

# A Comparison.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

I'd rather lay out here among the trees,  
With the singing birds and the hum of bees,  
Than to live what folks call a life of ease,  
Up there in the city.  
For I really don't exactly understand  
Where the comfort is for any man  
In walking hot bricks and using a fan,  
An' enjoyin' his life as he says he can  
Up there in the city.

It's kinder lonesome, maybe you'll say,  
A-livin' out here day after day  
In this kinder easy, careless way,  
But a hour out here is better'n a day  
Up there in the city.  
As for that, just look at the flowers around,  
An' the fruit a-bendin' the trees' way down,  
You don't find such things as these in town,  
Or, rather, in the city.

As I said afore, such things as these,  
The flowers, the fruit, an' the hum of bees,  
An' a-livin' out here among the trees,  
Where you can take your ease an' do as you  
please,  
Makes it better'n the city.  
Now, all the talk about 'mount to snuff,  
'Bout this kinder life a-bein' rough,  
An' I'm sure it's plenty good enough,  
An', 'twixt you an' me, I'd half as tough  
As livin' in the city.

# Looking Back.

Looking back into the bygone, there we see deep  
floods of crime,  
And the hosts of guilty wretches that had long  
defied the grave.  
There we see the self-righteous justice drinking  
human blood and wine;  
But there is a ray of comfort—love the present  
man may save.

Save from rivalry and hatred, save from greed  
that hath no bound!  
From corruption and injustice, in each dealing,  
man with man!  
To co-operative accord, like the hosts beneath  
Him crowned—  
Then will be a millennium, the best of  
Redeemer's plan.

J. R. ARMSTRONG.

# ADOPTED BY THE DEAN.

A TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES.

# CHAPTER XXIX.

Bertha and Esperance were in their room dressing for Lady Worthington's dance; they were both of them quiet and a little depressed, for Bertha naturally thought of the ball in the summer, when George had been staying with them and all had been so different, and Esperance had her own troubles. It had been a harassing day. Mrs. Mortlake was in bad humor, and Bella was suffering from the effects of her Christmas dissipation, and was more than ordinarily peevish; then, too, she had been hindered writing to Gaspard, and had missed the mail, and, though, as Mrs. Mortlake had reminded her, the letter could go the next day via Brindisi, yet the weekly postage told so heavily on her purse that this was an expense she did not at all care to incur.

The uninterrupted quiet of the room was at last broken by a knock at the door, and Cornelia entered in her black velvet, carrying some sprigs of holly.

"I am so vexed," she said, putting down her prickly burden on the dressing-table. "I wanted you to have one of those white carnations in the conservatory, Esperance, but Christabel has taken them both, and declares that they are the only things she can wear."

Esperance was a little disappointed; she had set her heart on one of the carnations, but she was too grateful to Cornelia for thinking of it at all, not to make light of the matter.

They did what they could with the holly sprigs, but even Esperance's clever fingers could not effect much with them, they were old stiff and unaccommodating. The ivy, too, was large-leaved and ugly, and altogether, the decorations were unsuccessful, which was the more provoking because she was entirely dependent on them, having no jewelry.

Her vexation was but momentary, however; she soon forgot it in helping Bertha, and she arranged the white carnations in Mrs. Mortlake's hair without the least tinge of envy.

Then they all started, and her spirits rose high with the prospect of this novelty and excitement; she chattered unintercepted through the two miles' drive, till even Bertha was a little roused and began to take some slight interest in what was going on.

There was no one in the cloak-room when they arrived, and Esperance had just taken off her wraps when Frances' little maid appeared—"Miss Neville would be very glad if Mademoiselle de Maillon would come into the school-room for a moment."

"To say good-night to the children, I suppose; you will not wait for me, Cornelia? I can come down with Frances."

Cornelia nodded assent, and Esperance followed the maid to the school-room; but none of the children were there, only Frances and Claude Magnay, bending over a most lovely basketful of ferns and flowers.

"I am so glad you have come early," Frances said, kissing her. "Mr. Magnay has been spoiling us all; he walked over to the nursery gardens this morning, and brought home the most beautiful flowers, and we want you to wear some of them."

Claude was glad to have it put in this way, for having spent the morning in scouring Rillchester in search of these flowers for Esperance, he now hardly liked to offer them.

Her delighted gratitude was very charming; and Claude colored deeply, as, for a moment, her beautiful eyes met his.

"How kind of you! and how lovely they are!" she exclaimed, rapturously, "you can't think how much I wanted a flower—holly is so prickly."

