

HOW THE FLOWERS GROW.

Do you know, darling, how pansies grow?
God takes the first of the sunset glow,
The purple that floats in the mountain mist,
The blush of a maid by her love first kissed,
The blue that's asleep in the midday skies,
The brown that I love in my baby's eyes,
And he mingles them all in a flower, and so
That is the way that the pansies grow.

Do you know, darling, how lilies grow?
God takes the soul of the beautiful snow
And molds it into a chalice sweet,
Pure and wonderful, fair, complete;
Then he takes the gold of my baby's hair
And sets it amid the whiteness there,
And in night's white skies the bright stars glow,
And that is the way that the lilies grow.

Do you know, darling, how roses grow?
Ah, that is the strangest of all, I know,
For they are the fairest of all things fair,
The one perfect blossom, beyond compare;
Symbol of sweetness and all loveliness,
God wished his children to comfort and bless,
And he wrote the thought in a flower, and so
That is the way that the roses grow.

—A. J. Waterhouse.

AN AVERTED SCANDAL.

BY CORA RIGBY.

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Mrs. Wynne felt she had borne all that any woman could be expected to bear, and more. Julian would not only cease to love her, as he already had done, or he never could have spoken to her as he had done at breakfast, but he could not respect her if she overlooked this indignity. She would show him that just because she had humored him and given in to him almost every time for the whole six months of their married existence she was not altogether lacking in spirit.

She would not stay under that roof another night—not an hour longer than was necessary to see that the house was put in order and directions given for dinner for she did not want any one to be able to say that she had neglected any plain duty. But where was she to go?

It was very easy to say that she was willing to work for her living, but who would give her a chance? And she meant it when she said she would sooner starve on the streets than eat the bread of Julian Wynne's providing. But the police would not let her do that. She shuddered at the thought of being roughly pulled about and thrust into a cold, hard cell among drunken women.

Oh, it was cruel of Julian to drive her to such a fate, and she sat down and wept into the checkered duster until her face was all smudged, which prevented her from looking as heroic as she felt when she stood up and declared sternly that she would not give way; that no man, especially Julian Wynne, was worth her tears.

When Mrs. Wynne had finished her household routine, she felt calmer, but her resolution was unshaken. Go she would. She saw that by hastening her preparations she could get the 10:47 train for the city. She wouldn't take a trunk; she could send for her belongings later. A suit case and a Gladstone bag would hold everything that she would need for a few days until she was able to leave.

She dared not look back at the pretty, shingled house with the ruffled white muslin curtains at the windows. She had been so proud of the house and its belongings when she had come there to live six months before, and now she was leaving it forever!

Were the neighbors watching her? she wondered. Would they read her trouble in her face and take note of her traveling bags? She hoped no one she knew would be going in on the same train. Fortunately it was a little late for the shop-pest, most of them got off before 10 o'clock. But just as she had said, "No, o'clock. But just as she had said, "No, the man had touched his hat and driven away, she turned to face her near neighbor, Mrs. Freewick, the most inquisitive, amiable and sociable person in Brookville, whose deafness was no bar to her brilliant talkativeness.

"What are you going away, Mrs. Wynne?" she demanded.

"Dear me, I didn't know it! How long are you going to stay?"

"I haven't quite decided."

"What will Mr. Wynne do without you? Or is he going with you?"

"Oh, he will enjoy keeping bachelor's hall, I'm sure."

All of Mrs. Wynne's replies had to be short of her companion and many of them repeated. She was glad when they reached the ferry. One question that she dropped more than all had not been asked. But it was not too late to ask. As they crossed the river, Mrs. Freewick, parodying or seeming not to hear remarks about the weather, the noxious odors of ferry-boats and the casual comments on the trials of suburbanites in transit, put in:

"Did you say you were going to your mother's?"

"No," replied Mrs. Wynne de-awtely. "Excuse me. I must see the porter about my bags."

But the friendly Mrs. Freewick was not to be baffled thus.

"You don't mind my asking where you are going, do you?" she said as her unhappy victim was concentrating herself on her escape. "I just can't bear to have any one away from Brookville and not know where they are. It's so unsocial."

Now, the only thing certain about Mrs. Wynne's plans was the uncertainty of her destination. She certainly could not and would not go to her mother's or any of her relatives, where she would have to explain matters. And in accepting the hospitality of friends she would have to go through the same humiliating ordeal. She thought of a hotel and dismissed the idea in the same breath. The Harriette Marie home occurred to her, but she surely could not tell Mrs. Freewick that she was going there.

"I am going to Westchester," she said at last. At the instant she thought it was a lie, but by a rolling of Providence it proved otherwise.

"Rochester!" exclaimed Mrs. Freewick. "Thank heaven, she misunderstood! I

never appreciated her deafness before, and now, since she thinks I have gone to Rochester, why shouldn't I go to Westchester? There's Gertrude Allyn; she would take me in and be less prying and disagreeable than any one I can think of. I'll go to her for a few days. I wouldn't go if George were home, on account of his being such a good friend of Julian's, but I don't believe he is back from his Western trip."

Gertrude Allyn's welcome was as cordial as could have been desired, and her sympathy was freely offered to the injured wife.

"I know Julian is unreasonable on that subject; we had a quarrel once on that same account," she said when she heard how matters stood.

For some reason Mrs. Wynne resented this acquiescence, and she remembered with a pang what until now she had forgotten—that there had been a flirtation once upon a time with Julian Wynne and Gertrude Howard as principals. If she had remembered that, she would have gone anywhere, even to her mother's, before coming here.

