

REMEMBERING THE DEAD.

On the other side of the stream  
That steals by this earthly shore,  
I know that our loved ones love us still,  
Just as they loved of yore.

They carry us in their thoughts,  
They speak of us when they meet,  
And ever and ever the truth of old  
Bides with them warm and sweet.

O patient and constant dead,  
Whom so easily we put by,  
Who fade away from our inmost thoughts  
As the stars fade out of the sky!

We put them so far away,  
We hide them so deep with God;  
We think of them snatched to the far-  
thest star  
As soon as they're under the sod.

Ah me! it is pitiful so,  
Dear lovers, so leal and near,  
Aye, pressing your faces against the gates  
Of our hearts and we will not hear!

O friends, when our sainted dead  
Pass over that unseen line,  
They fly not far, to a foreign land,  
They dwell in your land and mine.

A land that no fire can burn,  
No element sweep away,  
The dear long home of immortal love,  
God's country and ours for aye!

So draw them closer there,  
As of old time, hand in hand,  
God meant we should walk through life  
and death.

In Love's immortal land,  
—James Buckham, in Congregationalist.

Friends Ever.

BY H. S. KELLER.

THEY had been friends from boy-  
hood, and possessed the same  
tastes and inclinations concerning  
both play and study. When the col-  
lege days dawned upon the horizon  
the same old spirit of friendliness  
manifested itself; they chose the  
same profession, medicine, and were  
greater friends than ever in the close  
rivalry of ambition.

In college they were known as "The  
Twins," though they were wholly dis-  
similar as to appearance, stature or  
complexion. Henry Morse was short,  
stoutly built, with blue eyes, crisp-  
ly curling, light hair, and a mouth  
as sweet and tender as a woman's.  
John Findlay was tall and slender,  
with dark hair and eyes—the latter  
deep set and searching—and a mouth  
about whose corners the lines of a  
fixedness of purpose even thus early  
were drawn.

The college days are over, and we  
find them both attached to St. Mark's  
hospital, working side by side; ready  
for the ambulance call, to rattle away  
over the pavements of the city to  
administer aid to the unfortunate  
bruised and broken; or we find them  
together by the side of the dying,  
quick to smooth the pillow or receive  
the fluttering pressure of the en-  
feebled fingers of the "passer on."

"This fair Canadian nurse who re-  
cently came to St. Mark's seems a  
self-possessed sort of a person," said  
Henry Morse, locking arms with his  
friend as the pair passed down the  
gravel walk leading to the hospital  
steps. But John Findlay was not in  
a communicative mood, and he did  
not immediately respond. He had a  
habit of pushing one end of his thin,  
inky mustache into the corner of his  
mouth with his finger. He is doing  
it now; and it always gave the other  
a chill to see him do it, for Henry  
disliked habits of the sort.

All hospital grounds, flowers, walks  
and embellishments in the way of  
landscape gardening look stiff. They  
mean to be alleviating to the ill ones,  
charming to the eye; but they never  
are, for they bear too closely the  
marks of precision, soldierly care;  
and instead of appearing natural,  
they seem surrounded with too much  
red tape. Every flower, tree or shrub  
growing upon hospital grounds has  
the sign of the red tape drawn about  
them. Even the fountain that tinkles  
in the mellow, hushed air of the place  
plays the rhythm of rotation upon  
the eardrums of the afflicted behind  
those stone walls. I have been told  
by many who have been so placed  
that the sound of thunder, the rum-  
bling of a train of cars or the roar  
of cannons was more soothing than  
the tinkling of the placidly plashing  
fountain.

After the pair reached the thor-  
oughfare leading to their quarters,  
situated but a short distance away,  
Findlay finally found his tongue, and  
asked:

"Whose name did you mention?"  
"Well, you must be pretty deeply in  
it, old man. I did not mention any-  
one's name," said Morse, withdrawing  
his arm.

"But you were speaking of some  
one as we passed through the  
grounds."

"Then it has just struck you? I was  
simply saying that the fair Canadian  
nurse seemed to be a self-possessed  
sort of person. That's all."

"By the way, she is not fair; and

how is she different from the rest,  
Henry?"

"I mean by fair she is—oh, well,  
charming, pleasing and pretty. She  
seems to know how to do things with-  
out asking. She is ready without urg-  
ing. She has good nerve, too. Why,  
she did up the smashed leg of that  
poor fellow who was brought in day  
before yesterday, before I came, in a  
manner to equal anything of the sort  
I ever saw."