Frances began to take the flowers from the basket, and Esperance struggled to take off her sprigs of holly, but could not manage it with her gloves on. Claude was delighted at this excuse for helping her, and took away the sharp leaves and scarlet berries with unmitigated satisfaction.

"You must watch Monsieur Worth, Claude," said Frances, looking up. "Now, Esperance, stand still, and we shall have exactly where your flowers are to be placed."

She obeyed half laughingly, and Claude surveyed her in silence, thinking but little of the flowers it must be confessed. She had never looked prettier than at that moment, standing in her unadorned white dress, her lips just parted, her eyes smiling half shyly, her cheeks glowing with rich brown-red color, and the outline of her shapely little head not at all veiled by the short, tumbled curls which clustered

round her neck, and overshadowed her low, smooth forehead.

Claude was recalled to his duties by her clear, ringing laugh.

"It is as bad as having one's photograph taken," she said. "I am sure Monsieur Worth does not keep his ladies so long."

"The oracle is dumb," said Claude, smiling. "Shall we try the effect of Christmas roses and maiden hair, Miss Neville?"

So the dress was beautified with the exquisite white flowers, and drooping lady-ferns, and light, feathery maiden-hair; but "Monsieur Worth" had stipulated that the curls should be left as they were, in their unadorned beauty.

Then they went down stairs to the great drawing-room, which had been turned out for the occasion, and where many of the guests were already assembled. Lady Worthington was at the door and came into the hall to meet them stooping down to kiss Esperance in defiance of custom.

"You have come in the character of the Christmas rose," she said, glancing at the happy, glowing face, "you will be just in time for the first dance; Claude will take you to Mrs. Mortlake." Claude assented, and led her across the brightly lighted room to the sofa where Mrs. Mortlake and Cornelia were seated, and Esperance began to tell of the surprise that had awaited her in the school-room, and to show the flowers excitedly. Cornelia smiled kindly.

"She was disappointed of the flowers at home, but these are far lovelier," she said to Claude, while Mrs. Mortlake began abruptly to speak to her next neighbor.

He made some trifling response, and then turned eagerly to Esperance, fearful that some one else might be before him in asking her to dance. Cornelia watched her in secret admiration as she was borne swiftly away, her pure, child-like happiness was delightful to see; and as they passed the sofa every few minutes she caught a flash of French, and knew that Claude was talking to her in her own language, and once, when they paused for a minute's rest, Esperance came to her, eager for sympathy.

"It is so delightful, Cornelia, and is not this 'Blue Danube' waltz a capital one?"

Cornelia could not understand the delights of a waltz; she had never cared for dancing of any kind of exercise, but she being appealed to in this way, watched her little cousin with a certain comfortable sense of pride and possession. This child whom she had nursed and tended was beginning to make large demands upon her love.

Claude meantime was perfectly happy, his diffidence soon vanished under the influence of Esperance's naive remarks and free simplicity, and very soon they drifted into their former habit of easy, half-confidential talk, though Claude was more reverential and less plying than he had been in old times.

He would have liked to prolong their dance indefinitely, but Esperance had not come simply to enjoy herself, and he was obliged to resign her to Fred, who came up with such an entreaty that he could not be resisted—everyone was so stupid, they would not dance with him, and would Esperance have him just this once? Of course she consented, and when Fred, proud and happy, had brought her back to Cornelia, she was at once pursued by Harry who would not be content till he had written his name in unsteady, round-hand on her programme.

She danced with Claude, however, several times, only refusing him once when she wanted to sit out with Cornelia, who was having a rather dull time. Claude divined her motive, and loved her all the better for it, even accepting the hint she gave him to dance with Bertha, though it took him away from her to a most indifferent set of quadrilles in which every one danced languidly. He was rewarded, however, later in the evening, by another waltz with her, as they were walking up and down the hall after it was over he stopped for a moment before "Mariana."

"I want you to look at this for a moment," he said; "it is one of my pictures."

She looked up eagerly.

"A new one of yours? I had not seen it—why, she is just like Gaspard! that is exactly how he looked after the capitulation."

Claude was much amused, and would not perhaps have explained further had she not put a direct question.

"Did you get the idea from Gaspard?"

"No," he replied, smiling. "Your brother saw the picture when it was done, and I made my confession to him then. It was your face which inspired me."

"Mine! how very funny!" cried Esperance, with her irresistible laugh. "Do you mean that this is really meant for me, and that I have been in the Academy without knowing it? Ah! that is amusing! that is ridiculous!"

