

# The Salting of the Tio Juan

WOLCOTT LE CLEAR BEARD

CHAPTER II.

IN the excitement of the affair at the hotel, the invitation that he was on his way to accept had entirely slipped Joyce's mind. Now he recollected it with impatience. He was too anxious about himself to relish the idea of taking tea with an unknown old woman smiling at the sight of the little figure smiling almost bashfully in the doorway. Joyce smiled back again and pulled off his cap.

"She's taken a shine ter you somehow or another," said Tom in a whisper. "Never knowed her ter do that with no one before, but it's mighty lucky fer you she has. There ain't many women like her round here, yer bet, ner nowhere else."

There was an awkward moment as the three of them entered the bare little room which seemed to be at once kitchen and living and dining room, and into which the front door opened. Old Mrs. Elkins stood smiling at her visitor and feeling of him intently, yet with an air of feigned deprecation that was quite new to her. At least Tom never before had seen this manner in his imperious little aunt. No one knew exactly what to say, and there was a pause for a moment, which was broken by Joyce.

"It was awfully good of you to ask me up here in this way," said he. "One doesn't look for that kind of thing from strangers any more, far less in a place like this. Your nephew gave me no time to change my clothes, so I hope you'll pardon me. Won't you?" Joyce was talking simply in order to relieve the awkwardness of the situation, but Old Mrs. Elkins, who was rewarded by the last part of his speech. She knew that the clothes he was wearing had exposed him to ridicule and thought that he had become sensitive about them. She glanced at the golf stockings and then defiantly at her nephew before she spoke.

"I think these moughty pretty," said she. Tom grinned and was rewarded with a look of severe reproof from his aunt. "Tawm, theah, is a good boy," she went on apologetically, "but theah's a lot of things that he oughtn't know 'bout that he don't. Manahs is one." Tom, snubbed into silence for the time being, retired, while Old Mrs. Elkins bustled nervously about the room, making unnecessary changes in his meager arrangements.

Whenever she thought she was unobserved Joyce could see that his hostess was looking at him intently. Sometimes she found that she had been discovered in this act and then was thrown into a state of such pitiable confusion that after one or two occasions of the kind Joyce refrained from looking at her. But he knew that her eyes were constantly upon him, and the knowledge made him uncomfortable. He tried to draw her into conversation, at first with indifferent success, but after awhile she began asking questions. Most searching questions they were. Joyce astonished himself by the readiness with which he answered them.

Ordinarily Joyce objected strongly to the examinations through which every chance acquaintance since he had come west had tried to put him. The questions of Old Mrs. Elkins, however, did not offend him in the least. Perhaps the apologetic manner in which they were made was accounting for this singular fact. Probably their being so, evidently prompted by a real interest instead of vulgar curiosity, had still more to do with it. At all events, he answered her as he would have answered an elderly relative—told her all about himself and his home and his reasons for leaving it. He had a little money, it seemed, and would have more. In the meantime he had come west to see what there was in the country, as he expressed it, and to make money, if he could, in some one of the many profitable enterprises that were, as he thought, constantly offering themselves.

"I don't know what theah is round 'heah," said Old Mrs. Elkins thoughtfully as Joyce told her this. "Gamblin' needs experience, even if you run a squah game, an' theah's too many saloons heah now. It'd be a business too rough for you anyhow. Theah's nothin' left but minin', as I kin see. We kin talk that over, Suppah's ready now. Will you come?"

Tom, who was lounging on the veranda, came in at his aunt's call. As they seated themselves Joyce hastened to assure his hostess that he had no thought of pursuing a profession either saloon keeping or gambling. Going into minin' he had not only thought of going into, but had actually gone. Only the day before, the day of his coming to Foot Leg, he had bought a mine and now intended working it.

"Now, that theah's too bad!" cried Old Mrs. Elkins in unexpected dismay, laying down her knife and fork.

Tom swore a little in an undertone and then asked: "What one of them it fellers was it that you bought from? I thought mos' all of them what had holes ter sell was in that crowd we saw down ter the hotel awhile back. You sure wasn't so friendly with any of them that they could work you like that?"

"The man that sold it to me was in that crowd," admitted Joyce. "The crowd wasn't unevill then, though. That all come afterward. He came to me last night and told me about this mine he had to sell; said it was a good mine and that he wouldn't part with it except that he was too ill to work it himself and wanted to get it off his hands as quickly as he could and then go back where he came from; said the climate here didn't agree with him."

