UNGRANTED,

FROM THE PLAISS,

Where do they go-the ungranted prayers, The baffled hope, lost love, and wasted yearn

The sweet vain dreams, the patient slighted cares Cast on the tireless tide that has no turning?

The sleepless nights, the weary, anxious days. The eager joy that blossoms but for blighting: The mocking gleams that glitter on one's ways, To vanish in one moment of delighting?

Are they stored up in some great solemn bank, Where Time holds for Eternity the key? As the rich hues that in the westward sans. May sleep, enshrined beneath the sleeping sea?

Or do they, blended in a gracious breath. Pervade the atmosphere of common life, Softening the terror of the door of death. Lulling the fret and fever of the strife?

Who knows, who knows? Our darlings from us

glide: Imploring clasp and passionate prayer, are Our trust betrayed, missed aim, or shattered

pride, The great dumb river sweeps them to the snare.

And yet, for something every gift is given. Through age on age, so priest and poet saith. Cling fast, fond hand; look up, true eyes, t Through dusk and doubt hold to the raving

PASSION FLOWERS.

"Take them away?' Why, Mr. Linden!" And then Miss Nettie Darwin pouted most becomingly. "I thought they were just the thing! And I am sure nothing could be more appropriate for Easter Sunday than passion flowers!"

"Appropriate to those who admire them only," replied Wesley Linden, slowly, the red stain dying away from his face once more. "Miss Nettie, take them away, please. I can never preach to-morrow with passion flowers near me.'

"I'll take them to poor, sick Eva Gray, then; I do not think she dislikes them. said Miss Darwin, not quite satisfied. "Then the church is all ready?"

"Yes, I think so," the rector answered, his grave blue eyes growing tender in expression as he viewed the decorations.

Flowers, flowers everywhere; the pillars hung with smilax, roses, carnations, sweet heliotrope and callas; "the holy of holies" separated from the rest of the church by sprays of English ivy and smilax, intermingled with pure white lilies. Just before the altar, against a background of crimson velvet, stood a cross of ivy leaves; only that, no decorations about the cross, nothing but the plain symbol in ivy, almost directly under the golden crown that formed the "And your flowers, passion flowers, central figure of the beautiful stained truly, back to you!" She loosed the great under the golden crown that formed the window in the chancel.

purple blossoms, gazed steadily at him A fine church, truly, was St. Paul the for a moment, flung them deliberately in Apostle's in the village of E .- on the his face, and-was gone forever. Hudson river, and Westley Linden, The morning sunlight fell upon the standing just outside the altar, looked rector's head as he felt again, in fancy,

noon service passed, and still no Leda "What of the St. Clouds? They are all and Leda were alone. absent to-day," he said to a fespectable olored vestryman.

"Well, Mas'r Lin'n," returned the old eyes to her face. man, "de St. Clouds am not turnin' from de error ob dere ways, I'se sorry to say. Been habin' all sorts ob gimcracks dur-

Cloud.

down to Jacksonville to a ball, and came fall, and Wesley, in that moment I saw, back after five dis mornin'." Mr. Linden did not speak, only shook

his head in a half-dazed manner, and I just slipped up there, and caught it as it was falling, indeed." walked away. It was a mistake, of course

She stopped, and put one hand over her eyes. When she removed it, he was But a little further on he encountered two ladies from Jacksonville, discussing looking earnestly at her. "Of what are you thinking?" she 'how beautiful Miss St. Cloud was at

asked. the ball-quite the belle, in truth." "My cousin Alice knows her well," "Leda, I know about my dreadful mistake, seven years ago-and, forgive me, said one, "but she never knew that she was engaged to young St. Herbert St. | but can I hope you still care for me?" Her pride was up in an-instant.

