not be expected to understand this. He did full justice to her beauty, but he took no pleasure in it. And yet when she spoke again and drew him gently to a seat by the open window, he was touched by the tender gentleness of the face. There was a look of humility in the liquid eyes that softened him.

THE USUAL WAY.

Perhaps All of Us Will Appreciate This Bit of Description.

"Have you seen a short, stout man with a red mustache around here during the last few minutes?" asked a stranger of a deck hand at the Camden & Atlantic ferry house about 4:30 the other afternoon.

"Yes," replied the deck hand.

"Walking nervously up and down,

shoeblack had just finished polishing the shoes of a well-dressed and gentlemanly man. The latter was unfortunately in having a deformity which compelled him to wear a shoe on one of his feet with an exceedingly thick sole, thus endeavoring to make up mechanically for what nature had denied him. "How much shall I pay you?" he asked the boy. "Five cents, sir." "Oh, but you should have more than five cents for polishing my shoes," said the gentleman, tapping the thick sole significantly with his cane. "No, sir," said the boy; "five cents is enough. I don't want to make no money out of your hard luck." The customer handed out a coin, laid his hand on the youngster's head for a moment, and passed on. Who says the days of chivalry are over?—United Presbyterian.

Is the Earth's Axis Changing? Observations made for some time past at Berlin, Potsdam, Prague and other cities of Europe have shown that their geographical latitudes have decreased by 2-1/2 of a second. It is supposed that the axis of the earth has shifted by that much in space, and in order to settle the matter an expedition has been sent out to Honolulu, which, being the antipodes of Central Europe, will show an equal change in the opposite direction if the explanation is correct. The expedition will remain there for a year under the direction of Dr. Macose, of the Berlin observatory.

Ashamed. "What a beautiful red that rose is." "Yes—it's probably blushing at the price they ask for it."—Life.

TEACHING HORSES TRICKS.

Infinite Patience is Required to Accomplish Anything.

It requires an immense amount of time and patience to teach a horse the tricks with which he astonishes an audience. Take, for instance, the finding of the handkerchief that has always surprised children since the first circus took the road.

First the horse must be taught to bite. To do this the trainer tickled the animal on the shoulder. It made no impression at all, apparently, for nearly half an hour. At last the horse grew tired of it and made a snap at the hand. The hand was taken away and the tickling began again an instant later. Another snap and another tickle, until finally the horse realized that there was a method in all this seeming madness, and responded with a snap directly the hand approached his shoulder.

Then a handkerchief was introduced and more time was consumed before he could get it through his head that he must take it in his mouth, more time still for him to understand that he must pick it up from the ground, and then came the burying of the handkerchief and the finding it, which invariably awakens enthusiasm.

Here the whip comes into play, but never as an instrument of torture. Mr. Doekrill believes that nothing was ever gained by striking a horse. The whip is used only as a pointer. Three or four mounds of sand are formed, and the handkerchief buried in one. The whip leads the horse to all of them in succession, and remains by the last one, and so the horse is told that the handkerchief is there. In the same way a horse is taught to take a silver dollar and even a live fish from a tub of water, but the time required would break an ordinary man's heart.

Practically everything is done by touch. In this pretty stepping that a horse does when a woman is on his back, every move is directed by the rider's heel on one side, the gentle touch of the whip on the other, or both. If he is to walk, raising his feet high in the air, the rider presses her heel into his side, and an attendant raises one of his forefeet, urging them forward at the same time. This is repeated time after time and time after time until the horse understands what is wanted.

Press a tiny boot against his side while he is standing in the stall, and one of his forefeet will go up as though it were operated by some kind of mechanism.

There is one good thing about a horse—he never forgets anything, and he is always looking for a reward, if that reward partakes of the character of something good to eat. Neither will he do wrong after he has once learned that a certain act on his part is to be followed by an unusual and disagreeable act on the part of his master.