"Don't know where 'twas he come from, but I know mighty well where he'll go ter," interrupted Tom, "an' the

Joyce examined the picture carefully. In spite of the artificial complexion by means of which the photographer had endeavored to enhance its beauty, it did cruel violence to Joyce's vanity. His first feeling was one of profound disgust that he could be thought by any stretch of the imagination to resemble the face that stared at him from that picture.

"Don't you think it looks like you? Can't you see how it does?" asked Old Mrs. Elkins, smiling at the eyes, theaah, an' the chin." Joyce glanced at the withered face that was looking into his, eagerly awaiting his reply, and then lied nobly.

"Yes, there is a resemblance," said he, "a very strong resemblance—striking." The old woman flushed with pleasure as he laid the picture carefully in her work hardened palm. She turned to replace it in the book, and as she did so Tom reappeared in the doorway.

"Look a-yere," he cried good naturedly. "If yer goin' along with me you'll have ter git a wiggle on. I got ter get ter work."

"He's a-goin', Tawm. He's a-goin' to stah't right now. Didn't you say you had—no gun?" she asked, addressing Joyce.

"No; I haven't," he replied. "I don't need one now, though, if I'm going down with Tom. I'll get one in the morning if necessary."

"You don't neevah know when yer a-goin' to need one?" when yer not," said his hostess reprovingly. "Don't neevah talk that way. That kindah talk has seen the end of some mighty good men. Take this." As she spoke she drew from the bosom of her gown a double barreled Derringer and held it toward him. "You couldn't have nothin' bettah foh shaw't range," she went on, mistaking the reason for Joyce's hesitation in taking the proffered weapon. "This one ain't neah so had to cock as the run of them Derringers. Put it in the outside pocket of that theah jacket an' keep yer han' in theaah too. Then, if you have to shoot, git as close as you kin an' tuhn it loose right through the pocket, an' do it quick."

"But I don't want to take your pistol," Joyce expostulated. "You'd be without any then, and really I haven't any particular use for it now."

"Don't you s'pose I got another?" asked Old Mrs. Elkins impatiently. "Take it."

"Why don't you take it like she tells you ter?" said Tom, amazed that any one should thus trifle with the mandates of his aunt. "Come along. I got ter hurry. Good night." He waved his hand to the little woman standing in the doorway and then hastened off. Joyce put the Derringer in his pocket and followed.

"Good night," Old Mrs. Elkins called after them. "Don't take yer han' outah yer pocket at all. Then you can't go wrong. Remember that."

"She's dead right," Tom agreed, "but that she always is. You won't need ter do no shootin' tonight, though, mos' likely, not 'thout you runs yerself right 'gains' to I don't reckon I'll go to work tonight. I'll be fresher in the mornin' then."

"Rather an odd time to go to work anyhow, isn't it?" asked Joyce.

"No. It's the reg'lar time in my business. There ain't nothin' dot'n in the daytime. I run the Easy Go. Didn't you know that? It's a square game. Generally I deal one of the tables myself, but I'll put somebody else on this evenin'. Tomorrow I start in at work at that there mine of yours. We're partners in that mine, you an' me. Don't forget that, an' be careful you don't queer no other bluff I chuck. I'll take some play to pull Lippy Riley fer the wad he got outter you. You go an' tuhn in now. There ain't no need fer you ter be round that there hole in the mornin' what you call the Tio Juan, an' yer better away, but if you meander down there sometimes in the course of the forenoon it won't do no harm."

"I don't think it looks like you? Can't you see how it does?" asked Old Mrs. Elkins, smiling at the eyes, theaah, an' the chin." Joyce glanced at the withered face that was looking into his, eagerly awaiting his reply, and then lied nobly.

"Yes, there is a resemblance," said he, "a very strong resemblance—striking." The old woman flushed with pleasure as he laid the picture carefully in her work hardened palm. She turned to replace it in the book, and as she did so Tom reappeared in the doorway.

"Look a-yere," he cried good naturedly. "If yer goin' along with me you'll have ter git a wiggle on. I got ter get ter work."

"He's a-goin', Tawm. He's a-goin' to stah't right now. Didn't you say you had—no gun?" she asked, addressing Joyce.

"No; I haven't," he replied. "I don't need one now, though, if I'm going down with Tom. I'll get one in the morning if necessary."

