THE LETTER

[Frank L. Stanton.]

A letter, once more from the south my dear,

With an odor of orange blooms-

ships steer,

shines The heautiful, magical, mystical

skies. And vonr clasp, and your kiss, and your eloquent eyes!

A letter, once more from the south, my dear.

days that are gone: And here is a sigh, love, and here is a

A gloom of the dark and a glimmer of dawn!

But a memory sweet as the flowers at Of lives that have parted, and lives

that shall meet! A letter, once more from the south,

my dear. And the night is gone, and the glad

And the flower that you pinned on the name, I wear

day beams,

dens of rest!

On my heart, and in dreams-sweet dreams, I drift to the one who was truest and

And roam with my love in the gar-

THE BEST OF ALL,

It was early morning, and the great house was very still as its mistress passed, with noiseless footsters, along the empty halls, down the back stairway, and into the kitchen. There was no parlor maid busy with broom and dust-cloth; no chambermaid with pitchers of hot water and piles of towels going about her morning duties; no sound of singing or jargon of merry voices greeted her ear as she laid her hand on the knob of the door that led into the basement kitchen; no appetizing order of breakfast cakes, beefsteak, and hot coffee saluted her nostrils as she swung the door open and entered. She put her hand to her heart with a gesture as if it pained it, as she murmered, half aloud, "it might he Tennyson's Sleeping Palace for all the signs of life there are here." Then she stopped, just across the threshhold, and made a movement indicative of surprise. In the range she had expected to find cold and black and comfortless a ruddy fire was burn ing. The bright copper kettle was hissing and singing, emitting a trail of steam, and its cover was bobbing up and down.

At this unexpected sight a half smile came to her lips, and again she soliloquized, "the pixie workmen have been here before me." Then she looked at her hands—the well preserved, delicate hands of a middle aged woman to whom fortune had been kind-hands that had, like the lilies they resembled in whiteness, toiled not, neither had they spun. "I am glad." thought she, "that the pixies came. I should hardly know how to make a fire-or wish to do

Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Wavne had married for love when they were young and poor and had been happy. But the young husband had a talent for money-making if given the opportunity, and as is not always the case the opportunity presented itself. It does not at all matter whether it was in oil or gas, or what other branch of profitable investment, his little capital was turned over and over and swelled and grew, and the income increased and multiplied itself again and again.

state that by strictly legitimate from the other. And when the tea methods of business Mr. Bertam towel had been hung on the rack Wayne had, inside of 15 or 20 years, behind the range Bertram Wayne grown to be a rich man-not a sat down in one of the kitchen chairs multimillionaire by any means, but at hand and took his wife upon his pretty cottage in which he and his she was heavier than she used to be.

And lo! the seas where the brave and multiplying his interest to give tled up. enough to rent a tiny house And the skies where the gold moon furnished the money and looked to ago, with a maid of all work in the tic machinery.

necessary, to her servants' society She laughed a little hysterically. and the onerous task of entertaining, "But, darling," said he in a hoarse With the glory and grace of the for "when goods increase they are half whisper, "you have proved to increased that eat them." Both she me we shall, after all, save the most and her husband were members of valuable of all our possessions-and their several clubs, and the wife was I thank God for it-our love for a directress in half a dozen institu- each other." tions-missions for the promotion of At this Mrs. Wayne forgot all various laudable objects-all of about her vanished wealth and its which demanded time and attention splendors. With a fond inarticulate Sometimes in the rush and whirl of cry she drew her arms more closely it all she could not help wondering around her husband's neck and if she had had children of her own yielded to the straining hold in what would have become of them.

about quite naturally, in order to Cincinnati Post. avoid clashing with each other's hours of rest and retirement, each being busy in divers ways, that they occupied separate suits of apartments, seldom meeting save at the table, or perhaps for a little time in the early evening.