"Wesley, do you think I came here to "Well, everybody knows it now," reask you to marry me? To tell you that I olied the other, with a peculiar laugh. Wesley waited to hear no more; the still love you, and crave your love? Inblood in his veins seemed on fire as he deed, you mistake me; I came solely on rapidly passed over the intervening my uncle's account, and-and-you insult me so-dreadfully!" ground to the St. Cloud place. Leda met him in the garden, near

The beautiful brown eyes were full of angry tears, and the red mouth quivered where the St. John River flowed-Leda, the glorious girl who had won his heart like a child's. "Oh, my passion-flower," the rector

"Tell me, Leda, how did you do it?"

for a plaything, and now, tiring of it, would cast it aside! Leda, his love, in said gravely, taking the restless hands in her amber dress and crimson scraf, and one of his. "Leda, you seem to think I do not love you, but am offering you -could he believe his senses?--his pasmyself as a sort of reward for your sion flowers on her breast!

He simply told her what he had heard. heroism this morning; is not that it, my did not accuse her, but the hot Southern | darling? Look! here next my heart, have blood boiled in an instant. Her face I worn this for seven years!" And he held up the withered flowers. "Passion-flowers!" Leda gasped, her grew that ghastly grey color that only dark faces ever assume,' and then a steady red flame colored her cheeks. color fleeing. 'Oh, Wesley, you can

A shudder ran through the rector's never, never forgive me!" "Only on one condition," he rejoined, form as those words that she uttered that still very grave. "Give me one passion-Easter evening came back to him with all their original force and cruelty. flower, and I shall be satisfied.' "A man who cannot trust me is un-

"This one?" asked Leda, mischievously, worthy of my love! All our intercourse, touching the one that nestled in her Mr. Lindon, ceases from this moment; I laces. "Yes, this one," Wesley laughed, raising the tiny hands to his lips. "And will send all your gifts and letters to you

to morrow, and request you to do the tell me, Leda, that I may have it." "Well, you may, if-" she stopped, else you had not condemned me without a hearing! But I would rather die than thought a moment, and drawing a long sigh that was a curious mixture of dis-

and I-fling our troth to the winds- may and happiness, added-"if you are your ring there!" She drew the little willing to take the most passionate of gold ring from her finger and threw it, passion-flowers."

Mothers and Daughters.

Said one dark-eyed woman to her neighbor, in the public conveyance tion. The accumulation goes on in a which accommodated a throng of passen- house, the rooms of which are not freely exposed to the disinfecting ingers:

for her daughter. Everything is done to plaster and paper covering its walls accommodate Helen and Julia, and Mrs. are completely saturated with decom-

service. But Sabbath school and after- IIIt was not until Uncle Herbert was en- ness." In one of the eighteenth joying his after dinner nap that Wesley | century magazines is an amusing description of the agonies endured by the

shy man who has written a book or a asked the rector, seriously, lifting his poem, and becomes the fashion in con-eyes to her face. But this fictitious story is wearer. They are solid and comfortable and so

"Why, you see," she answered, with a fully paralleled by the event in the life nervous little laugh, "I did not kneel of Gay. The Princess of Wales, hearwith the others, but looked straight at | ing that he had written a tragedy called ing Lent, and las' night all ob 'em went the altar. I saw that the beam would "The Captives," desired to hear it read down to Jacksonville to a ball, and came fall, and Wesley, in that moment I saw, by the author. He accordingly attended also, that I did not hate you, as I had

her residence. Unfortunately, the poet being an extremely nervous man, was so fondly imagined for seven years. Well, overcome by the excitement of the introduction that he never observed a large Japanese screen until he respectfully backed upon it, and sent it crashing to the ground, amid the screams of the any part of the country. Homoepathic cough Princess and her ladies. It is naedless and croup syrup is the remedy for coughs and colds. to say that his subsequent reading of

tragedy did his work little justice, and the Princess appears to have been but slightly impressed with his genius.

The Bath.