"You don't neevah know when yer a-goin' to need one?" when yer not," said his hostess reprovingly. "Don't neevah talk that way. That kindah talk has seen the end of some mighty good men. Take this." As she spoke she drew from the bosom of her gown a double barreled Derringer and held it toward him. "You couldn't have nothin' bettah foh shaw't range," she went on, mistaking the reason for Joyce's hesitation in taking the proffered weapon. "This one ain't neah so had to cock as the run of them Derringers. Put it in the outside pocket of that theah jacket an' keep yer han' in theaah too. Then, if you have to shoot, git as close as you kin an' tuhn it loose right through the pocket, an' do it quick."

"But I don't want to take your pistol," Joyce expostulated. "You'd be without any then, and really I haven't any particular use for it now."

"Don't you s'pose I got another?" asked Old Mrs. Elkins impatiently. "Take it."

"Why don't you take it like she tells you ter?" said Tom, amazed that any one should thus trifle with the mandates of his aunt. "Come along. I got ter hurry. Good night." He waved his hand to the little woman standing in the doorway and then hastened off. Joyce put the Derringer in his pocket and followed.

"Good night," Old Mrs. Elkins called after them. "Don't take yer han' outah yer pocket at all. Then you can't go wrong. Remember that."

"She's dead right," Tom agreed, "but that she always is. You won't need ter do no shootin' tonight, though, mos' likely, not 'thout you runs yerself right 'gains' to I don't reckon I'll go to work tonight. I'll be fresher in the mornin' then."

"Rather an odd time to go to work anyhow, isn't it?" asked Joyce.

"No. It's the reg'lar time in my business. There ain't nothin' dot'n in the daytime. I run the Easy Go. Didn't you know that? It's a square game. Generally I deal one of the tables myself, but I'll put somebody else on this evenin'. Tomorrow I start in at work at that there mine of yours. We're partners in that mine, you an' me. Don't forget that, an' be careful you don't queer no other bluff I chuck. I'll take some play to pull Lippy Riley fer the wad he got outter you. You go an' tuhn in now. There ain't no need fer you ter be round that there hole in the mornin' what you call the Tio Juan, an' yer better away, but if you meander down there sometimes in the course of the forenoon it won't do no harm."

TOO RAPID EATING.

It is One of the Most Fruitful Causes of Ill Health.

One of the most fruitful causes of ill health and bad complexions is the habit of rapid eating. It is growing more and more prevalent in this country. We really haven't time to eat properly, and we have very little time to sleep, yet we hope to retain youth and beauty.

A woman may work ever so hard and be under a great tension while working, but if she will take time enough to eat (in half hour at the least, with a half hour rest at noon), and will sleep seven or eight hours in the twenty-four she will greatly increase her usefulness.

With the habit of rapid eating comes an increase in the amount of liquids taken during the meals. Food properly masticated can be easily swallowed, but if it is hurriedly eaten it must be washed down with liquid. This, of course, lessens the flow of saliva, dilutes the gastric juices and interferes greatly with the process of digestion.

Those who have tried thorough mastication of their food with no liquid, unless at the end or a half hour after the meal, have learned that the food tastes better, the meal is more satisfactory and the appetite is appeased with less food, the digestion is aided, leaving one much more comfortable than the hasty meal. A few days' trial will convince the most skeptical, for the stomach responds promptly to decent treatment. It expects it. It deserves it.

One of the greatest mistakes of the age is rapid eating, and one of the greatest curses is the nervous dyspepsia caused by it.

TOO LONG.

The Hon. William E. Chandler, secretary of the navy under President Arthur, tells this story of Assistant Surgeon Ver Mullen.

That officer was six feet four inches in height, a fact that occasioned him much discomfort when he was serving on the old Pensacola, the height of the vessel between decks being only five feet eight inches. As Surgeon Ver Mullen considered the matter he remembered that long letters to the navy department were not always given that prompt attention he thought should be afforded in the present instance, so he determined to approach the authorities in a manner novel enough to impress them with the gravity of the situation. So he addressed his superior officer in this wise:

The Honorable the Secretary of the Navy:

Sir—Length of myself, 6 feet 4; height of wardroom, 5 feet 8; respectfully, L. O. VER MULLEN, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. N.

Shortly after the navy department detached Ver Mullen "until such time as a more suitable ship could be found for his assignment."—Harper's Weekly.

THE "I" AND THE "J."

Why They are Dotted and How the Practice Originated.

The dot over the "i" originated in an accent which was put over the letter when doubled or placed next a "u," a practice traced back to the seventh century. In the twelfth century the accent occurs in the combination of "i" with other letters, and in the fourteenth century the accent was changed to a dot—first instance in MSS. 1327—which became general when printing made it inconvenient to retain both forms.

