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A Mother's Lament-BY LILLIAN A TOURTILLOTTE.

group of roses in my garden grew, With dawn pink petale; and their sweet

But one among my blossoms fairer seemed, And statelier far. Her perfect petals,

she grew, and raised her heart of

Her sisters were content, and proud, that she
Should be of all most regal, stately, rare;
And tried to shield her from the stormy
blast,
Or cruel, chilling air.

other gardens I could see the flowers Laid low beneath the wind, that, sweep-

ing past, ... Tore bud and blossom from their parent To whirl them on the blast.

But mine still grew and blossomed, and the forms
Only enhanced, for me, their fragrance, sweet,—
Till one more deadly swept, and threw my
own
Pa'e queer-rose at my feet.

My heart stood still. Her sisters all bowed

down
Their heads in grief. The bright sun
hid his face,
While all the flowers wept for beauty los',
And for departed grace.

Again her sisters raised each grief-bowed head,
And made once more my garden sweet and fair.

Preving the Promises.

"There's only a half a dollar left now,

Dan'!!"
"Dear heart! Well, I've been expectio'
to hear that for some daye. Haif-a-dollar;
It sain't much of a fortish, 'is it? But It sain't much of a fortish, 'is it? But Lord's rich; we must hold to that."
"Yer an' lote of folks is rich too, but that don't help us any. I re'ly don't know what we're gon't dod;"
"Jest this, Eunice: "Trust in the Lord an' do good, an' verily thou shall be fed."
That's plain enough."
"You're always got some Scripture

"Jest tor, "do good, an' verily thou shall be tea-hat's plain enough" "You're always got some Soripture "Myo're always got some Soripture saly, Dau') an' I don't want to say nothin' in it, but do be practical enough for note to kelp me plan. I want to git things nough with that fifty cents to keep us live a few dayse longer, anyway. Now that shall I buy'!"
"Well, now, let's see. What do we most

or knows, there's so many thing-lan't got nothin' in the house but a ta, an' sugar, an' oatoneal; we'l, 'e sait, an' spice, an' a few such sthat an't very sustainin' food; an' out of kereec, you know; we had in the dark fast night, an' night

we'er out of kee'esex, you know, we had no set in the dark last night, ao' night afure."

The of man sat silent a few moments, it was a dark outlook surely—old, lame, and poverty-tricken.

"Well, wife, i'm dreadful sorry you're brought to such a strait, but you moust jest buy cordio' to your means; git some of the cheapest things an' the most nourishin', an' mebbe by the time they're gone we'll hear from Silas."

"We've been r.-ayin' that for three mouths, father."

"Ye's, I know, but I ain't gin up hope o' hearis' yet; an' he knows the money he sent mut be gone by this time."

"Well, we ain't never the movey he sent mut be gone by this time."

"Well, we ain't never boy, he's more'n likely to be dead out in that wild west country, there such dreafful things happenin' out there all the time."

"Ne, no, wife I can't give in to that Like as not he's on his way home, an "Well, but have to come 'fore another week goes by, or well be starved to death, with the he'll be the one that's supprised. I've clean list my cutrage, Dan't!"

"Now don't dearie! Mebbe there's a letter in the efficient of the well of the sort. Too bad you've got to go out in the cold, an't wind blows too; better tie my comforter roand your neck. Wish put could ketch a ride goin or comin."

But there were no sleigha going to the 'Corrers,' and the old lady plodded on 'Corrers', and the old lady plo

come biases!."
So the old man talked hopefully to his wife, who, intent on her cooking and Sat-riday clessing, grew more cheerful; and when they sat down to their late dinner or bean pon-lige, with desert of boiled rice, hey grew quite merry over it, like two-children as they were

about it."

When they were ready to start he said:
"Don't forgit the collection money,
Equation."

crazy that you want to give away your very last cent?

"I dunno as I'ss crazy, but I thought you said there was eleven cents left, as I guess we can afford to give a penny apieco out o' that. I'd be sahamed enough to go to be Lord's house, as not, put sometim in the basket; an' so would you when you think on it."

in the banket; an to wome,
think on it.

"I aim't begrudged it when we've had it
to give, but does 'pear to me this aim't no
time for givin', 'but with a calmess born
of despair, she went to the bureau-drawer
and took two cents from the limp little
packet book, and handed one to her bus-

of despair, she went to the bureau-drawer and took two cents from the limp little pocket book, and handed one to her husband.

"There! I don't know as it makes any difference how the last of it goes. It ain't enough to have any words over, as' I don't want to get my spind all riled up jest as I'on goil' to meetin', but it does seem to me that a man that's been honeet an' hardworkin' all his life, an' allways doit' an' givin' beyond his means, an' hangin' onto the promises as you have, ought to have some good come to him 'fore ever he's dead; but instead of that, it's lees after lose, an' trial after trial."

"Now, wife don't git down-sperited; there's good ahead on us yet—some on it a comin 'right now, for Deacon Bailey's drivin' down the hill an' beckonin' for us to come an' ride. He's a thoughtful creeter, bless him!"

The next morning Mrs. Bailey said to her hasband: "Somshow, I feel worried about Unde Daniel and his wife. I noticed yesterday how old and worn they looked—hangswd, is fact. You don't suppose they're in any want, do you?"

"Really, I haven't given the maiter a thought jut he're had a bad spell of lame news, you know?"

"Yes, but she looks worse than he does, if anything, is fact. You don't suppose they're in any want, do you?"