"Humph! that's what she is at St.  
Mark's for—to learn how to do  
things. As for beauty and all that  
sort of thing, I—"

"Well, what, John?" asked the  
other, as the tall, slender fellow lifted  
his hand to apply the latch key. The  
other hand was busy with the  
mustache, pushing one end of it out  
of sight. Henry Morse gave a little  
shiver of dislike, and Findlay said, as  
he pushed open the door:

"She may not be charming at all  
without her hospital garb. Come, let  
us go in; drop nurses and such trash."  
He led the way up the wide stairs,  
and the two were soon settled for the  
night in their suite of rooms.

When they appeared at the hospital  
the next morning they were asked to  
step into the office where "Old Ice,"  
the pet name bestowed by the young  
fellows upon Roger Thorn, M. D., the  
best surgeon in the city, was await-  
ing them. Ah, many a poor fellow's  
death warrant had been drawn up in  
that square, compact little niche of  
St. Mark's! And many a bold and in-  
tricate case had also been solved  
therein by the thick-limbed and  
sandy-headed man who is sitting in  
the big, leather-cushioned chair drum-  
ming upon the window sill with those  
long, blunted fingers. "Old Ice" is  
cool at all times—or at least his  
fingers are—and those same fingers  
have guided the keen knife within a  
tissue's breadth of many a jugular  
vein, or have searched for many a hid-  
den ill among bone and muscle.

"Good morning, gentlemen; sit  
down; I want to tell you something,"  
uttered the celebrated surgeon, in his  
peculiar, jerky words. After the two  
were seated, he turned around square-  
ly and asked:

"Either of you want to die? Ha,  
ha! Good joke, that—stop! Don't  
say a word until I get through. I'm  
not much of a talker; I like to finish  
what I've got to say before the other  
chap begins, though. Some men are  
born soldiers, and do not know what  
fear means. Others acquire bravery  
after much practice. Was a timid  
young thing myself once. Got all  
over that—with a few exceptions here  
and there. The case I'll mention is  
one of the exceptions. Candidly, I  
am timid about it. Wish people  
would have some other sort of ills if  
they must be sick. This case I do not  
like. It makes me timid, as I said.  
I'm as cowardly as a child before a  
bulldog now."

If "Old Ice" felt as he said he did,  
he failed to show any signs of it in  
the slightest. He looked as ready to  
perform a great piece of work as he  
ever did. John Findlay, who could  
contain himself no longer, ventured  
to say:

"Will you please enlighten us con-  
cerning the case, doctor?"

"In a moment. First, you are both  
sure you do not want to die?"

"You are joking, my dear sir," said  
Henry Morse.

"I joking? You must be mad, sir!  
I never joke. I may play jokes with  
nerves, bones, muscles and such; but  
what is commonly called joking—I  
never indulge in the foolish practice.  
To come right down to the facts of  
the case, I will simply say that I am  
about to take a great, a very great  
risk. I am obliged to call upon my  
young men to take the same risk—"

"Doctor, we are at your service,"  
broke in Findlay. And Morse nodded  
approvingly.

"Ah! that's the sort of spirit I like  
to see in my young men," said "Old  
Ice," good naturedly. Then fixing his  
deep, hazel eyes upon the face of  
John Findlay, raised his hand and  
punctuated the air with his long fore-  
finger as he spoke: "It is an easy mat-  
ter, young men, to remove a limb or  
sew and plaster a wound; nothing  
easier—in our line—in the world. But  
when a surgeon takes his life in his  
own hands and attempts to heal a  
poor mortal of a fatal affliction, and is  
liable, ten chances against the rest, to  
incur himself a fatal affliction, how  
about it, eh?" The sandy fringe of  
hair seemed to be bristling about that  
grand old head that had bent low  
over many a serious case in its time.  
Henry Morse began to feel as though  
he was wholly ignored, for the sur-  
geon kept his clear eyes fixed upon  
Findlay's face. And then Henry grew  
nervous as his friend began to push  
that inky slip of mustache out of sight  
with his fingers.

"Well, doctor, what is the case?"  
asked Findlay, without glancing at  
his bosom friend, who was bending  
eagerly forward, with a rosy flush  
spread over his fair face.

"Putrescent abscess of the liver."