Originally "i" and "j" were modified forms of the same letter. In the fifteenth century the "i" at the beginning of a word was lengthened and ornamentally turned to the left, while in the middle of a word it was unaltered. Both forms were dotted, and after the initial "i" became "j," a separate letter and a consonant, it still retained its dot. This is limited usually to the small "j," but abroad it may be seen also over the capital letter.—London Telegraph.

The Doctor Answered.

Waagstaff—Good morning, doctor. Are you enjoying good health this morning? Doctor—Well—er—that's about the only kind of health a man can enjoy, isn't it? You never knew any one to enjoy bad health, did you? Waagstaff—Oh, yes. I've known some doctors to enjoy bad health.

NEW SHORT STORIES

P. T. Barnum's Menu.

The late P. T. Barnum was known as an ideal host and, next to his interest in the "greatest show on earth," enjoyed nothing better than entertaining his friends at his house and table.

Among those who visited him most frequently at Lindencroft or Waldemere and who gave the name to the last resident was Joel Benton, who sometimes calls himself "author of prose and verse."

It is a peculiarity of this author that with the slight exception, he eats neither butter nor milk and none of the ordinary meats, not for any hygienic or philosophical reason, but simply because they are distinctly unpalatable to him. On one occasion, when a young lady occupied a seat near Mr. Benton at Mr. Barnum's table, the water hadn't the bachelor author some butter. "Oh," said Barnum to the waiter and pointing at the lady, "you wouldn't do that, for he doesn't love any but her!"

Mr. Barnum's table, of course, was always bountifully supplied with a great variety of food, and yet on another occasion when Mr. Benton refused the beef and the lamb and the butter Mr. Barnum wearily said: "Well, Benton, you seem likely to starve here. What can we serve you?"

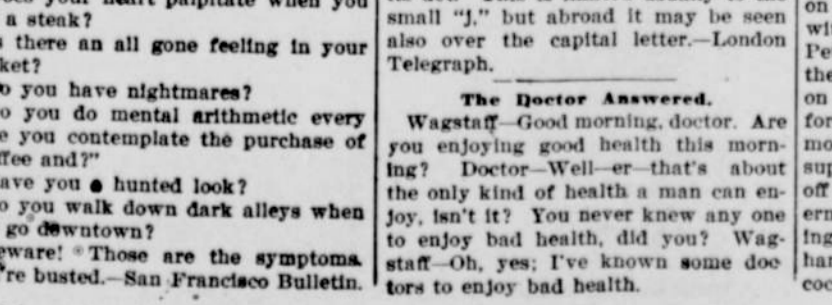
"Oh," said Benton, "I eat everything that sees or swims!"

"Very well, then," said Barnum, "we'll get you a crow and a whale tomorrow."

WOMAN AND FASHION

For House Wear.

All women agree as to the comfort of a dressing sack and will readily undertake the fashioning of one when they would hardly attempt the making of a dress. This one is exceedingly



LADY'S DRESSING SACK.

simple in construction and is out of well shaped lines. It is made of the figured French flannel, with bands of contrasting material. It could also be made of outing flannel or any of the dainty lawns or china silks for warm weather. The medium size requires two and three-quarter yards of forty-four inch material.

## THE CROWS OF INDIA

THEY ARE THE ARCH VILLAINS OF THE BIRD WORLD

Two Species of the Feathered Vagabonds Exist Side by Side and Ply Their Tricks of Iniquity in Common—Larceny For the Love of It.

It is quite impossible for any one who has not sojourned in the "Land of Regrets" to appreciate the important part played by crows in the daily life of the Anglo-Indian. India without its crows is unthinkable; it could only be likened to London without its fogs. Wherever human beings have their abodes there are multitudes of corvidae to be found, for the Indian crow is an inseparable appendage of town and village. Two species exist side by side in India, the great black-bird known to Anglo-Indians as the corby and the smaller gray-necked species. Both birds lead lives of aimless vagabondage; both are scoundrels of the most pronounced type; both are sinners beyond redemption. Did the black crow exist alone it would be held up as the emblem of all that is evil and mischievous. As things are, its iniquities pale into insignificance beside those of its gray-necked cousin. The very name of the latter bird is sufficient to raise the ire of the righteous man. To call the arch villain of the bird world "the splendid" is mere mockery of words. Jewon, the famous Indian naturalist, "often regrets that such an inappropriate specific name should have been applied to this species, for it tends to bring into ridicule among the unscientific the system of nomenclature."