While, of course, Mr. Doekrill's estimate of a horse's intelligence is exaggerated, there is no question that he can be taught a wonderful lot of tricks, but the man not possessed of patience and shunning Job's would do well not to take the contract to become his instructor.—N. Y. Recorder.

THEOSOPHICAL CALENDAR.

According to It, We Now Live in the Iron Age.

From a theosophical point of view the four ages are as follows: Sats Yuga (golden age), 1,728,000 years; Treata Yuga (silver age), 1,296,000 years; Dwapara Yuga (copper or bronze age), 864,000 years; Kali Yuga (iron age), 432,000 years. The total of these four ages make one Maha Yuga, or great age, of 4,320,000 years. One thousand Maha Yugas make one Kalpa, or day of Brahma, equal to 4,320,000,000 years, after which the night of Brahma, a period of equal duration, comes on, and the earth vanishes from the objective plane of existence. Three hundred and sixty days and nights of Brahma make one year of Brahma, and 100 years of Brahma make the Great Kalpa, a period of 311,040,000,000 years, after which the entire solar system passes into its night, and everything in it is destroyed on the objective plane. The "great night" then lasts for an equal period, and then a new sun arises on a new solar system, and evolution begins once more, the Karma of the previous system being carried over to the new one. According to the "Secret Doctrine" we are now living in the Kali Yuga, the last of the four ages, and it began nearly 5,000 years ago, with the death of Krishna, B. C. 3102. The first minor cycle of the Kali Yuga will end in the years 1897-8. We have still some 427,000 years left, however, before we arrive at the end of our present age. The Kali Yuga is known as the black age, the age of spiritual darkness, and during its existence the human race pays up for its misdeeds in the previous ones.—Baltimore American.

NEW KIND OF A SKIRT.

It is Exceedingly Brilliant and Very Pretty—How to Make It.

A welcome relief from the overworked belt skirt idea is the daring innovation of a famous French milliner, and expressed in one of the daintiest of summer materials, striped moire, cream white, with lines of the pompadour colors, blue, green, and pink. The striped material is draped in a fitted tablier over a plain petticoat, ornamented with three ribbon ruffles, each made of the three colors in the stripe, as follows: Ribbon, two inches in width, green in color, is plaited in box plaits, and through the center of this the pink ribbon, half an inch wide, is plaited and overlaid in turn by the blue, still narrower. The single row of stitching through the middle leaves the loose full edges to flutter out in a soft fringed color. Through the center of this tablier the stripes meet in a succession of mitred points, which continue up into the bodice. A tight-fitting jacket of rich lace covers the bodice in the back and slopes back in front, exposing a girde of the plaited ribbon. Full sleeves finish at the elbow with broad lace ruffles over undersleeves of lace. The train, cut in the conventional lines, is finished on the underside with a ruff of ribbons, which makes a pretty effect when the gown is lifted up in walking.—N. Y. Sun.

FIRE-SIDE FRAGMENTS.

Chocolate Ice-cream.—Put into a sauce pan half a pound of powdered loaf sugar, two ounces of grated chocolate and about one gill of water. Stir on the fire until the mixture assumes the consistency of smooth, thick cream.—Detroit Detroit Press.

Baked Tomatoes.—Cut the tomatoes in halves; pour juice and pulp over some crumbled bread; pepper and salt. Fill up the tomatoes with the mixture; put in a baking-dish; sprinkle with crumbs of bread, little salt and pepper, some bits of butter, and bake.—Boston Budget.

Lemon Jelly with Banana.—Make some lemon jelly, using three lemons, a cupful of sugar to half a box of gelatine. Let it get a little stiff. Peel and slice quite thin some fine solid fine bananas. Pour a layer of jelly in a mould, then put in a layer of bananas, then another of jelly, and so on, until the mould is full. Let it stiffen, and serve in a bed of stiffly whipped cream.—Household Monthly.

