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EDWIN STONE, Manager. J. C. MAYO Supt River Div
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THE LILY.

I dreamed that after wandering long I came
To a dark garden with frail souls for flowers
And saw the gentle lady we call death
Pace to and fro. Above each bloom she bent,
Then passed. A slumbrous sky above her rolled
Cloud upon cloud, and from those human flowers
A tragic odor like emotion rose.
I followed in her steps, and now she touched
Some poppy that had been a dreamer frail,
Or rose that was a passionate eastern queen.
But on a sudden I implored her hand
And should have fallen. From a lily near
What sweet and paining odor to my brain
Darted, with delicate, unhappy smell
Of trouble old and gladness far away!
I knew more surely than from any face,
More certainly remembered than at words
And, slowly swooning, said: "'Tis she! 'Tis she!"
Then, looking to that lady cold, whose face
No sternness and no pity had, I said:
"Lady, this flower but a little while—
Oh, but a little while—has risen here.
Have a deep care of it. A small neglect,
A brief oblivion overburdens it.
For she that is this flower, and merely blows
So strangely silent and so white, was used
To be much loved and guarded wistfully.
Oh, from this flower be never far away!"
But she to whom I talked moved slowly on,
And as I walked beside her I awoke.
—Stephen Phillips in Spectator.

NOT UNUSUAL.

"Are you going out tonight, Phil?"

"Yes."

"And you will be late coming in, I suppose?"

"A wise supposition, that! Yes, I shall be rather late. What do you want to know for?"

Phil Greville glanced across the dinner table at his young wife somewhat curiously, and she, meeting his gaze, shrugged her shoulders without answering his question.

"You needn't sit up for me," her husband remarked carelessly.

"Thank you. I suppose I can please myself?"

"You generally do that, and you know well enough that I never lay down any special laws for you."

She looked at him, with a little smile curving her lips.

"And were you to do so, do you think I should obey them?" she asked.

"My dear child, I have never given the subject a thought."

"But do you?" she persisted.

"Don't bother!"

"How very like a man to avoid answering a question by saying 'don't bother!'" she returned, laughing.

"And how exceedingly like a woman to plague one with senseless questions!"

"You called me a child just now," his wife remarked, rising from her chair and reaching across the table for a box of cigarettes.

"May I ask what you are going to do now?" Greville asked.

"You may ask certainly, but I can please myself about answering," she said and proceeded to light a cigarette with her back turned toward him.

"Excuse my smoking before you've finished your dessert," she said as she blew a whiff of smoke from between her red lips and turned and faced him.

He looked at her with a puzzled expression in his eyes.

"Since when have you learned that very charming accomplishment?" he inquired sarcastically.

She drew her pretty brows together perplexedly.

"I'm really sorry I can't tell you, but I've forgotten how long ago it is."

He gave a short laugh and watched her as she daintily flicked the ash off her cigarette, and he wondered why it did not anger him to see her smoke, since usually he abhorred to see a woman do so.

It struck him also that had she done the same thing a few months before it would have called down upon her head his wrathful indignation, but now he felt totally indifferent as to what she might choose to do. It mattered to him less than nothing, since he was utterly and indescribably tired of her.

"You don't object to my smoking, Phil?" his wife inquired, watching his face keenly. "It can't really matter much what I do—at least to you."

"What a sensible remark!"

"The truth is often that." She threw the cigarette into the fire and turned and looked at his handsome face half wistfully.

"What a pity it is we ever got married!" she cried, with a little break in her voice. "What an awful, awful pity!" Then she ran quickly out of the room in an exceedingly undignified manner.

Phil Greville looked rather astonished.

"I wonder if she meant it!" he soliloquized.

"She said it as though she did. And how jolly pretty she looked smoking that cigarette! I wonder why she did it? If she thought it would annoy me she was mistaken. All the same, I hate to see any woman smoke—it's vulgar and low, though I'm hanged if she didn't make the thing look downright well. I bet Jim Taunton would think so. Poor fool! He's desperately in love with her. What a thousand pities he didn't marry her! I believe I wish he had. Still, if she wasn't so confoundedly soft hearted she wouldn't be half bad, and she's uncommonly pretty at times. Jim Taunton told me he thought she looked ill, but, then, he's so far gone that there's no accounting for what he does or says. Poor devil! It must be rather hard lines being in love with another man's wife—not that it matters much nowadays, for it seems a fashionable complaint." Here his reflections ceased, and he rose and left the room.

The sound of his wife's voice, singing an old fashioned song, reached him as he crossed the hall, and he paused for a few seconds at the drawing room door and listened.

He hardly knew what prompted him to enter the room, but when the slender, white gowned figure at the piano turned round he was standing by the fire, looking down at the glowing embers, and his wife's face flushed with pleasure as she came toward him.

It was something new for him to join her after dinner, and her heart gave a glad leap, and hope seemed born within her afresh.

As she crossed the long room, with the soft, subdued light of candles shining on her fair face and dusky hair, she made a picture beautiful enough to gladden any man's heart, but the time had gone by when her beauty had held Phil Greville spellbound and fascinated him as no other woman's loveliness had power to do. He looked at her now with even pulses and cool, critical eyes and rather wondered why he had been so mad about her. After all she was not any better looking than dozens of other women, he argued, and yet how Jim Taunton raved about her! But, then, Jim was in love with her, and he—well, he was not. * * * A complacent smile stole over his face as he pondered thus, for he knew how utterly and wholly she worshiped him and was absolutely sure of her faithfulness, but not once did the thought strike him of his cruel neglect, which was killing her by inches. Probably had it struck him he would have put the thought away as being too trivial for his smart, up to date mind.