The Indian crow is able to utilize most things. A Calcutta bird has made itself famous for all time by constructing a nest of the wires used to secure the corks of soda water bottles. Bombay is very jealous of Calcutta, and the crow, of course, appears their betters. The Bombay birds determined not to be outdone by the Calcutta corvidae. Accordingly one of the former promptly built her nest of gold and silver spectacle frames stolen from Messrs. Lawrence & Mayo's factory. The value of the materials used in the construction of this nest was estimated at £20. But crows will appropriate things for which they can have no possible use. They commit larceny for the love of the thing. The Indian crow is the incarnate spirit of mischief. The bird will wondrously tear a leaf out of a book lying open on the table. My gardener, adds Mr. Denton, puns every morning on flowers in the vases. This operation is performed on the veranda. One day the man was called away from his work for a couple of minutes. During his absence a crow swooped down and succeeded in taking a beakful of flowers and breaking the vase in which they were placed. A red-tailed crow of my acquaintance who lives in the Himalayas is a very enthusiastic gardener, and the crows are the bane of his life. They root up his choicest seedlings, sever the heads of his most superb flowers from the stalk and fly away with the little pieces of paper which he places in cleft sticks to mark where seeds have been sown.

But it is in towns that the iniquity of the crows reaches its maximum. The Madras corvidae are a byword throughout the length and breadth of India. The hospital is their favorite playground. They are never so happy as when annoying the inmates. They knock at once when a person is too ill to move. The consequence is that it has been found necessary to have made for all the tables over covers which protect articles placed at the bedside from the ravages of the "treble dated birds." I have seen a Madras crow quietly helping itself to the contents of a basket which an old woman was carrying on her head. The bird was possessed of sufficient intelligence to refrain from alighting on the basket. Had it done so its presence would probably have been detected. It flapped along just above the top of the basket, keeping pace with the woman, and so, unperceived by her, made a meal off the contents. The knavish tricks of crows are by no means confined to human beings. As Colonel Cunningham truly says, "Any animal pet, or, of course, even more than inanimate objects, subject to their attentions, and unless in wholly inaccessible places are constantly liable to have their food purloined and their lives rendered a burden by persistent and ingenious persecution." I once possessed a greyhound which used to be fed in the garden. A man had to stand over the dog while it was feeding; otherwise the crows would devour the greater portion of the meal. Their plan of campaign was simple and effective. They soon learned the dog's feeding hour and as it drew near would take up a position on any convenient tree. The moment the greyhound began to eat a crow would swoop down and peck viciously at its tail. The dog would, of course, turn on the bird, and the others would seize this opportunity to snatch away some of the food. The process would be repeated until the meal was over. Crows tease and annoy wild creatures with the same readiness that they worry domestic animals. They mob every strange bird in much the same way as the London street arab makes fun of any person in unusual attire.—Longman's Magazine.

Stylish Jacket.

The vest effect makes a prominent feature of the season and is apparent in all the latest coats and jackets. This attractive model is adapted both to the suit and to the general wrap and to the entire range of seasonable materials, but, as illustrated, is made of black velvet with the waistcoat of heavy white silk and the little turn-over collar finished with embroidery.

COAT WITH VEST.

The combination of materials is singularly effective, but the vest is equally correct when made from cloth, vesting or any contrasting material that may be preferred.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-one inches wide, two yards forty-four inches wide or one and seven-eighths yards fifty-two inches wide, with one yard twenty-one or twenty-seven or three-quarters yard forty-four inches wide for the vest.

Maternal Slips.

Tom—What made you give me away so when I was telling that yarn at the dinner table? Dick—I didn't mean to; it was only a slip of the tongue. But that's no reason why you should have kicked me so hard! Tom—Oh, I didn't mean to—it was only a slip of the foot.—Detroit Free Press.

A Good Beginning.

She—I spend six hours a day trying to grow tall; it's the fashion, you know. He—Well, you've made a beginning, I see. Your face looks longer than usual.—Detroit Free Press.

Sowing and Reaping.

The lay of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act, and you reap a habit. Sow a habit, and you reap a character. Sow a character, and you reap a destiny.

Give the reins to appetite, and you give wings to happiness.—Woman's Life.

Microscopic Detective.

