

Flowers of the Dust.

The Mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small—
So soft and slow the great wheels go,
they scarcely move at all;
But the souls of men fall into them and
are powdered into dust,
And in that dust grow the Passion-
Flowers—Love, Hope, and Trust.
Most wondrous their upspringing, in the
dust of the Grinding Mills,
And rare beyond the telling the fragrance
each distills—
Some grow up tall and stately, and some
grow sweet and small,
But Life out of Death is in each one—
with purpose grow they all.
For that dust is God's own garden, and
the Lord Christ tends it fair;
With, oh, such patient tenderness, and
oh, such loving care!
In sorrow the seeds are planted, they are
watered with bitter tears,
But their roots strike down to the Water-
Springs and the Sources of the Years.
These flowers of Christ's own providence,
they wither not nor die,
But flourish fair, and fairer still, through
all eternity.
In the Dust of the Mills, and in travail,
the amaranth seeds are sown,
But the Flowers in their full beauty
climb the Pillars of the Throne.
—John Oxenham.

Our Serial Story.

PETER.

A Novel of Which He is Not the Hero.

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

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Chapter X.

Reference has been made in these pages to a dinner to be given in the house of Breen to various important people, and to which Mr. Peter Grayson, the honored friend of the distinguished President of the Clearing House, was to be invited. The Scribe is unable to say whether the distinguished Mr. Grayson received an invitation or not. Breen may have thought better of it, or Jack may have discouraged it after closer acquaintance with the man who had delighted his soul as no other man except his father had ever done—but certain it is that that he was not present, and equally certain is it that the distinguished Mr. Portman was, and so were many of the directors of the Mukton Lode, not to mention various others—capitalists whose presence would lend dignity to the occasion and whose names and influence would be of inestimable value to the future of the corporation.

As fate would have it the day for assuaging the appetites of these financial magnates was the same that Miss Felicia had selected for her tea to Ruth, and the time at which they were to draw up their chairs but two hours subsequent to that in which Jack, crushed and humiliated by his uncle's knavery, had crept downstairs and into the street.

In this frame of mind the poor boy had stopped at the Magnolia in the hope of finding Garry, who must, he thought, have left Corinne at home, and then retraced his steps to the club. He must explode somewhere and with some one, and the young architect was the very man he wanted. Garry had ridiculed his old-fashioned ideas and had advised him to let himself go. Was the wiping out of Garry's fortune part of the System? He asked himself.

As he hunted through the rooms, almost deserted at this hour, his eyes searching for his friend, a new thought popped into his head, and with such force that it bowled him over into a chair, where he sat staring straight in front of him. To-night, he suddenly remembered—was the night of the dinner his uncle was to give to some business friends—"A Gold-Mine Dinner," his aunt had called it. His cheeks flamed again when he thought that these very men had helped in the Mukton swindle. To interrupt them, though, at their

feast—or even to mention the subject to his uncle while the dinner was in progress—was, of course, out of the question. He would stay where he was; dine alone, unless Garry came in, and then when the last man had left his uncle's house he would have it out with him.

Bifton was the only man who disturbed his solitude. Biffy was in full evening dress—an enormous white carnation in his button-hole and a crush hat under his arm. He was booked for a "Stag," he said with a yawn, or he would stay and keep him company. Jack didn't want any company—certainly not Biffy—most assuredly not any of the young fellows who had asked him about Gilbert's failure. What he wanted was to be left alone until eleven o'clock, during which time he would get something to eat.

Dinner over, he buried himself in a chair in the library and let his mind roam. Angry as he was Ruth's image still haunted him. How pretty she was—how gracefully she moved her arm as she lifted the cups; and the way her hair waved about her temples; and the tones of her voice—and dear Peter, so kind and thoughtful of him, so careful that he should be introduced to this and that person; and Miss Felicia! What a great lady she was; and yet he was not a bit afraid of her. What would they all think of him when the facts of his uncle's crime came to their ears, and they must come sooner or later. What, too, would Peter think of him for breaking out on his uncle, which he firmly intended to do as soon as the hour hand reached eleven? Nor would he mince his words. That an outrage of this kind could be committed on an unsuspecting man was bad enough, but that it should have taken place in his own uncle's office, bringing into disrepute his father's and his own good name, was something he could not tolerate for a moment. This he intended saying to his uncle in so many plain words; and so leaving our hero with his soul on fire, his mind bent on inflammables, explosives, and high-pressure—anything in fact that once inserted under the solid body of the senior Breen would blow that gentleman into space—we will betake ourselves to his palatial home.

The dinner being an important one, no expense had been spared.

All day long boys in white aprons had sprung from canvas-covered wagons, dived into Arthur Breen's kitchen and dived out again after depositing various eatables, drinkables and cookables—among them six pair of redheads, two saddles of mutton, besides such uncanny things as mushrooms, truffles and the like, all of which had been turned over to the chef, who was expressly engaged for the occasion, and whose white cap—to quote Parkins—"Gives a hair to the scullery which reminded him more of 'ome than anything 'e 'ad seen since 'e left 'is lordship's service."

Upstairs more wonderful things had been done. The table of the sepulchral dining-room was transformed into a bed of tulips, the mantel a parterre of flowers, while the sideboard, its rear packed with the family silver, was guarded by a row of bottles of various sizes, shapes and colors; various degrees of cobwebbed shabbiness, too—containing the priceless vintages which the senior member of the firm of Breen & Co. intended to set before his friends.

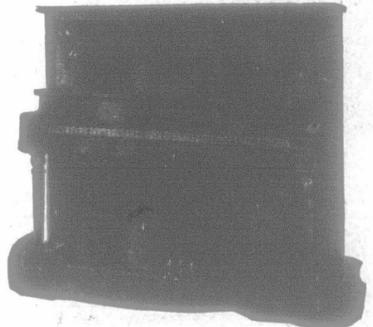
Finally, as the dinner hour approached, all the gas-jets were ablaze; not only the side lights in the main hall, and the overhead lantern which had shed its rays on Peter's bald head, but the huge glass chandelier hung in the middle of the satin-upholstered drawing-room, as well as the candelabra on the mantel with their imitation wax candles and brass wicks—everything, in fact, that could add to the brilliancy of the occasion.

All this despite the orderly way in which the millionaire's house was run, had developed a certain nervous anxiety in the host himself, the effect of which had not yet worn off, although but a few minutes would elapse before the arrival of the guests. This was apparent in the rise and fall of Breen's heels, as he seasawed back and forth on the hearth-rug in the satin-lined drawing-room, with his coat-tails spread to the lifeless grate, and from the way he

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8	42	22	6-6-6-6-6-6-6	26
8	47	22	6-6-6-6-6-6-6	26
8	47	22	4-5-5-1/2-7-8-1/2-9-9	26
9	47	16 1/2	4-5-5-1/2-7-8-1/2-9-9	29
9	48	22	6-6-6-6-6-6-6	29
9	48	16 1/2	6-6-6-6-6-6-6	31
9	52	22	4-4-5-5-1/2-7-8-1/2-9-9	31
9	52	16 1/2	4-4-5-5-1/2-7-8-1/2-9-9	31
10	48	22	3-3-3-4-5-1/2-7-7-1/2-8	31
10	48	16 1/2	3-3-3-4-5-1/2-7-7-1/2-8	33
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