John Findlay quit gnawing his mus-  
tache; he straightened up in his chair  
and looked for a brief instance into  
those clear, hazel eyes fixed upon him.  
Then he rose and said, hesitatingly:

"Dr. Thorn, I am very sorry to say

that we do not care to assist you in  
the case—"

"You mean yourself—not I," broke  
in a sweet toned voice.

"Eh? You—why bless my stars!"  
broke from the surgeon, as he gazed  
at the fair speaker.

"My friend is only joking. Come,  
Henry, let us go." Findlay went to  
the door and laid his hand upon the  
brass knob. He opened the door and  
stood for a brief instant upon the  
threshold, as though waiting for his  
friend to depart with him. He only  
sat there, smiling back at the hazel  
eyes of the sandy-headed man who was  
looking at him in astonishment. The  
door opened and closed, and the sur-  
geon of St. Mark's and the student  
were alone.

"I thought he had the most nerve,"  
said the surgeon.

"So did I."

"I had picked him out from among  
the entire lot of young fellows to  
help me in this affair. Well, I was  
mistaken."

"So was I."

"And you will join me in this case,  
young man?"

"With the greatest pleasure in all  
the world, doctor." A pair of hands  
clasped there in the little square room  
where many a life or death verdict had  
been pronounced. The young man  
received his instructions as to the  
hour of operation and then he left  
the room, went out where the flowers  
nodded, and where a pretty girl  
dressed in the uniform of the St.  
Mark's nurses stood by the side of the  
tinkling fountain under the elms.

What passed between the pretty  
Canadian nurse and the young medi-  
cal student is of small import to us;  
but a look of surprise, followed by  
one of anxiety, came upon her face  
when Henry Morse responded to the  
question she asked. She turned her  
face away from his, and looked down  
at the gold-fish darting hither and  
thither in the shaded pool at her  
feet. He asked her a question, but  
she did not answer; she continued to  
look down, drew in slightly her under  
lip, and gave a dainty shrug of her  
shoulders. When she lifted her face  
again, he was at the gate. Then she  
murmured:

"He is grand, but I thought the  
other was the strong, brave one of  
the pair."

The day passed, and the subject of  
the operation to be performed upon  
the following morning was never  
mentioned between the two friends.  
Once, only once, Morse turned his  
eyes toward the dark face bending  
over a book. The black eyes were  
fixed upon the page, and the fingers  
of one hand were crowding the inky  
mustache out of sight. And when  
they parted to retire, Henry Morse  
held out his hand before going to  
his chamber, saying:

"Shake, old boy. Recollect, we are  
friends, ever."

"Friends, ever," echoed Findlay, as  
he took the warm palm between his  
chill fingers.

"Good-night, John, my friend."

"Good-night."

The door between the long, wide,  
waiting-room and the operating room  
opened, and "Old Ice," leaning heav-  
ily upon the arm of the fair-faced  
young student, emerged from it. The  
hazel eyes were not as bright as  
usual, and the generally ruddy face  
of the great surgeon was ashen. He  
was helped into his office, where he  
took a glass of wine, after which he  
seemed to recover some of his old-time  
spirits. He left the hospital after-  
wards—and inside of ten days was a  
dead man. The cause of the old sur-  
geon's death was pronounced to be  
blood-poisoning.

Upon the evening of the day of the  
surgeon's funeral, Henry Morse was  
taken to St. Mark's ill, weak, nerve-  
less.

"There seems to be something  
wrong with the boy," said Findlay,  
after his friend had been placed upon  
one of the snowy cots, in a cool, quiet  
room.

A white band was laid upon the  
sick man's brow. Findlay turned to  
meet the calm gaze of the Canadian  
nurse.

"Yes—it is now a struggle between  
life and death. I pray God I will win,"  
she said, softly.

"You?"

"Yes, I shall be his nurse."

"There are others who can nurse  
him."

"There is no one but myself who can  
do so much for him," said the sweet,  
low voice of the fair girl.

"Why you, more than any other  
nurse?"

"That, no one but he has a right to  
ask," replied she, as she pointed to-  
ward the face upon the pillow.

And then commenced the great bat-  
tle for the mastery. Medical science  
said the brave young fellow should  
die. Close, careful and skilled nurs-  
ing, backed up by youth and man-  
hood that had never known "any  
ill, said he should not die. Every  
change, no matter how slight, was  
watched by his friend, John Findlay,  
who seemed to be always by the sick  
man's bedside.

The fair nurse never left the bed-  
side until Findlay went out for his  
meals or to snatch a few moments of  
sleep.