"But Aunt Sundow,"

"Yes, but she looks worse than he does, if anything, and he will come said yetendy they went't heard morning in so long that they went't heard morning him in so long that they went't heard worried."

"But Aut Gould him in so long that they went't heard on which in the look on only mind all the morning, and I think he's yiste the don't fund anyhow, for I took up it haven't got over my worry about unde bahout them."

But at the dinner-table Mrs. Bailey said: "I haven't got over my worry about unde bahout them."

But at the dinner-table Mrs. Bailey said: "I haven't got over my worry about unde bahout them."

But at the dinner-table Mrs. Bailey said: "I haven't got over my worry about unde bahout funds anyhow, for I took up it took believe they're in meed

Uncle Daviel could accept charity very grace-fully, be's the most censitive man! know".

"Yee, but he might be grafeful for help if the giver was unknown; we must think out some plan."

"Give em a surprise party," suggested Harry, "I saw her 'over at the store Saturday, buying some beans, an' she got two candler. Taink of it! She said, they wasn' so dangerous as oil, but she paid for what she got, anyway."

"I might put a barrel of provisions on their doorstep fater dark," said the Deacon." I remember they had a few vegetables planted in the yard, but of ourne it was no supply for the winter; so, wife, if you think best we'll make up a barrel full out of our cellar."

"And do put in some butter!" said Harry, who was an extravagant lover of that article. "Annt Euncoe bought the littlest pat of it you ever cee-not more's I want to one meal, It's avfail to have to skimp on butter!"

But when the hings "that could go just as well as not" were brought forth; it was found neefful to use two barrels; for apples and potatoes were abundant in the Dracon's cellar, and the owner was generous.

"But how will the old falks ever get

them in the house ?" said the as he carried them up the cellar etairs.

"Suppose I happen down there a little after?" said Harry, who had entered whole-heasted into the packing "Make up some errand for me, can' yo. ?"

"I might send some of my frait cake and a mince pie," said his mother. Auto Bunice sould take that as just a neighborly kindness, I presume."

"All right; you're a famous planner! Won't it be fun to see the old people's wonder? Piy it's past Christmas; then they might think Santa Claus had come sure enough. However, I'll tell them that he got belated."

"Mercy me, I can't open it till I git a light!"

But her hand trembled, and match after match flared up, sputtered, and went out, before one performed its mission; and ownering a state of the door, there were words of apology on her lips for the delay, but when she saw two barrals only standing before her, she was dumb with games 5:14,15. He said: "New if we were not a ounselieving—if we could just were not so unselieving—if we could just were not so the not so were not so that the prover is n

disturbed his pictures as pictures and pless and an alled half the night.

The next day was very stormy, but Deacon Bailey had an errand to the "Corners," and stopped on the way home. "Here's a letter that has just come, Uncle Daniel, I brought it right along, thinking you might not get over to day." "Oh, I'm powerful glad you did. It's from Siles, the dear boy! Do set down, Deacon, while we read it."

The itter contained a money order and many loving meesages; but, best of all, the assurance that he was coming home in the spring to stay, having saved enough to buy a nior farm.

"The glad to hear that," said the caller. "That be of any help to you in the mean time? Jack can bring a load of wood."

"Thas you, thank you kindly, Deacon! We've enough at present; we've amazin comfortable, an' now we've heard from Silas we're happy. Surely goodness an meroy bollers us!"

They had the "biled dinner," and it was truly eates with thankegiving, and grattude to the unknown giver, for in the guilelssenses of their child-like hearts they never suspected that the barrals came from the Deacon's. "Zion's Herald."

the ead of our housekeeping far as I can see !"

"If the worst comes to the worst," said Uncie Daniel finally, "I must see Squire Lee, an' see if he can 'low as a leetle source on the old house. It does 'pear to me as if it might be worth a triffs more's 't's mortgage now on, bein' there's no back interest. Pears as if I couldn't hear we should go out of it—not till our heavely manuscle is got ready for us; we must be sure an' be prepared for that move, wife; an' the light head of the more light effections—"

"Hark, Dan'! A lai't there somebody a comin' in the gate?"

"I don', hear nothin' but the wind. As I was a rayin'—pears as if I did hear a kind of a bound, Eunen."

"The dear land! What would a boty think to Sad as without a. single 'light and the proving larger of the light of the house?"

"The doar land! What would a boty think to Sad as without a. single 'light of the house?"

"The dear land! What would a boty think to Sad as without a. single 'light pear's larger form her chair, there came a knock on the door.

CARDS WHILDOWSAND FREE DESCRIPTION OF THE DESCRIPTI

satch fixed up, sputtered, and went one lock of course preferred its minister, and when she at last opened the door, there locked he she was dumb with the course of the the cours

has red hair.'

—A fond mother called the other day up
President Patton, of Princeton, and a is
anaiously if her son would be well rake
care of a toolless. Said Dr. Patton: Madia
we guarantee saliention, or return it
boy. —Birchangs.

—Grocer: You say that your wife, Use
Rastus, supports the family by taking
washing? Uno's Rastus: 'Yes, sah. 'Groce
Well, don'; you feel a little by is abknowled
times?' Uncle Rastus: 'Shamed? No. 'sa
dere's nothing' describe? bout takin'.

times" Uncle Rastuu "Shamed" Ko, sab derek nobhin deprile" boor takin' in war nobhin deprile" boor takin' in war Fork Sma — Wife: "John, you have a very annoy ing habit of saying." what's that "I when-ever you are spoker to. Can't you here yourself of it." Bushand (reading).— S — what's that "— Bpoch.

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