Lobster Soup.—The liquor from a can of lobster, a pint of milk and a pint of stock. Heat to boiling in different vessels the milk and stock. Heat the lobster liquor, but do not boil. Pour the stock into the tureen, whisk in the milk, and the lobster liquor, salt, a speck of cayenne and a grating of nutmeg. Whisk thoroughly and serve.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Devised Biscuit.—Make two table-spoonfuls of butter very soft, and stir into it one teaspoonful of mixed mustard and about one-tenth of a teaspoonful of cayenne. Spread this on six thin water crackers or eight Saltines, putting a thin coating on both sides of the cracker. Place in the toaster and hold over the fire until brown on both sides. Serve hot with cheese.—Good House-keeping.

The suggestion is offered by a clever needle-woman that a better stocking darning than the wooden or porcelain slipper or polished solid cup is a discarded egg or polished solid cup is a discarded slipper, or rather the sole of a discarded slipper, for the two should remain united. This inserted in the stocking offers a smooth and more available surface for stretching the hole over than any other.—N. Y. Times.

Roasting Coffee.—Many people grind their coffee but do not roast it, and if it is bought in large quantities the delightful aroma that always attends freshly roasted coffee is in time lost. If the cook will place in the oven each morning, for a few minutes before grinding, the quantity she is to use, the same result may be obtained as if it were freshly roasted.—Food.

For burns take equal parts of linseed oil and lime water mixed and poured over the burn. A cotton or linen cloth wrung out of the mixture and laid upon the wound. If this preparation is faithfully used it will be found to remove pain and give a great deal of comfort. Pure glycerine is a most excellent remedy also. When first applied it causes smarting, but this soon ceases and the actual pain from the burn is much relieved. Glycerine is said to favor rapid healing. The sooner it is applied after the accident the quicker good results will be obtained.

Fried Chicken.—To prepare the chicken, dress and wash thoroughly; cut up the usual way, put into boiling water to cover it and boil until tender, then remove from the vessel, allowing the gravy to remain. Drain the chicken and roll in flour, season with salt and pepper. Place in a hot frying-pan a lump of butter, into which you place the chicken, frying it to a nice brown and turning it often. Have a flat dish in the oven which will be warm to receive the chicken when done. To make the gravy use the liquid the fowl was boiled in, put it into the frying pan and thicken with a teaspoonful of flour and season with pepper and salt; pour a little over the chicken and garnish with celery leaves.—N. Y. World.

DISHONEST PRACTICE.

The Way Many Men Justify Unprincipled Dealings.

A few years ago a well-known financier died in New York. His family were overwhelmed with grief. He had been a faithful and tender husband and father. The servants of his household stood sobbing around the door of his chamber when he was dead. He had been always, they said, kind and just to them. When the estate was settled there was not the claim of a penny against it from any tradesman. Butcher, baker, all persons whom he employed, had been paid cash day by day. One of his maxims had been, "It is dishonest to owe a poor man for his labor. That is his capital. Pay him cash or allow him interest."

Yet this man, who in his individual dealings was scrupulously honest and kind, had gained his fortune by shrewd, remorseless management of a great corporation that controlled a monopoly, and fattened on the necessities of the people. The public was preyed upon by the monster as by some ravenous beast, and a whole community suffered that it might grow rich and powerful.

This man used to try to answer the reproaches of his conscience by saying, with a laugh: "I am not personally responsible. I keep my own hands clean. You must not look for a soul or conscience in a corporation."

His peculiar moral blindness is a common disease, and his method of reasoning a popular one. Corporations, firms, town councils, even school committees will be guilty of unjust, cruel and sometimes dishonest acts from which the individual members would turn with indignation in a private transaction. A merchant who would scorn to cheat a customer by adulterating his goods will join a corporation in watering stock, and thus, by enriching himself, will rob every ignorant purchaser who may afterward become a shareholder.

The corporation, it is true, has no soul of its own, but the soul of each member is responsible for its acts if he aids and approves them. He forgets, too, that there will come a day of reckoning when God will deal, not with rings, or clubs or firms, but with each man who has belonged to them.—Youth's Companion.