

CASTLE YESTERDAY.

In the Valley of Contentment, just beyond the Hills of Old,
Where the streams are always silver and the sunshine always gold,
Where the hours are ever morning and the skies are never gray,
In the yellow haze of springtime stands the Castle Yesterday.

Oh, the seasons that we spent there when the whole wide world was young;
The friends we've had as maid and lad, the songs that we have sung!
The echoes of their music cannot quite have died away,
But still must thrill the roof-tree of the Castle Yesterday.

And the loving hearts we knew there in the time of trust and truth,
Surely still they wait behind us in the Pantheon of youth!
But the angel of the valley at the portal bars our way,
And a flaming sword forbids us from the Castle Yesterday.

When the pilgrimage is ended, may we turn then, may we change,
To the vanished and familiar from the present and the strange?
Who so chooses to his heaven—I shall be content to stay
Where the ghosts of dead years wander through the halls of Yesterday.
—Saturday Evening Post.

THE JUNIOR PARTNER.

FIELDING ROBERTS walked into his private office one morning about 10 o'clock, in a very perturbed state of mind. He carried a telegram in his hand.

"I'm in the greatest sort of a fix, Dick," he began, gloomily.

"Of course, it's great if you're in it, old boy," declared the long blonde man lounging at a desk. "Pour out your woes and I'll shoulder my half, like a gentleman."

"Can't you ever take a thing seriously?" retorted his companion, with more irritation than he often showed. "Hang it all! How can a man be in two places at the same time?"

"By being built on a demi-semi, self-detachable, double-acting, non-collapsible, each-side-for-itself sort of plan, with—"

"You see," continued Mr. Roberts, as though he had not heard the glib answer to his query. "Haywood has just arrived at the Morris House about that De Koven will ease, he is stopping over only for one day, and every minute counts. I simply must go to him at once—and here is Minnie's friend due on the eleven o'clock express from Washington, and I've promised to meet her to arrange about a lot of flowers for a wedding in some villainous little country town or other."

The junior partner picked up his ears. A girl in the question made lots of difference.

"What's the friend's name, Ding?" he inquired, sitting up quite straight.

"What on earth has that to do?" exclaimed Roberts. "You certainly are—"

"Don't get cross, Ding," put in Dick, serenely, "but tell me, like a good boy." "Well, if you must know, her name is Amy Cloverdale, and she's 23 years old, a graduate of Wellesley, dark eyes, fair hair, dresses well, and is one of my sister's dearest friends. Her ancestors, on her mother's side, were French Huguenots, on her father's English Cavaliers. Her father is a banker in Washington. I believe she is fond of Kipling, and can make good chocolate caramels. Her favorite color is blue, but she wears much brown."

This catalogue of personal items was rattled off at furious speed in such violent contrast to his usual dignified utterance that Dick could only stare in wonder. He began to realize that his friend thought his dilemma a truly serious one.

"Thank you, Ding," he said, quite gently, "I didn't know you were personally interested."

It was Mr. Roberts' turn to stare. "Why, I'm not; I've never seen her, but—"

"Never seen her!" ejaculated Dick, with amazement and a sudden suspicion. "Did you make that all up?"

"No," responded his friend, rather grimly. "I'm not the romancer of this firm. I've heard Minnie talk of her." "And never forgot a word! Ding, I fear I've done scant justice to your extraordinary mental powers. By George! I've got a scheme!" he exclaimed a moment later, and sprang up in great excitement, knocking over his chair as he did so. "If you've never seen her, Ding, why can't I go to meet her and attend to the errand, whatever it is? Haven't you a photograph of her, so I can recognize her? And then you can mosey over to see De Koven, and stay a week if you want to. Amy Cloverdale—I like the sound of that name!"

For the first time Fielding's brow cleared.

"I wonder how that would work, Dick?" he said with animation. "You know, it really doesn't make any difference who sees about the flowers, so long as they are sent out to Roxbury on the morning of the twentieth. A cousin of Miss Cloverdale, living there, is to be married. She is coming on now to the wedding, and I was to meet her to get the details of the order from her in person, besides showing a little civility to Minnie's friend. You understand?"

"Perfectly," was Dick's grave re-

joinder. "I'll take along my notebook, and I'll be as civil as in me lies. Amy Cloverdale—Amy Cloverdale—What a lovely name, so musical and suggestive of dusky coolness, to say nothing of gentleness and innocence. Amy—Amy—Amy Clover—"

The senior party burst out laughing. All his burden of anxiety removed, he was free to enjoy, as he never failed to do, the absurdities of his whimsical, irrepressible, big-hearted, dearly-loved Achetes.