"I am afraid it was a great liberty," said Claude, "but I could not resist the temptation; perhaps some day you will really give me a sitting; I should not paint you as 'Mariana' now."

"Why not, asked Esperance, "because I have lost my hair?"

"No," said Claude, hesitating a little, "because you have not 'Mariana's' expression now. 'Mariana' never grew bright, and patient, and hopeful; she must have grown bitter in her loneliness instead of sweet."

He paused, half afraid he had said too much; but Esperance was not thinking of herself. She was looking at the picture.

"How dreary you have made the face look! I like that dull, watery reflection of the moonlight, and the torn curtain, and that worm-eaten window frame—ah! it is wonderfully done! how sad she looks, too, so weary and so disappointed." Then, with a sudden smile, "Surely I never looked so despairing?"

"You used to look very miserable," said Claude.

"Ah! and I was miserable; that was just the time when I was most homesick, and unhappy; how I did hate Rillchester!"

"You do not dislike it now, then?"

"No, I believe I am really growing fond of it," she answered, smiling.

Just then Christabel appeared.

"You are very imprudent to stand in that draught, Esperance," she said, coldly. "Would you have liked your shawl?"

"We are going, thank you," said Mrs. Mortlake; "so do not trouble; only people who are always complaining of the cold should use common sense in—"

Her words were checked by Sir Henry Worthington, who suddenly emerged from the door of the billiard-room.

"Why, Mrs. Mortlake, you are leaving us very early."

She was at once all smiles and courtesy. She looked at him from his angry thoughts.

"I think it is wonderful," she said, taking a farewell look at "Mariana." "I am so glad you told me all about it. Are you painting anything while you are here?"

"No; I go back to town to-morrow," said Claude, rather wistfully; "this has only been a few days' holiday. Will you really keep your promise some time, and give me a sitting?"

"Yes, indeed; but what will you paint me as?"

"As an angel, I think," said Claude, gravely.

She laughed uncontrollably, and was so much amused by the idea that she would talk of nothing else while he was helping her with her cloak; but just as they were passing through the hall again on their way to the carriage, she half raised her scarf and showed him the Christmas roses.

"Your flowers are quite fresh still," she said glancing up at him half shyly.

And Claude was more thrilled by those words, than by all his former thanks.

"Your flowers"—she called them his and wore them. Her hand lay in his for a moment as he helped her into the carriage with elaborate care, then the footman closed the door with vicious speed, and the coachman urged on the horses.

Claude went back to town, and worked hard at his painting, but owing to the short winter days much of his time was necessarily unemployed, and his thoughts were constantly reverting to Esperance. He took a fancy for going to the afternoon service in the abbey, that he might be hearing actually what she was hearing; he took the "Guardian" and searched the columns anxiously for anything relating to Rillchester. The very name of Dean Collinson was sufficient to set all his pulses throbbing, and he took the most lively interest in all the special preachers mentioned—men whom Esperance had seen, perhaps shaken hands with.

Sacrificing for this purpose even the afternoon light, he started early in hope of finding Lady Worthington disengaged, and before 3 o'clock was shown upstairs to her drawing-room. He stood in one of the windows and looked out on Kensington Gardens, abstractedly watching the procession of nurse-maids and children, and the bright sunlight flickering through the fresh green of the trees on the brown paths below. Then Lady Worthington came in with her heavy greeting, and he was roused from his reverie.

"I was wondering what had become of you, Claude, you have not been here for weeks, and I actually heard of your successes in the Academy from some one else."

"I should have come before, but the truth is I have been out lately; I have a good deal on hand," said Claude, rather hesitatingly.

"And that is the reason you are declining so many invitations? Two or three people have been quite distressed, I know, by your refusal. You are a 'lion' now, you see, and a lion should be gracious, I think. You must be working too hard."

"I know I deserve a scolding," said Claude; "but I have not been in humor for gayeties; it is not that I am doing too much—I can't plead that for an excuse, but—"

"But you are getting 'blase' at four-and-twenty, is that it?"

Claude did not answer for a moment. He moved restlessly, deliberating whether he should tell Lady Worthington or not, then looking up suddenly and turning his eager eyes fully on her, he said, abruptly, "The fact is, Lady Worthington, that visit to you at Christmas quite unhinged me—it was a revelation to me, and now I am wild to get to Rillchester once more. You know I mean."

"I think I do," said Lady Worthington, kindly, "and I am very glad, Claude."

