

down over the window; and all over the room a golden light from the bright sun, which blazed in the sky. The birds were singing blithely and sweetly. The coffin-lid lay over the corpse. Archie opened the door, and found the room empty; he took off the lid, and there lay the orphan boy, as still and calm as he had been in his life, and in his dying hour, except that the deeper hollow of his cheek gave a somewhat darker shadow to his face; but he was most beautiful. The wasted hand lay on his bosom, and on it were a few flowers Nannie had picked that morning from the hedgerow.

"Harry used to be very fond of flowers," "it seemed natural to lay them on him." Archie noticed that the scarlet blossom of the geranium was among the flowers in his hand. Nannie said "She had taken great care of it for Harry's sake, and it grew in the window where he had so often watched it, that he should have its only flower for his burial."

Archie knelt down by Harry's side, and said a prayer he really meant. He thought the quiet face smiled on him; he took his last look of the orphan; and placing the lid over his face, left the room. It was the same room he had slept in with Harry the first night he had come from London. How many hours had passed there between them. How much had happened there Archie would never forget. More than once he looked back at the window of the cottage as he went down the lane. "And if it hadn't been for me," he said, "he would have been walking with me to the Confirmation."

The Confirmation service was late; and long before Archie could leave the village, he heard the bell tolling for Harry's funeral. As he came to the last stile the funeral wound round the corner.

It was a plain funeral: four men carried the factory boy's coffin—men who had worked at the factory—it was a custom among them—Nannie followed—and that made the funeral. There was the red cloak, and some crape fastened on to her bonnet; a neighbour had kindly offered her a bonnet of her own, but Nannie would not have it; she said, "her bonnet had followed mother, and she'd have no other for Harry." The church bell was tolling quickly as Archie reached the stile, and saw the funeral wind round the last turn in the lane under the deepened shadow of the trees. Poor Nannie sadly cried; she was left alone in the wide world; she had just waited to see Harry buried, and then she would go back to gain her hard-earned livelihood in the garret. Archie followed the funeral.

There were several people in the churchyard; and when all was over they made way for Nannie to look into the grave.

The next day Nannie went back to London: she took the geranium with her; it was a sweet and dear memorial of her brother. Often on the journey she felt the hot tears come up into her eye, and she felt ready to choke; but she pressed the geranium to herself, and felt relieved. If there had been any one there to care, they might have seen the old red cloak going along from the Great Western under the bank, as it had done two years ago, when Harry noticed it out of the window: but no eye was on it now. There was no one in the world who loved Nannie—she was one of a crowd; yet there she was walking back with the flower under her arm.

Two years ago she had come to see Harry off to make his fortune, and now she had been to his burying; two years ago there was one to care for her in all the world, there was no one now. "But never mind," said Nannie, looking up through her tears at the blue sky, "never mind, my Harry's got a better home; and now I've got to follow him and mother."

She came back to the old garret; she unlocked the door; no one had been there since she had been there last; the window stood open: and the hot red tiles on the other side looked as red as ever; she put back the geranium into its old place, and stood a few minutes, and burst into tears.

I have heard that for long, long after, Nannie's head was seen at the window, as she sat there at her daily platting, and the little geranium at her side. The people loved it, and often watched it, and its little broken pot was never changed; and

when once or twice she was asked why she took such care of it, she would say "she had a reason; it seemed to make her feel she was still doing something for Harry." How many a half-withered flower in a London garret may have as deep a tale to tell.

More than once Nannie might have got a better place, but she would not go; that garret was her home; it talked to her of those she loved and were gone. "No," she would say, "I want nothing more, my platting earns me enough, and here I can sit and think of mother's death and Harry's First Communion."

(To be Continued.)

#### To-Day

Hood's Sarsaparilla stands at the head in the medicine world, admired in prosperity and envied in merit by thousands of would-be competitors. It has a larger sale than any other medicine. Such success could not be won without positive merit.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.

#### Reaping.

Every one is sowing, both by word and deed; All mankind are growing, either wheat or weed; Thoughtless ones are throwing any sort of seed.

Serious ones are seeking seed already sown; Many eyes are weeping, now the crop is grown; Think upon the reaping—each one reaps his own.

Surely as the sowing shall the harvest be,— See what you are throwing over hill or lea. Words and deeds are growing for eternity.

There is One all knowing, looking on alway, Fruit to Him is flowing, feeling for the day— Will your heart be glowing, in the grand array?

Ye that would be bringing sheaves of golden grain, Mind what you are flinging, both from hand and brain, Then mid glad songs singing, you shall glean great gain.

#### Hawthorne's Literary Methods.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's only surviving daughter, Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, has written an article for *The Ladies' Home Journal*, in which she will describe "My Father's Literary Methods."