"Thank heaven for that laugh, Ding!" exclaimed Dick. "I thought I'd heard your last one. Are you never going to learn that I am yours for better and for worse, and that that means I'm always to be depended on to make the worse over into the better? Have I ever yet failed to get you out of a hole?"

"You never have," laughed Fielding, bundling up a lot of legal-looking papers, "but you will fail to meet Miss Cloverdale if you don't hurry yourself a bit. She's to wear a small bow of blue ribbon pinned on her left sleeve as a means of identification. Oh! I believe I have a photograph of her, after all—taken with Minnie. There! look at it well in case the blue bow should happen to have been lost."

The big blond fellow regarded the pictured face attentively. It was fine



and strong, with a pair of well-opened gray eyes looking straight into his.

"She isn't exactly my idea of an Amy," he said at length. "Amys are to me little and cuddly and clinging." Again Fielding laughed.

"You can't always tell about people from their pictures. Maybe she is 'cuddly' and all the rest. As she has only twenty minutes here before her train for Roxbury leaves, you'll have to make good use of your time. Why don't you appear as Mr. Roberts? You know, she is expecting to meet me, and it'll save lots of explanations and bother. And you really are my legal representative and alter ego. It isn't likely we'll either of us ever see her again, as she is to be married herself in October, and go directly to the Philippines to live."

"Your order of selection is not always the most judicious, mein beste," remarked Dick. "Why didn't you tell me that to start with, before I got her name ringing in my ears like a—well, never mind—give me a couple of your cards and your blessing. Au revoir!" The Washington express was approaching Rochester. Miss Cloverdale detached a small blue bow from the inside of her jacket and pinned it to her left sleeve just above the wrist. She smiled a little as she did so.

"I feel as though I were ticketed off for a fair. I'd a deal rather wait over a train and see the florist myself, but dear Minnie is never so happy as when arranging things in all sorts of intricate ways. It isn't likely that Mr. Roberts will enjoy this performance any more than I shall."

As the train rolled into the station, she moved toward the door, and was one of the first to step upon the platform. The blue bow showed off beau-

tifully against the darker blue of her trim tailor-made gown, very soon catching the watchful eye of the tall blond gentleman on alert lookout. In an instant, he was bowing before her, hat in hand, pointing to the little silk-on badge.

"Miss Cloverdale, I am sure," he murmured. "And you were expecting Mr. Roberts? Allow me."

A look of surprise, followed by an instantly suppressed glimmer of amusement, flashed over her face, but was not noticed by her companion as he took the bag and umbrella from her hand.

"Thank you. We are just on time, I believe. When we left Elmira we were ten minutes late. I was wondering whether I might not have to write you, after all, on reaching Roxbury. I told Minnie it was a shame to interrupt your morning in this way."

"It is a real pleasure to meet one of whom I have heard so recently—or I mean so frequently, I assure you, Miss Cloverdale," replied Dick. "And this is not one of my busy days. Suppose we sit down in here while I make a note of your order at the florist's."

He led the way to a less crowded part of the waiting-room.

"She is charming," he thought, as he took in every finished detail of her attire and belongings from her little thick-soled shoes to the curling strands of golden-brown hair.

"Thoroughbred," was his final mental verdict. "Every perfection of voice, figure, face and personality is hers. handed straight down from those fine old Huguenot and Cavalier forebears. I wonder who the lucky dog over in the Philippines can be!"

By this time they were seated, and he was industriously writing in his notebook from her dictation.

"All this comes of my sister's having buried herself alive in the country, and of our own brothers' having gone off to serve their country at Manila. We are forced to borrow those of our friends," she said. "Oh! by the way, Mr. Roberts, how are the children?"

"The children?" repeated Dick, blankly. "What children?"

Then he blushed fire red and called himself all manner of names inwardly. Why had he been such an idiot as to forget that he was Roberts, and that Roberts lived with another sister whose offspring Minnie adored?

"Why, Maud's children, of course," responded Miss Cloverdale, watching his confusion with clear eyes.

"Oh, yes," he answered, smoothly, giving the hand around his notebook a vicious snap. "They are all quite well, thank you. I believe they've been having a time with the—some disease or other—I forget what."

"I should think so!" exclaimed the young lady, bestowing on him a reproachful glance. "Minnie told me they'd been quarantined for six weeks with scarlet fever."

"Yes, that was it," affirmed Dick, absently. He had been cudgeling his brains to recall the names of the youngsters he saw but rarely. Fielding—that was one—namesake of his uncle, of course.

"Fielding is a fine little fellow," he ventured, with quite an air of proprietorship. "He grows more like me every day, they all say."

He was gazing openly into the face he found more attractive, as he made this perfectly safe remark. The big, gray eyes were raised to his; their owner spoke demurely:

"Fielding was a girl, Mr. Roberts when I saw her photograph last week." And then she sat there looking straight at him, grave as a nun to all appearance.

Again he flushed scarlet, his whole attitude and manner expressive of a discomfiture which ill accorded with the personnel of so elegant a gentleman. But he made a gallant struggle.

"To be sure," he assented, "to be sure she is, bless her sweet heart! You know," he went on, recovering confidence with every syllable, "I find it the hardest thing in the world to tell boys and girls apart in these days when they dress so much alike. Don't you ever have trouble, Miss Cloverdale?"

His manner was impressively confidential.

"Never, Mr. Roberts, and especially with Maud's children, for they are all girls, you know."

"The dickens, they are!" he ejaculated mentally. "Heavens! what a mess! Why can't we switch on to Roberts? I could talk as straight as a string about him! But, why, I'm Roberts myself! Jove! I'll try Frank."

"I guess I don't know much about children, to tell you the truth, Miss Cloverdale," he confessed, ingenuously. "But I know Maud's husband to be the best fellow in the world. Have you ever met him?"

"No; but I've heard a great deal of him from Minnie. He has one quality I simply adore in a man, and must have in all my man friends, and that is straightforwardness."

The beautiful clear gray eyes were again looking straight into his, just as they had done in the photograph. At first he returned the glance, but big, honest fellow that he was, he soon was unable to meet it, and dropped the fearless blue eyes which never before

had quailed. Another minute and he would have blurted out the whole truth in an agony of self-condemnation and embarrassment, but at that instant the train official marched in and roared out his endless enumeration in such voluminous tones that further speech was out of the question.

"My train," said Miss Cloverdale, rising.

They mingled in the crowd pushing through the gate. He walked beside her in silence down the long platform. When, finally, she was seated in the car, she said, graciously, giving him her hand:

"Thank you very, very much, Mr. Roberts, for all your kindness. You may be sure that Bessie and I, as well as Minnie, appreciate it thoroughly. Give my love to Maud, please. Good-by!"

He could not bear to leave her so. Heaven only knows what wild impossible thoughts surged through his brain. But the train began to move. He pressed her hand closely, and turned away without a word.

When Fielding Roberts returned to his office, about 3 o'clock, he found his partner seated at his desk hard at work. Books were piled about him; papers were scattered everywhere; he did not glance up from his writing.

"How did it go off, old chap?" asked Fielding, hanging up his hat.

"Like a ship afire!" replied Dick, savagely. "She's the dearest, sweetest girl in the world—square and straight and true as heaven—and I made the biggest ass and fool and dolt and blockhead of myself my worst enemy could wish. I can't talk of it, Ding, even to you. So don't ever refer to it again, or I'll have either to pitch you out of the window or leave myself, for good and all."

Fielding Roberts thought that he knew his Dick thoroughly; but here was a new note, a new side to the lovable character. He was a wise friend, however, and he made no reply save a hearty:

"All right, Dicksie!"

Two weeks later he came over to Dick's desk one morning.

"Dick," he said, quietly, "Maud and I have been invited out to Bessie Cloverdale's wedding, and we are going next week, Thursday. I want to tell you that I was mistaken about Miss Amy's being engaged to some one in the Philippines. It is another friend of Minnie's who is to marry Amos Cloverdale, an officer in our army out there, and Amy's brother. The similarity of the names made the confusion in my mind. And, Dick, you know, it was on my account and by my suggestion that you went to the train that day and personated me. You must let me help right whatever went wrong with you then. It is my right, Dicksie, and you know whatever touches your heart touches mine, too."

There was no resisting the loving appeal of this loving, loyal comrade, and so the whole wretched story came out.

"It would all be pure comedy if it were not for those searching, lovely, truth-compelling eyes, Ding. They haunt me with their reproach, and they always will."

"Always is a long road, my boy. You will feel better now that you have made a clean breast of it to me, and when Miss Cloverdale comes over for a little visit to Maud next month you'll have to 'fess up to her."

"Is she coming here?" cried Dick, his face alight, "and there isn't any lucky dog in the Philippines? I feel like a new man already!"

But it was, notwithstanding, a very humble and apprehensive man who went out to Maud's to dinner one evening. And what bewildering vision of beauty in a charming white gown was this stately creature who stood beside Maud, and who did not wait for an introduction before she stretched out her hand to him, saying, with a charming smile:

"I've a confession to make to you, Mr. Allison, for I deceived you that day; I knew you all the time."

Such a mixture of surprise and delight as his handsome face expressed!

"How could you?" he inquired, breathlessly, clasping her hand.