"You think, then, there is really some hope for me?"

"I do not see why there should not be," said Lady Worthington; "but you will not do anything in a hurry. If you will let me give you a little piece of advice, I should say write to her brother before you breathe a word to her about it, for I know the French are very particular about such things."

"I thought I could speak to the dean; but the worst of it is, I don't think it will be any use, she would only be startled and repined. I must see her again. If only I had the faintest shadow of an excuse for going to Rillchester I would start to-morrow, but there is none; and she will forget me, or some one else will—"

"Come," said Lady Worthington, smiling. "I don't think you need make yourself miserable about that. I suppose if I were prudent I should tell you to wait till next Christmas, and then to come down to Worthington and see if you were in the same mind."

"I have waited all these months already," said Claude, pleadingly; "and you don't know what it is to think of her in that wretched place, among people who don't care for her."

"She is fast making them care for her," said Lady Worthington; "but for all that I can understand that it is hard for you. Suppose I am imprudent, and ask you to go down to Rillchester at once, and paint me a very beautiful picture in the cathedral. I think I should like it to be in the south aisle."

"You are too good," said Claude, earnestly; "but I ought not to have everything made easy for me."

"No, seriously, I should like the picture; I commission you now, Mr. Magnay, if it is not trespassing too much on your valuable time. Shall I stipulate how many feet of canvas you are to cover, like that interesting manufacturer we heard of the other day, who ordered pictures by the yard?"

Claude laughed and reiterated his thanks, and Lady Worthington spoke more seriously.

"I do wish you all possible success," she said, earnestly. "I shall wait very anxiously to hear of the result, and you will come and see me when you return."

Claude promised to do so, and just as that moment some visitors arrived, and he hastily took leave.

To have an excuse for a fortnight's visit to Rillchester seemed to him the greatest bliss. He longed to start that very moment,

but a perverse engagement on the next afternoon prevented this, and he could not possibly reach Rillchester before the last train; but he should see her in two days' time, and with this he might be well be content.

# CHAPTER XXX.

The arrival of the post-bag at the deanery was a source of mingled pleasure and vexation; the dean always disliked letters, and Cornelia thought them tiresome though necessary evils; but the other members of the family regarded them in a very different way, and were apt to grumble if Cornelia was late in bringing the key, and dispensing them to their owners.

It was Monday afternoon, and Esperance was waiting impatiently in the drawing-room expecting the arrival of the post with her weekly letters from Gaspard; she was reading aloud to Bertha, not very well it must be confessed, for her eyes and ears were alive to the slightest sign that might indicate the arrival of her letter, and when Cornelia at last entered the room, she sprang forward, waiting with eager impatience while the bag was opened. There were only two letters, one from Ceylon, which Esperance seized eagerly, and another for Bertha.

"It is from one of the Palgraves, I think," said Cornelia, glancing at the envelope; Bertha took it, coloring deeply.

"Yes, from Adelaide," she said in a low voice.

Cornelia did not reply, but looked the bag again, and left the room, while Bertha nervously opened her letter; she gave an astonished exclamation when, on unfolding it, it proved not to be from Adelaide at all, but from George. She trembled violently—ought she to read it? The temptation was too strong for her, however; she moved further from her bureau and with her heart throbbing wildly read the few hurried lines. George was coming to Rillchester, but no one must know of it; he begged to see her once for a few moments, and proposed that they should meet in the garden that evening as soon as it was dusk. It was a short, straightforward letter without the least approach to sentiment, and Bertha could not realize that the interview spoken of in such a business-like way was a clandestine meeting, or if she thought did occur to her she stifled it at once. George was in Rillchester at that very moment, and that evening she might—she must, see him. It was all decided in a moment; she dared not stop to think; she disregarded all the arguments against such a step, while a train of arguments in favor of it passed rapidly through her brain; she was of age, she had a right to rule her own actions; George was her cousin, why should she not speak to him for a few moments? If it was in a secret way, that was only because he had been forbidden to come to the house—it was her father's fault not hers. The idea having been once admitted, she began to feel that life would be intolerable without just this one meeting, and remembered with terror her startled exclamation on opening the letter. Had Esperance noticed it? She glanced across the room and felt relieved, for Esperance was smiling over her own letter in happy unconsciousness, looking so bright and innocent that Bertha felt a sharp sting of remorse, as she contrasted that happiness with her excited, half-tortured pleasure. While she was still musing Esperance looked up.

"Such a long letter, Bertha, and do you know, Gaspard's salary is to be raised!"