A man who resided not half a hundred miles from Pontiac objected to taking the warm bath which I prescribed for him a few years ago, declaring that a drop of water had not touched his back business.

in forty years. What must have been the condition of his system, leaving out all resthetic considerations, and what must have been the condition of the great unwashed multitudes of Europe during the thousand years when the bath was absolutely unknown? In cold weather, this potent poison, or the moisture in which it is dissolved, may be seen condensing upon the windowpanes, sometimes forming a dense layer of frost, and often woven by the mysterious fingers of nature's silent workers into the most fantastic designs, sometimes presenting views of startling beauty, as if thus designing to conceal the deadly agent of disease and suffering hidden within its sparkling folds.

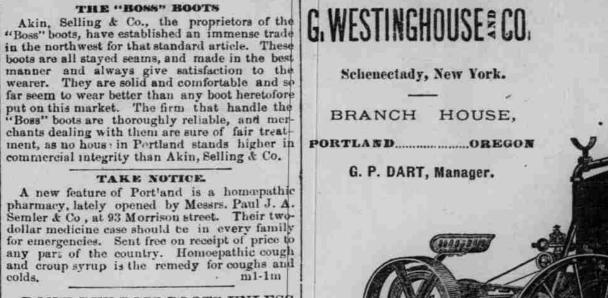
A few weeks ago I stepped into an unventilated railway car when the thermometer was several degrees below

zero outside, and found the accumulation of this frozen filth upon the windows nearly an inch thick. Did it ever occur to you that the same condensa-

tion is constantly taking place upon the walls and ceilings of our homes? A layer of frost such as covers the windows on a cold day would be also visible upon the walls were it not for the fact that our walls are porous and ab-

sorb the filth as fast as it condenses, thus preventing its visible manifesta-

"She had completely effaced herself fluences of air and sunlight, until the

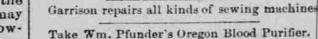


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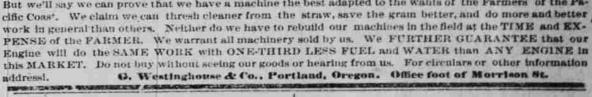
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earnest and spiritual enough to be its the tender blossoms strike his face. That pastor, lovely as it was.

He was tall, slender, but finely proportioned man, with a certain tenderness in his serious blue eyes that captivated the entire female portion of his congreof the male portion.

into the noble face, thought that he you were watching by little Caesar's despite the silver threads about his temples. He had been rector of St. Paul's for seven years, and he was thirty when he came, and she-oh, Miss Nettie, you breaking his fast, Wesley went to the were a school girl, scarcely fourteen, church to gain strength for the day. He then, with no thought of being Wesley Linden's wife, but all these seven years folds of his white surplice falling about that subject had engrossed the ladies of him, his lips moving in prayer more for E. ____, and no one did he seem to like her than for himself when a long, low as well as fair-haired Nettie. But to moan broke upon the stillness of the marry her was far indeed from his empty sanctuary.

the only love of his life lay buried. The rector accompanied Miss Darwin lined cloak concealing the outlines of to visit the sick friend, and stayed long- her form. He watched her as she stager than did that young lady, in order to gered to her feet and almost ran to the talk with the invalid on the only subject | door. Leda! No, that could not be; but that could interest her, now that she the motion of the receding figure rewould never mingle with the world | minded him strangely of her.

again. The bright Easter sun peeping into he had been all night long, his head bowed in grief and prayer, while his "I thank God!" he said reverently. cold lips were pressed to a withered bunch of flowers.

"My darling, my darling!" he whispered at intervals. "God forgive me that I cannot forget you, even in his work!"

Once more, in fancy, he stood beside a liant. slender, haughty girl, in a wide garden in the sunny South; the perfume of orange and magnolia came to him as he sat there alone, and again he saw under of his love in an undercurrent that the trees Leda St. Cloud, in a fleecy, touched them while they could not unamber colored dress, a light scarf of derstand it. crimson silk hung lightly from her shoulders, and a bunch of passion flowers (his gift) fastened in her throat.