He did not notice that as she encountered his gaze all the gladness died out of her face, and he knew not that the careless indifference she saw in it entered into her soul with intolerable anguish.

"I am not going to bore you with my company for long," he said, leaning against the mantelpiece.

"You know you don't love me, Phil. Why don't you tell the truth and say you don't intend being bored by me?" she answered quickly.

"One doesn't always like to say what one thinks," he replied, shrugging his shoulders.

"I do bore you, then?" she asked.

"You bore me when you ask such a stupid lot of questions."

His wife's lips trembled and quivered.

"Do you know what people are saying?" she went on slowly. "I hear it wherever I go, though, of course, I'm not supposed to. Shall I tell you what it is?"

"Please yourself."

"All right, I'll tell you then. It's only that you are tired to death of me and repent your marriage from the bottom of your heart. For once people tell the truth. Don't they?"

She pushed her hair back from her forehead with a weary little gesture, and her husband burst into a boisterous laugh.

"Yes, for once people have hit the mark nearly in the right place," he said, with an angry flash. "Have you any more interesting news to tell me before I go?"

"Is that interesting? I should have thought it dreadfully stale to you who have known it so long, and besides it is such an everyday thing. I heard some one whisper today that it was 'quite a common occurrence—not at all unusual.'"

She laughed softly and raised a pair of shining eyes to his.

"Let me have a good look at you, Phil," she said, tilting her head slightly to one side and regarding his fair, handsome face with a smile lurking round her mouth.

"What a good looking boy you are!" she whispered, "even when you are angry."

Greville made her a mocking bow, but she only smiled that strange little smile again and stood on tiptoe and placed her small hands on his great, broad shoulders. "Good night," she said. "I know you are longing to go, and I wouldn't keep you against your will for worlds. Good night. And, oh, Phil, I'm awfully sorry I smoked." She raised her pale little face to his, but with a muttered growl he pushed her roughly away from him.

"No, I'm hanged if I will kiss you after your remarks," he cried scoffingly, and strode out of the room with quick, angry strides, banging the door behind him with considerable gusto.

* * * * * * *

Though Phil Greville's conscience was a very minute one, it gave him little rest that evening, and as he wended his way homeward a few hours later he had the good grace to feel rather ashamed of himself.

"What a brute she must think me!" he muttered as he let himself into the house, and indeed, to do him justice, he thought himself one also.

"It's a pity she's so tender hearted," he continued, hanging up his coat, "because I'm really awfully fond of her, though I was too bad tempered to tell her so when she told me what people were saying." He crossed the hall and noticed a streak of light shining underneath the drawing room door, and, somewhat surprised, he turned the handle and entered the room. He paused on the threshold, and an exclamation broke from his lips, for on one of the lounges lay his wife, apparently in a deep sleep.

"Good heavens! What brings her here at this unearthly hour?" he murmured and walked across the room softly and stood looking down at her with a new and unaccountable tenderness stirring within his heart. How fair she seemed to him in her childish white gown, with one arm thrown lightly over her head and the other lying carelessly on the crimson velvet cushions—how fair and fragile!

Her beauty struck him more forcibly than it had ever before, and he mentally compared the pure, high bred face, which looked unnaturally pale in the dim light, with the coarse, painted and berouged faces he had seen at the music hall that night.

A great wave of regret swept over his soul with overwhelming force. It seemed to strike him how terribly he had neglected her, how cruelly he had treated the frail, clinging little creature, and he bent down and gently pushed the soft scented hair from her forehead and pressed a reverent kiss on her smooth, rounded cheek, but he drew back with a cry of terror. Her face was cold—icy cold—and the blood seemed to freeze in his veins.

He placed a trembling hand over her heart. It was quite still—deadly, horribly still—and with a groan of agony he remembered that her mother had died of heart disease.

He fell on his knees beside her silent form and took her little cold hands in his warm ones, calling to her in wild accents of despair to speak to him. But the softly parted lips did not answer, though a smile seemed to hover round them such as one sees on a child's face when asleep, and the darkly fringed eyelids did not quiver at his passionate caresses.

Through the casement a faint gleam of light shone pale and yellow, showing that a new day had dawned for the living and for the dead.—Queen.

Fulfilled the Law.

When it was first arranged for postmasters to send in quarterly reports, many queer documents were furnished. One of the funniest came from Waterford, Fulton county, Ills., and is a model of comprehensiveness, if not of grammatical precision. It is on a file at the postoffice department and reads as follows:

Waterford, fulton c. ils.
July the 9 1856.

muster jimes buckanin, president of United States.—Dear Sur Bean required by the instructions of the post-office to report quarterly, I now foolfill that pleasin duty by reportin as follows: The Harvestin has been goin on pretty well and most of the nabors have got thur cuttin about dun, wheat is hardly an average crop, on rollin lans corn is yellowish and wont cut more than ten or fifteen booshils to the aker the health of the communitie is only tolerably meesils and colery have broken out in abought 2 and a half miles from hear, thair are a powerful awaken on the subjec of religun in the potts naborhood and many souls are being made to know their sins forgiven miss nancy Smith a neer nabor had twins day before yisterday and one of them is a poar scrawgy thing and wont live half its days this is about all I know and have to report the present quarter give my respects to Mrs. Buckanin and subscrib myself your Trooley

Abigal Jenkins,
p m at fulton Co ils

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