Bertha murmured something like a congratulation, and left the room abruptly, avoiding Esperance for the rest of the afternoon, for fear she might allude to that exclamation which she might have heard.

Never had the hours seemed so long as on that day. Bertha was miserably restless and frightened, but she did not waver. Soon after nine in the evening she excused herself on the plea of having some copying to do, and stole away to the dining-room, wishing that she had not been so conscious that she was doing wrong. She lighted a candle, shut the door, and for a few minutes made some pretence of writing; then she softly drew aside the shutters, opened the French window and looked into the dusky garden. The night was fine, but cold. She shivered a little as the fresh breeze played upon her burning cheeks; the cathedral clock chimed a quarter past nine, and she started with a sudden fright, and then, recovering herself, trembled to think that she was guiltily afraid of being discovered. For a moment she hesitated. Her hand was raised to close the window. Should she not, even now, give up this stolen pleasure? But while she paused a dark figure stole silently across the lawn; it was too late! The next moment her hand was clasped in her cousin's, and the power of willing anything seemed to have passed from her. In the drawing-room the dean had fallen asleep over his paper. Cornelia read a volume of the "Bridge-water Treatise," and Mrs. Mortlake talked snappishly to Esperance. It was very dark; Esperance caught herself yawning repeatedly, and was not sorry when her cousin was roused to an expression of annoyance.

"Really, if you're so sleepy, you had better go to bed; perhaps it would wake you up to go to the dining-room and fetch me my book of knitting-recipes."

Esperance gladly hailed the opportunity of escaping from the hot drawing-room, and walked leisurely across the hall, indulging in fantastic arm exercises on the way to relieve herself; then she opened the dining-room door, and a little cry of astonishment escaped her as she saw Bertha in her white dress standing by the open window. Bertha herself started violently, and hastily moved back into the room.

"Oh, you are doing the copying," said Esperance, recollecting; but Bertha in her fright fancied that she spoke satirically. She resolved to leave it out, however.

"Yes, I am very busy; do you want anything?"

"Only Christabel's knitting-book," said Esperance, and she made haste to find the book and leave the room, seeing that Bertha did not wish to be interrupted.

(To be Continued.)

In Maine a man has been found who has sold liquor freely for the past thirty years, and who has never missed attending district, county and state conventions and advocating and voting for resolutions asserting abstinence to the principles of prohibition and demanding thorough and effective enforcement of the law. Well, is he a curiosity?

Detroit's population is estimated at 207,791.

# THE LATEST PERFUMER FAD.

A Habit More or Less Permeable Based on a Physiological Principle.

This is a wonderful age in which we live, says a New York correspondent of the *Indianapolis Journal*. But the coming era will be still more amazing, for scarcely a year goes by that we are not called upon to rewrite our fairy books, and transfer their supposed tales of the imagination to the realms of fact. The Biffel tower is but a walking castle compared to what we shall have in the coming century, and Edison's phonograph will ere long become a trifle and commonplace beside the newer triumphs which science has in store for us.

In the meantime we must content ourselves with petty marvels such as I am about to describe. You are doubtless aware that, scientifically considered, a bit of musk or ambergris is quite as persistent, solid and lasting as a mass of granite. A thousand years have no appreciable effect upon it. It continues to give off its molecules with the same vigor and strength.

A single drop of attar of roses will perfume a hoghouse of water. And you no doubt know what a hypodermic syringe is especially. Well, for those who don't know, let me explain that it is simply a tiny syringe, with a needle-like nozzle, which the operator merely thrusts under the skin, and then presses the button, so as to express its contents. Nature does all the rest. If morphia happen to be in the syringe, nature takes up the drop of quieting and benumbing fluid by means of her absorbents, and transfers it to the mouths of the countless veins, hair-like in fineness, which, in turn, bear it along until they pour it, mixed with the stream of venous blood, into the furnace of the lungs. There the intense heat volatilizes it, and it ascends forth from the mouth with every fall of the chest.

"Well, what of that?" you say.