It is midnight, and the crisis is in  
hand. The face upon the pillow is  
livid. The blue lips are drawn back,  
and the white teeth gleam in the  
shaded light. By the side of the bed  
sits the young student, Findlay, hold-  
ing the feverish hand of his friend.  
The tinkling of the fountain falls upon  
his ears. The rattling of wheels  
over the pavement comes from the  
distance. The sleeve of the sick man's  
robe is pushed back, and the arm  
with the turgid veins is disclosed. The  
small figure in hospital garb stands  
with back turned to Findlay. A long,  
lean finger produces from the vest  
pocket something that glitters in the  
light. A careful hand guides the ob-  
ject to the thick part of the forearm,  
and then—like a phantom, as quick  
and as noiseless—a small figure leans  
over the bed and pushes one slender  
white hand between the instrument's  
keen point and the bared arm. A pair  
of black eyes are raised to the now  
livid face of Findlay, and a pair of  
tightly-drawn lips huskily whisper:

"Do it, coward! You dare not!"

The instrument is withdrawn, and  
John Findlay leans back and begins to  
push his inky mustache out of sight.  
Again, the figure of the nurse stand-  
ing upright, and with arms folded  
across the breast, and a pair of  
searching eyes penetrate to the in-  
nermost heart of the false friend.

The sick man stirs uneasily, the lips  
part, and upon the quiet air of the  
room there falls softly, slowly:

"Friends—e-ever."

The nurse laid her cool hand upon  
the forehead, and gave a sigh of sat-  
isfaction. The brow was no longer  
hot and feverish. It was cool to the  
touch.

"Go, please; I can attend to him  
now without your help," she said.

Findlay rose, gave one glance at  
the sick man's face, and then left the  
room, fussing with his mustache in  
the old, tiresome manner.

Up in the Canadian woods, where  
Henry Morse went with the fair girl  
he married, he found health rapidly.  
Once—only once—he asked her why  
his friend Findlay had left him so  
suddenly. His wife shrugged her  
shoulders, and said nothing.

"I had an idea, dear, that he  
fancied you."

"I did not fancy him."

"John is queer—but he and I are  
to be friends ever."

But the two were destined never to  
meet again upon this world.—Good  
Literature.

CAPTURED BY AN OSTRICH.

The Feathered Biped Taught a Les-  
son to the Conceited Guards-  
man.

A guardsman in the reserve of offi-  
cers, who is better known for his  
swagger than for his brains, had an  
unfortunate experience in South  
Africa, says the London Express.

He was stationed about 100 miles  
from Cape Town at a remount depot.  
One morning a farmer stopped him  
as he was taking a constitutional and  
warned him against crossing an in-  
closure containing a cock ostrich, which  
had become bad-tempered. The  
guardsman said that no ostrich ever  
hatched would turn him out of his  
way and went on unmoved.

As he had not returned home four  
hours afterward his brother officers  
were alarmed and sent out search par-  
ties. What was their surprise to dis-  
cover him lying on his back unhurt,  
with a cock ostrich sitting on his  
chest.

The bird had knocked him down  
each time he had tried to rise, but  
could not hurt him while he lay on  
his back. Yet leave his enemy he de-  
clined to do and therefore sat quietly  
upon him until driven off by the res-  
cue party.

Where He Was Weak.

Mr. Jowders looked gloomily at the  
letter to which he had just painfully  
affixed his signature, and then cast a  
dubious glance at his wife.

"Do you want to just run this over  
before I send it to son James?" he in-  
quired; and when Mrs. Jowders shook  
her head, he hastily folded the sheet,  
which bore the marks of hours of  
toil, and thrust it into an envelope,  
which he sealed with trembling ex-  
pedition, and then leaned back in his  
chair with an air of relief.

"I was afraid you'd want to read it,  
and then most likely 'twould be all to  
do over again, mother, like the last  
one," he said. "But I'm glad James  
wrote he didn't mind a word mis-  
spelled here an' there. There's some  
things I can do, but I never could  
seem to get a good purchase on the  
system of spelling, somehow."

"As I view it," continued Mr. Jow-  
ders, "there's some words you can  
spell by the looks, and some you can  
spell by the sound; them I can most  
gen'ly manage. But when you come  
to spelling by judgment and main  
strength, my chances are about as slim  
as they make 'em."—Youth's Com-  
panion.

One-sided.

She—So this is the end of our en-  
gagement?

He—It may be for you, but it will  
take me a year yet to pay the bills.—  
Brooklyn Life.