No one but Leda St. Cloud could colors, but in some way they enchanced of the church. her royal beauty. They deepened the "Good Lord deliver us!" he ejaculated, crimson on the dark cheeks, brightened and at that fervent quotation from the the light in the great warm brown eyes, Litany the people rose to their feet. and made almost too tantalizingly lovely the mouth that was uttering hasty, haughty words.

Ah, those words! Wesley Linden shuddered as he recalled them.

He left college at twenty-five, and gave his whole energy to his work, encouraged by his only relative, the uncle who educated him, himself a clergyman, and rector of St. Paul the Apostle's. But he for his health's sake.

It was a poor parish enough, a little village on the St. John River, composed of lazy, thieving negroesand a few lazier, more thieving "white trash." But it glistened with diamonds, but the lustre be in the van, and the daughters, as be-boasted one wealthy aristocrat, old Her- of the great brown eyes outrivalled shedow if we are to have the ideal social bert St. Cloud, who, at the first sus- then. picion of war, had converted his negroes

into money, and came out of the war al- cries were heard from all portions of the most as wealthy as he went in. His church, and the minister arose. She household consisted of himself, his only smiled at him, a glad, sweet smile, as he son, another Herbert St. Cloud, and his looked and comprehended what she had niece, who had lived there ever since her | done for him!" father was killed in the war. And this

girl was Leda St. Cloud.

warm touch aroused him, and rising slowly he opened the window. altogether in the background."

same with mine. You never loved me,

explain to you! You dared to distrust me,

with all the might of her beautiful arm,

into the heavy waters of the St. John.

"And she was innocent," he said in bitter self-reproach. "Innocent, dear God forgive me! She had kept Lent most gation, while his frank, earnest ways rigidly, her uncle told me, and all for went far to win for him the admiration my sake. It was Mrs. St. Cloud, the bride of the young heir, who was belle of Miss Darwin, gazing half awe-struck the Jacksonville ball. Leda, Leda, while looked amazingly young for thirty-seven, dying bed, I was censuring your absence from service. May God forgive me! She never, never will!"

Freshening his toilet, but without was kneeling by the altar, the flowing

thoughts-in his heart was a grave where He raised his head. A woman was bowed before the altar, her heavy fur-

Wesley walked slowly over to the place where she had knelt; it was just in front the windows of the rectory library, found of the cross of ivy leaves-and there, at Mr. Linden sitting by his desk, where the foot of the cross lay a boquet of

Miss Darwin looked spell-bound at the exquisite bunch at the foot of the cross, and even more so at the grave-faced clergyman, whose eyes, after resting on that beautiful symbol, were dazzingly bril-

Such a sermon Wesley Linden never preached before. It was strong and eloquent, tender and beautiful, breathing

The sermon was ended, the minister gave the benediction, and the entire congregation remained on their knees; one man, an old, white-haired "pillar," rose have worn that combination of brilliant first and lifted his face toward the front

Directly above the kneeling clergyman was an old-fashioned pulpit, that, al-Underneath it, half hidden by a curve in the wall, stood a lady, her slim hands holding in place a tottering beam that had long been loose, and was now just fact, there can be no social success where ready to descend upon Wesley's head. Even in that moment of horror they worked too hard, and in two years he all acknowledged her loveliness. Her was obliged to accept a parish in Florida cloak had half fallen, forming a back-

> rich dress of ruby velvet, a single purple blossom fastened in the lace about her throat. The hands that held the beam

A moment they gazed speechless, then

Wesly never knew how he came to he tried to say more; but there were tears be contented to let mothers efface them-

"Leda!"

right to me that a mother should be kept ually upon the occupants of the house a stream of noxious gases and other