Now, supposing, instead of giving the absorbents this drop of morphia you substitute a drop of bergamot, or violet, or rose; can't you see that the long furnace of that person would send out perfumed breath? But more than that, these wonderful absorbents would carry that infinitesimal supply of perfume to the very tips of the fingers. The hands and the face, in fact the whole body, would exhale a deliciously faint suspicion of rose or violet. In other words, by means of the hypodermic syringe it is the simplest thing in the world for a woman to send her favorite perfume literally to the very core of her heart. Every word she speaks, every motion she makes, nature will give back this delightful odor which the tiny hypodermic set aloft under her skin. The coming woman will be perfumed through and through. She will be sweet to the bone. There will be no need of stifling poor mortals, who happen to sit next to her, by the use of pungent odors on the handkerchief. That custom will fall into the innocuousness of married desuetude. Invitations to dinner will contain an additional word printed in the corner of the card in this way: (Violet), or (Rose), or (Heliotrope). This will be necessary in order to avoid the presence of several ladies all exhaling the same perfume in conversation. The possibilities of artistic combinations of perfumes, arrangements of odors, symphonies in scent, will be endless. Naturally the absorbent systems of some women will be found to take up and distribute certain perfumes better than others.

Hence, it will not be unusual in entertaining a woman's points of beauty to formulate them in this manner: "Dashing blonde, tall and Diana-like in her motions, skin of exquisite texture, hands and feet of very aristocratic shape, teeth and hair perfection; exhales a most delicious rose."

Nor will it be a rare thing to read such a notice as the following: "Miss Dulcie de Kuskas has arrived at the springs, and at the hop last night she was the centre of attraction. She looked as radiant as the evening star, and her voice was velvet softness to the ear, and breath inconstantly sweet to those fortunate enough to be within inhaling distance. Connoisseurs insist that her breath has even gained in sweetness since her appearance here last season."

# A Scotch Lawyer's Big Fee.

The largest fee ever paid to a Scotch advocate, says *Truth*, was that of the 1,000 guineas sent to the Lord Advocate with his brief in the recent action with reference to the Murthly estates. Five hundred guineas was the fee at first, but this was not enough to induce his Lordship to leave his duties in Parliament. Some time ago the Lord Advocate received a fee of 800 guineas in a Court of Session case—till this, the highest fee known in Scotland. It is curious that both fees should have been supplied by American millionaires, Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Rose Winans, and it is equally curious that both of them lost their actions in the Court.

# Strange, But True.

Wife—Now, this is a nice time for you to come home from the lodge! Here it is half past 2.

Husband—What of it? If I hadn't gone to the lodge at all it would be half-past 2 just the same, wouldn't it?

# Love and Business.

Ethel—Did Harry seem very much put out when you told him you didn't love him well enough to marry him? Answer—No, the brute. He merely said, "Well, business is business," and left the house.

"The plaintiff says," recited the judge, "that you often deserted her; that you subjected her to shameful treatment, that even you often struck her brutally. You call yourself a man and strike a woman of 25." The wife, who is in the court room, weeping, with her face in her hands, raises it suddenly at this and exclaims: "I beg pardon, judge, only 24 years."

"Mr. Bunting," said the doctor, after an examination, "I fear your wife's mind is gone." "That doesn't surprise me," replied the poor man; "she has been giving me a piece of it every day for seven years."

In some cities boys buy brass washers at the hardware stores for ten cents a dozen, and find that they operate the wheels in the slot machines as well as a five cent piece. Others work the same racket with broken-down flattened out by the passage over it of the street car wheels. The slot machine men don't enjoy the fun a bit.

# The Bear With

Through my open rear-room the afternoon, float culinary scents in June. From half a score of kitchen arise Of roasting beef and boiling kinds of pies, And the fragrant smell of practised nose. These are the substitutes for rose.

Across the back-yard, in a away. A maiden, slim but tired, play. From elsewhere comes another house within their presence, and in the general chorus heard. These are some town equivalent of brook and bird.

Here and there on window ledge arrayed, With them often ephedra and displayed. Sometimes brown paper p their presence, and in the general chorus heard. These are some town equivalent of brook and bird.

Upon the fence-top softly tread, And in the yard below a cat. Thus the eyes and ears are restrained. From going to the woods and returned. With all these things and a spirit can commune. Here at my back-room window mouth of June.

The Old Folk's Don't go to the theatre, lect Don't buy your own town. Deny yourself to the friends. And a good long letter write. Write to the old folk, too. Who sit, when the day is d. With folded hands and down. And think of the absent one.

Don't let them feel you are. Of their love and counsel w. For the heart grows strongly. When age has dimmed the. It might be well to let them. You never forget them qu. That you deem it a pleasure. Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young a. Who make your pastime g. Have half the anxious g. That the old folk have to. The duty of writing do not p. Let sleep or pleasure wait. Let the letter for which t. Be a day or an hour too late.

For the sad old folks at home. With looks fast turning