"When Minnie came down to the train in Washington to see me off she handed me a photograph of Mr. Roberts, as she supposed, so that I might be sure of recognizing him. But when I took it from the envelope, after we had started, I found it inscribed on the back, 'Fielding's adorable partner, Richard Allison,' in Maud's hand. And so—"

"And so," continued Mr. Roberts, "as she had nothing better to do with her time, she studied his handsome phiz until she knew it by heart; and when his lordship appeared on the scene pretending to be a short, dark man, with eye glasses, she had her own quiet fun at his expense."

"It was such a temptation, Mr. Allison. I simply couldn't resist giving you a bit of a lesson, especially when you got so hopelessly muddled over those children. Where are they, Maud? Do you know that Mr. Allison has no idea whether they're boys or girls?"

The children were sent for and duly introduced to the hopelessly infatuated Dick, who thanked his stars that he was not called on to tell 't'other from

which. For how could a man be expected to know or see anything else when Amy Cloverdale stood before him with baby Maud in her arms, a veritable Madonna?

"And you're sure you've forgiven me?" she said, when she bade him good-by at the train ten days later.

"I will forgive you on one condition," he responded, bending nearer. "Let me come to Washington next week."—Waverley Magazine.

OUR SILENT CHURCHES.

Six Days Out of Seven These Edifices Are Closed.

I suppose many readers will be startled and some offended, at least in their first impression, when they see our churches arraigned as misusers of wealth. How is that possible? they will protest. Are not our churches obviously and conspicuously devoted to the general good? Are they not guided by able and unselfish men who devote their lives to the spiritual needs of their fellow men? And is it not preposterous to charge them with misusing wealth, either shamefully or otherwise, when everyone knows that most of our churches are struggling under a burden of debt?

All that is true enough, yet the briefest consideration makes it clear that the hundred thousand churches in America (let us take that number for the sake of argument) are trying to do their work under conditions that would be considered foolish and wasteful if they existed in any ordinary enterprise. Imagine a hundred thousand department stores doing active business only one day in seven and remaining closed for the other six days or, at best, doing a languid business on one or two odd afternoons! Imagine a hundred thousand theaters giving performances two or three evenings a week and then remaining closed and silent for four or five evenings! Imagine a hundred thousand factories working ten hours a day for a single day in seven and perhaps working five hours a day for two other days, and then letting their fine engines and machinery lie idle all the rest of the time! We should call it stupid and extravagant folly, we should expect such foolish factories, theaters and department stores to lose both in money and in general esteem and, if such conditions persisted, we should conclude either that the directors of these activities were hopelessly incompetent, or that there was a very small demand for what they were trying to furnish.

Of course we have grown up in the idea that it is the right and natural state of churches to be closed and silent most of the time, just why no one can say, but, being creatures of habit, we accept things as we find them. We expect our houses to be used every day, our barns to be used every day, our shops, libraries, hospitals, office buildings, all the structures on our soil we expect to be used every day, save only the churches which are the most costly and the most beautiful. These we expect to be used, occasionally, less than half the time, probably not one third of the time, yet the churches represent a huge material investment based on infinite labor and saving, a value, far greater than all the gold coin in the United States, a value, counting land and buildings, that certainly exceeds two thousand million dollars! On which the money interest at 5 per cent would be \$250,000 a day! And the spiritual equivalent—well that is beyond our reckoning, but it should be very great and precious to offset so huge a sum. And most of the days it is wasted!—From "The Shameful Misuse of Wealth," by Cleveland Moffett in Success Magazine.

A Deceptive Attitude.

Every one knows how quickly gossip spreads. Sometimes there is a small kernel of truth which is speedily enveloped in a thick wrapper of conjecture, but in many cases there is no kernel at all.

"They say your brother-in-law is sort of—of—eccentric," said one of Mrs. Manser's friends. She had begun her sentence briskly enough, but as usual her courage had waned at a glance from Mrs. Manser's steel gray eyes.

"Do they, indeed?" said Mrs. Manser, stiffly. "What do they base such stories on, I should like to be told?"

"I understand his actions were queer," said the caller, faintly. "It all comes from Nathan Wait's bringing me that express package," said Mrs. Manser, scornfully. "I knew well there'd be a ball of talk roll up! He waited for his change in the front hall, and that's the only place in the house long enough for Sam to take his exercises in."

"Sam's an independent man, and it's his own house, and if an expressman happens to ring the bell when Sam's in the middle of his exercises, he keeps right on."

"You tell Nathan Waite from me that just because he sees a man in a red and black gymnasium suit lying on his back in his own front hall with his legs in the air he needn't go and spread the word that the man's eccentric. He's too smart by far, Nathan is!"