However, it was too late now—everything was too late, and tears of commiseration for her sad fate fell into the tea which Gertrude already had overflavored with lemon and rum in her solicitude for her friend.

Julian Wynne arrived at his office cross, and everything tended to put him in worse humor. He found himself poorer by \$200 than he had been the day before; there was a letter of reproof from a superior and one of complaint from a subordinate. He wished for the moment that he was a bachelor and could go off on a mad, irresponsible tear.

But, of course, he couldn't. He, a Benedict, the head of an establishment, the object of widely confidence and affection—but was he? The breakfast scene rose up before him, and in his present mood his wife's assertions and retorts assumed a character that was anything but soothing.

Didn't he have enough to bear without her going into tantrums like this? By Jove, he would teach her a lesson and have his fling at the same time! He wouldn't go home for two or three days. That would bring her around.

He had a little conscience about leaving her alone, however, so he telegraphed to an accommodating spinster aunt:

Going away for a few days. Please stay at Brookville until return.

J. W.

Rejoicing in his recklessness, he sallied forth, a free man once more. But his elation was short-lived. Ten minutes later he ran into Mrs. Freewick, the last woman on earth he would have chosen to meet just then.

"Oh, Mr. Wynne, isn't it the strangest thing that should see you just as I was thinking about you? Won't you come your dinners with us while Mr. Wynne is away? It is so desolate for a man to dine alone."

"Mrs. Wynne," thought the confused Mr. Wynne, "Why, thank you," he replied aloud, "but I am just leaving the city."

"Are you going to Rochester too?"

It certainly had not occurred to him to travel in that direction, but since she started him that way he wouldn't refuse to go.

"Yes, short time only; must rush for train. Goodbye!"

"What the deuce," muttered Mr. Wynne, "could she have meant by Helen's leaving me to solitary dinners, and why did she ask if I was going to Rochester? I must be in a precarious bad way. But I can't make out the middle. Wish my head did not ache so. Guess I'll get a boy to telephone and make sure Helen hasn't started for Rochester, as that French creature insinuated."

"Went away this morning? Didn't say when she'd be back? Told coachman not to meet her? You are sure you understood the maid? All right; you may go."

"It looks," soliloquized Mr. Wynne when the boy was beyond hearing, "as if my wife has gone off on a little tear of her own and as if she had got the start of me. I believe she did threaten to leave me this very day. But why should she choose to go to Rochester? Doesn't know a soul there. That's the reason probably. Little fool! Well, I don't see that there is anything for me to do but to follow her and bring her back. Looking for excitement? Here it is. Deserted husband in pursuit of his wife."

Rochester is not as large as New York city, but it isn't the easiest thing in the world to find a woman there when you have no idea where she is staying and when your controlling desire is to avoid publicity. Satisfied that his wife had not gone to a hotel in Rochester, Julian Wynne, now that she is staying in the city, decided to go to Rochester for further information.

"How is everything, aunt?" he asked with as much unconcern as he could muster, presenting himself the next day at his own house.

"Very well. But you did not tell me that Helen was going with you. Didn't she return with you?"

"No. You see, I came sooner than I thought for and am going back again."

"How much longer are you going to be away?"

"Can't tell. Few days only, I hope."

"You don't look a bit well. You had better stay until you get rested."

"Yes, certainly. Send my letters that come to my office once, please, and you will stay until we come back?"

"This is a situation!" exclaimed Mr. Wynne as he hurried back to town. "I've got to talk it over with some one. I wish George Allyn was at home. By the way, where is his letter? Think he wrote that he might arrive today. Yes, here it is. That's right, today."

"Well, I will betake myself to Westchester and deprive his wife of his delightful society. He's got to help me. I can't stand this much longer."

Mrs. Wynne was the sole occupant of the Allyn library when Mr. Wynne entered, and the two stood staring at each other in complete bewilderment for a full minute. Then there was something that sounded like a simultaneous sigh of relief from two persons and some exclamations that were not especially intelligible, but seemed to be satisfactory to those concerned.

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JEANIE'S CH

By Emma

As Jeanie sat in the radio September afternoon of a Sabbath father sat in the great Bible on the sacred world been a bright very scent of the and the busy but to come back to

It was her father Jeanie and her peat a verse wher ing. That mor was, inasmuch as one of the least ren, ye have do

What does this had asked.

And papa had Why, my dea you wire to see by the wayside, drink or shelter regard your kin if bestowed on

This was the to Jeanie as she She repeated the self, and then, blue eyes, she gler in the directio yard, where Childhood's shotivled. S and began to jar! Oh, how had worked for in the hot san

When they held them in ha mamma had as They are yo do with them hat for yours

Mamma, no breathlessly. hat; let me b eyes that go a little bed to p dear. Oh, how them so long.

Do just as you worked mamma said.

And now Je the village to Dot was weak—poor little accompany Je kissed her wh

Now, sit he watch for me as ever I can, big dolly in y ute I get bac

Jeanie thou the two silver and springing across the me close to the the "ayside ing beneath age across b at his feet, look, and the Jeanie look minutes, and

Good man No, not en I've had a s burts me.

Jeanie's l She drew a little dog.

What makes ed, at last. Why don't you go home? I am trying to get there, but walk ing makes my head hurt.

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how she would have liked to buy some little trifle for Dot!

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