TREATING SANDY SOIL.

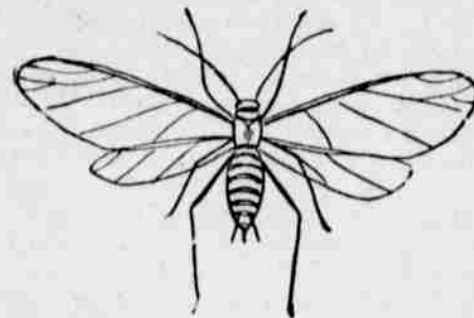
How to Make It Available for Gar-  
dening Purposes at a Compar-  
atively Small Expense.

Soil of a somewhat sandy charac-  
ter, although excellent for garden  
purposes on account of warmth, ease  
of manipulation and quickness of re-  
sponding to fertilizer applications,  
has the one great fault of allowing  
moisture, and plant foods with it, to  
escape to the lower strata by leach-  
ing much faster than is often desir-  
able. This fault is most apparent  
when the soil does not contain much  
decaying vegetable matter (carbon),  
and hence may be remedied by abun-  
dant applications of barnyard man-  
ure. This course is naturally an ex-  
pensive one, and a good dressing of  
clay can often be made more effect-  
ive in correcting the deficiencies of  
sandy soils and at the same time to  
add the element of potash, which is  
often deficient in such soils. The  
clay can be put on the land during  
the fall and winter, at any time when  
most convenient, and the frost will  
act on and pulverize it. A market  
gardener stated that he is able to  
tell to a yard, by the looks of his  
crops, where the clay was put, and  
the ground that has had several  
dressings always grows better straw-  
berries and vegetables than that  
which has had no clay applied. Land  
thus treated holds moisture better,  
the clay taking it from the dew and  
rain, and retaining it much better,  
thus absorbing more juices of the  
manure used than the undressed land.  
For mixing with light loams clay is  
usually of great value, and so it is  
used in the same way with manure  
or leaf mold for growing melons, etc.,  
which like stiff soils, but in either  
case it should be such as has become  
ameliorated by exposure to the  
weather. Some gardeners have too  
stiff and unworkable kind of clay,  
and need the lighter material, but  
the remedy, in their case lies the  
other way. Road scrapings, leaf rak-  
ings and rubbish heap ingredients  
properly and continuously employed  
will soon effect an improvement.—  
Agricultural Epitomist.

THE NEW PEA PEST.

Destructive Insect Which Has Al-  
ready Inflicted Big Losses on  
Vegetable Growers.

The new pest, the destructive pea  
aphis, has in the last two years in-  
flicted enormous losses in various  
regions where peas are grown for can-  
neries, as Maryland, Delaware, New  
Jersey, New York and Connecticut.  
Michigan and Wisconsin also have  
suffered from it. Some of the  
scientists claim that it is naturally  
more an enemy of clover than of



THE DESTRUCTIVE PEA LOUSE.

peas. An encouraging feature noted  
in Canada is that wherever the aphis  
occurred it was attacked by parasitic  
enemies, the most vigorous of  
these being the small orange larvae  
of a species of diplosis—minute mag-  
gots—which suck the juice out of  
the body of the aphis.

The "brush and cultivator" method  
of fighting the pea louse is accepted  
as the most generally effective. For  
this it is necessary that the peas be  
planted in rows, and when the in-  
sects are noticed the vines are  
brushed backward and forward with  
a good pine switch in front of a cul-  
tivator drawn by a single horse. In  
this manner the plant lice are cov-  
ered up as soon as they fall to the  
ground, and a large proportion of  
them are destroyed.

Peas sown late or on poor ground  
sustain most damage. The pea aphis  
is a hatched many times enlarged.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

It is not a bad plan to plant a tree  
in every neglected corner about the  
farm.

The objection to the plan of mulch-  
ing continually, year after year, is  
that it tends to bring the roots too  
near the surface.

In all transplanting care must be  
taken to see that the roots come in  
close contact with the soil. A failure  
to do this causes loss.

In transplanting plants of every  
kind, whether large or small, care  
must be taken to keep the roots  
moist or the plants will be injured.

If any of the trees in the orchard  
have grown forked it will be a good  
plan to tie the forks together in such  
a way as to afford mutual support.

In order to get the full benefit of  
healing in trees in the fall advantage  
must be taken of the first favorable  
opportunity to set them out in the  
spring.—Farmers' Voice.