Ehrenberg, prince of microscopists, some years ago was employed by the Prussian government to investigate a case of smuggling. A case had been opened, valuables extracted and the case repacked and shipped onward to its destination. The only clue to the criminals was that the unpacking must have been done at some of the customs houses through which the goods had passed. To all appearance the microscope had a hopeless task. Ehrenberg took some of the sand which had been used in repacking, placed it under the microscope, looked through the tube, and, behold, there on the sand lay a peculiar specimen of foraminifera. That animal was found only at one place in the world and told where the crime had been committed.

COMPENSATION.

All Things Are to Be Had if One Will but Pay the Equivalent.

Life consists almost wholly of buying, selling, paying. There are no gifts, nothing that does not call for an equivalent. If we cannot pay for gifts in kind we must pay in gratitude or service or we shall rank as moral bankrupts.

If I would have a good situation I must pay for it not only in labor, but in promptness, intelligence, faithfulness and good manners. If I would have good service I must pay not only in money, but in consideration, recognition, appreciation, fairness. I can hold no one to me if I misuse him.

All things are to be had for the buying. Would you have friends? Then pay the price. The price of friendship is to be worthy of friendship. The price of glory is to do something glorious. The price of shame is to do something shameful.

Friendship, glory, honor, admiration, courage, infamy, contempt, hatred, are all in the market place for sale at a price. We are buying and selling these things constantly as we will. Even beauty is for sale. Plain women can gain beauty by cultivating grace, animation, pleasant speech, intelligence, helpfulness, courage or good will. Beauty is not in the features alone; it is in the soul also.

Good will buys good will, friendliness buys friendship, confidence buys confidence, service rewards service, and hate pays for hate, suspicion for suspicion, treachery for treachery, contempt for ingratitude, slovenliness, laziness and lying.

We plant a shrub, a rosebush, an orchard, with the expectation that they will pay us back. We build roads, mend harness and patch the roof with the same expectation. We will trust even these unconscious things to pay their debts.

Some of our investments are good and some are bad. The good qualities we acquire—kindness, courtesy, order, patience, candor—are sound investments. Our evil institutions and habits are bad investments, involving us in losses. We become debtors to them, and they are exacting creditors, forcing payment in full in money and labor and sometimes in blood, agony, tears, humiliation or shame.—From "Balance: The Fundamental Verity," by Orlando J. Smith.

Gems In Verse

Sister Sorrow.

Sister Sorrow, sit beside me,  
Or, if I must wander, guide me;  
Let me take thy hand in mine;  
Cold alike are mine and thine.

Think not, Sorrow, that I hate thee,  
Think not I am frightened at thee;  
Thou art come for some good end,  
I will treat thee as a friend.

I will say that thou art bound  
My unshelved soul to wound  
By some force without thy will  
And art tender minded still.

I will say thou givest scope  
To the breath and light of hope;  
That thy gentle tears have weicht  
Hardest hearts to penetrate.

That thy shadow brings together  
Friends long lost in sunny weather,  
With a hundred offices  
Beautiful and best as these.

Softly takest thou the crown  
From my haughty temples down;  
Place it on thine own pale brow—  
Pleasure wears one; mine not thou!

Let the blossoms gladden thee  
On thy long, unbandaged feet,  
And when I have borne my pain,  
Thou wilt give them me again.

If thou goest, Sister Sorrow,  
I shall look for thee tomorrow;  
I shall often see thee dressed  
As a masquerading guest.

And, however thou hid'st the name,  
I shall know thee still the same  
As thou starest beside me now,  
With my garland on thy brow.

—Richard Monckton Milnes in Christian Edgemoor Vol. 10.

To Sleep.

A flock of sheep that lazily pass by,  
One after one, the sound of rain, and bees  
Murmuring the fall of rivers, winds and seas;  
Smooth fields, white sheets of water and  
By turns have all been thought of, yet I  
Sleepless, and soon the small birds' melody  
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard  
trees,  
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.  
Even thus last night and two nights more  
I lay  
And could not win thee, Sleep, by any  
stealth,  
So do not let me wear tonight away,  
Without thee what is all the morning's  
wealth?  
Come, blessed barrier between night and  
day,  
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous  
health!

—Wordsworth.

Parables.

Take these memories sweet scented,  
Gathered while the morning dew  
Drenched the silver of the cobwebs,  
Heartsease, picked at dawn for you,  
Yellow for the days of sunshine,  
White for days of peace and rest,  
Purple ones for feasts and high days,  
Wine red for the days love best,  
For myself I keep the blue ones,  
Memories of grief and pain,  
Keep them hidden lest their shadow  
Fall across your heart again.

—Mildred Howells in Atlantic.