"Oh, said the sweet-looking lady to forms of dirt. But the lungs and the whom this was addressed, "self denial is skin are not the only sources of gaseous easy to mothers. What is a mother's life and organic filth, the cesspool, the any way but a sacrifice all through?" gutter, the vault, the neglected cellar, I agree with the first speaker. It don't the wood box, the back yard, the staseem right to me that the Helens and ble, the pigsty, the garbage barrel-Julias, bright, beautiful, bewitching all these and a hundred other sources though they may be, should step to the constantly pour out a deadly stream of front in selfish absorption and monopo- poisonous gases and organic filth .- Sanlize the best things, while "mother," a itary News.

pale, colorless, wornout figure, is wear-The Diamond Rattlesnake. ing old dresses, reading old books, or

none at all, seeing few friends, and Of all the snake varieties of which we living a humdrum life of routine, chiefly have yet any knowledge the diamond enlivened by conflicts with Bridget's rattlesnake, as it is called, seems to be stupidity and Noah's impertinence. Inmost deadly. It grows to a length of six deed, it is not right, and Helen and or seven feet, and is somewhat thicker Julia, flashing like butterflies in the than a man's wrist. It is armed with the sunny morning of youth, would be the whitest and sharpest of fangs, nearly an

last to enjoy their warm and cosy home inch in length, with cisterns of liquid if they felt that they were responsible poison at their base. A terror to man for the monotony of their mother's exand beast, he turns aside from no one, istence. Mother is herself the person although he will not go out of his way to most to blame. For self-denial is easy attack any unless pressed by hunger. A indeed to a real mother. From the hour description of his movements by a travwhen her nature first over-brimmed with eler who has encountered him, states the tidal rapture which sweeps fullthat he moves quickly along, his gleamblooded into the heart that cradles a ing eyes seeming to emit a greenish babe, through the weary, watching hours light, and to shine with as much brilof teething and whooping cough, mumps liancy as the jewels of a finished coquette. and measles, on through school days, Nothing seems to escape his observation and vacation days and courting days. and on the slightest movement near him

the mother's life is poured out and given incessantly for her children. So it should be in a sense. In every child the mother renews her youth, and each son and daughter is an addition to the home wealth. But some of you mothers, to whom I

am talking, carry your self sucrifice so far that you forget that you have any life of your own, for which you are responsible to God. You spend your strength so freely and so recklessly during the year's of children's childhood that you have no elasticity, no resources.

no health left to spare by the time they are grown up. You so devote your skill and talents to the material side of the house that you have no time to keep up low liquid could be forced in considerawith the current of the world's thought, or to grow up intellectually with your young people. Many a good woman suffers her religious life to droop and

languish because in her thoughtless giving up of every moment of time and

the young as it was a few years ago. In genius for repose. only the crudity of early youth appears

on the scene. Older people who bring to the front the tact, the experience, and the knowledge which they have gained ground of fur for the queenly form in its through the years, must mingle in the social gathering if it is to be witty, brilliant and attractive. The mothers must be in the van, and the daughters, as beshadow if we are to have the ideal social life growing out of the ideal home life.

I am very fond of the Helens and Julias. I like their sparkle, their vivacity, their ssprit, but I do not like their want of consideration for mother, if she is, perhaps, a little old-fashioned,

a little tired, a little diffident and frightened in the blaze of their splendor. True It was all he could articulate, though and tenderly-loving daughters will never



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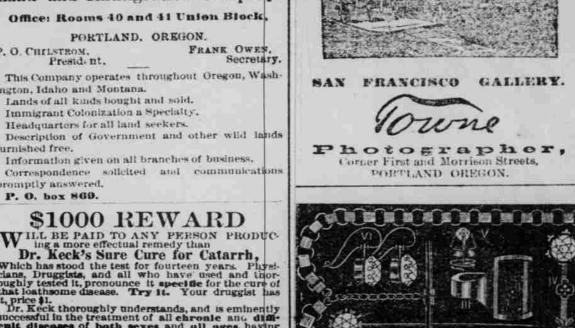
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