And now, by no fault of his own, with nothing to reproach himself fellow, daughter of the poet. for, but owing to the uncertain concollapsed, the home was gone, and DELIC the varied occupations of husband and wife had disappeared. In a few days the costly furniture would be auctioned off, the house sold, and, emptyhanded, they would begin life over again.

When Mr. Wayne came in with a bit of beefsteak he had just bought, he found his wife standing at the table stirring something with an iron spoon in a yellow bowl. She looked up and smiled at him. "I am making drop bisquit," she said. "Do you remember how fond of them you used to be when we first kept house?" Some half forgotten memory stirred in the husband's heart, and he put his arm about her neck and kissed her forehead. Her heart thrillen beneath that touch and kiss as it had not thrilled for years. No diamond necklace or other precious material gift could have brought so pretty a finsh, so full of pleasure, to her cheek.

When breakfast was ready and they sat down together alone to serve themselves, she confessed that she had been doubtful about quantities used in her drop biscuit, it had been so long since she had made any. But although they were rather yellow, as if from too much soda, the husband, coming more and more under the happy spell of the olden time, honestly declared they were delicions.

He sighed when her fair hands For sale by plunged into the dishwater pan, but C. T. WILLSON & CO., There's Money he, no longer the wealthy capitalist, took up the tea towel, with a certain sort of pleasure, to dry the breakfast china. "Don't you remember," and "have you forgotten," formed the staple of their .convention, not, it is true, unmixed with the involuntary sigh or surreptitious tear, for the grim spector of poverty, by whatever sweetened, is something of which human creatures are sore afraid. As Dante truly says, it is -hated worse than death by just

accord. And with the loathing of all hearts abhorred.

Still there is poverty and poverty, It is only to the purpose here to one form of which differs essentially wealthy enough to move out of the knee. It did not occur to him that wife had begun their married life He only thought how soft her cheek

into a spacious dwelling in a more felt as it lay against his own aud fathionable part of town and set up wondered how i was that it had an expensive establishment with a been so long since last he felt it complicated system of household there. Then he told her, in a reservice. And, as is usual under such assuring way, he had found there circumstances, Mr. Wayne became would be a little leit, as salvage too busy in adding to his principal from the wreck, when all was setmuch attention to home affairs. He like that they used to live in long his wife to spend it in lubricating kitchen to do the roughest part of the wheels of the ponderous domes- the household labor. He had had an offer of a situation at \$1,200 a Mrs. Wayne gave her time, as was year. Didn't that look big to her?

which he clasped her to his breast. In the course of time it came -Minnie W. Baines-Miller in the

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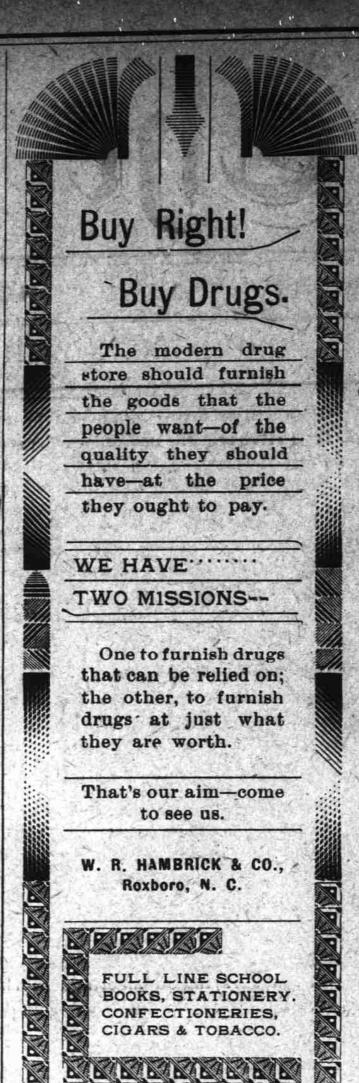
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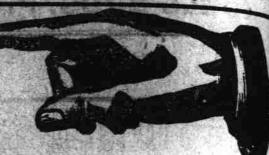
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