#### Old Mike.

BY J. W. M.

"Good-morning, your highness!"

"Good-morning, your majesty!"

"Hope your honor is quite well to-day."

The little group of boys bowed low as they addressed these remarks to a forlorn-looking man who walked slowly by them, unheeding their mock salutations.

"Who is it?" Harry Ashton was a new comer in D—. The man was a stranger to him.

"Oh, just old Mike. He's great fun," Dick Scott answered.

"He doesn't look much like fun to me," Harry said, looking after the stooping figure.

"He gets so mad at us, you can't think! And sometimes he chases us—only he never catches us, you see," a third boy said, laughing.

"He's lame and queer, and we boys just tease him all we can," said Dick.

Harry hesitated a moment. His boyish soul disliked to seem to preach, but he spoke up bravely after a moment:

"Father told me once that it wasn't manly or brave to laugh at any kind of misfortune. I can't help feeling sorry for that old man."

"Oh, brace up, Harry, and don't preach. He doesn't mind us," cried Dick, but some of the other boys in their hearts wondered if Harry might not be right.

A few days later Harry saw old Mike again. He was staggering along under a load of firewood, and Harry ran up to him:

"See here, Mike, don't you want a helping hand?"

"Go 'long with you!" growled the man, and

the boy drew back abashed. But in a moment he followed him.

"Don't you want me to carry some of that wood for you? I've got a wheelbarrow here, and I can take it just as easy." Something in the boy's friendly tone made the man stop and look at him.

"Sure you a'n't playing no jokes on me, young feller?"

"Not a joke, honor bright. Just wait a minute and I'll be here with the wheelbarrow in a jiffy." Off raced Harry, while the man stood waiting. It took only a few moments to transfer some of Mike's load to Harry's charge, and he was presently trundling the wheelbarrow close by his companion's side.

"Do you live near here?"

"It's a longish bit to my house, an' 'tain't much of a place when you get there."

"Where do you work?"

"Just such odd jobs as I can get, an' there's precious few. You see," said old Mike, inspired to confidence by the bright, interested face by his side, "I used ter be a bit wildish, an' folks lost confidence in me; nobody b'lieves I'll stay stiddy, an' I'm just old Mike to 'em all. But I've got something ter live for now, an' stiddy I'll stay or I a'n't named Mike Simpkins."

"That's good," said Harry, rather at a loss how to receive this intelligence.

"You're the fust boy in this town ez had spoke a kind word to me for years. I don't blame 'em exactly, 'cause I was a wild feller, an' I've spent more 'n one night in the lockup. Now I s'pose you'll be feared o' me, same's the rest." Harry had unconsciously drawn away a little, but shook his head at this, and the other went on: "What I want now is a stiddy job, for when I get work, Pearl 'll come here and keep house for me."

"And who is Pearl?"

"She's my daughter's little girl; Maggie, that's my daughter, is dead"—old Mike drew his coat sleeve across his eyes—"she wrote me a letter—that is it. I always carry it and it'd keep me straight no matter how much I'm tempted. If I was reformed for a year, Pearl was to come to me an' live. Think o' that! An' I have been, an' longer. But the child's in a good home an' I can't get stiddy work enough ter keep her here. So I have ter wait," said old Mike, with a patient sigh. "Maggie wanted her ter come ter me, for Maggie was a good daughter, an' it was only after she married an' left me that I got lonesome and didn't care what become o' me."

Harry walked slowly back after leaving his new acquaintance, wondering how he could help him, resolved first of all to repeat Mike's story to his invariable confidant, his father.

"Yes, it's a pitiful story," Mr. Ashton said. "I'll make some inquiries first, and then we'll see what can be done."

"Well, Hal, you've got a new chum, I see," laughed Dick Scott, when they met at school next morning.

"Every man to his taste," Sam Browning quoted.

"And certainly tastes differ, eh, boys?" said another.

"Don't chaff, fellows. Wouldn't you like to help Mike out a bit?" said Harry.

"Not my kind, thanks," drawled Tom. "A man is known by the company he keeps, you know," and walked off.

"Mike hasn't a good name here in town," explained Dick.

"What's he done lately?" Harry asked.

"He used to be a regular loafer, and nobody 'll give him regular work now, though he's kept himself steady a long time. But a man who once gets a bad name is apt to keep it."

"Tisn't right, when he tries to improve," said Harry, indignantly.

"Maybe not, but we can't help it, can we?"

Mr. Ashton's inquiries confirmed his son's story.

"Now, my boy, I think I can give Mike regular work about the place, but he'll need something extra to fit up a little home for the child. Can you do anything?" Harry's allowance was a generous one, and he knew what his father meant. Could he give up the new toboggan he had been saving up for all summer? There was a sharp struggle in the boy's mind: