# GARNATIONS.

The section with the first

# Carnations that around the carsa, Tonight, a perfume passioned, As with the internet rising over The altars where dear Lave doth pour flie vice and break list broad. You wreathe the perials of that door That entered once I pass no more! What woulder that I love, yet dread. Carnations? Carnations that around me shed,

Litradi yon, yot I love you more, Though Dangur's II: each crimen cored On Bonity's breat you've made your bed, From Beauty's lips you've rided your real I think that Cleopatra wore Carnational —Roston thous.

# 71 AND 72.

They met at the Mont de Piete. This They net at the Mont de Piete. This office of pledges and relemptions—this Parisian shrine of poverty and central altar of official usary—was crowded. A long line like a torpidly winding serpent stretched itself lazily far out into the Rue des Blancs-Manteaux. For several hours the clerk behind his grated win-dow has droned out the numbers as he bent his worn face above the grossy book in which he is busy inscribing names and addresses. mes and addresses. Again? So soon? And still pretty?

with a vicious smills. "Lace pin-with small diamond-hum! Twenty francs for 71. Pass on quickly! Next! Well! And you? A carved crucifix. Ivory? No. Five frances for 72." "No more?"

"No more. Take or leave. You detain others. Decide.'

No. 72 hesitates. Suddenly a rough hand tugs at her shabby shawl. She turns. It is No. 71. A moment later the two girls stand side by side in the street.

"Haret. "Haret Take this," motters 71. "I insist. I stole your luck by my odd number. Besides—it is to cheat the devil. No? Why? What a little fool" No. 72 has a face like a pale frame. Her fips are blue, and much shivering has rounded her thin shoulders. Ti is ready, facilie a fermining experithe conduct for this sounders. It is ready, facile, a fominine gamin. She invive on Paris as a dandelion finants from the crevice of a paving stone. The one is smiling, yet dumb with amaze-ment. The other talks, laughs, yet will never smile again.

"Tut! A few francs! What are they to me? And I shall redeem my pin tomorrow, while you"- a glance com-ploted the sentence. "And I-it was that I might celebrate Paul's fete day."

"You live"

feathers. We are from the south-Paul and 1. Ee is happy here-but I"----"Amuse yourself by starving that he may-oh! I comprehend. Here!"-and she draws her into a wine shop. "Waiter! A basket! Now fill it! First-a bot!le of wine, then a sugared loaf-then a, pate-some of those. The I who shall supply Paul's feast. But on one con-dition, my friend-that you est your half. And the wine is for you." Paying the waiter, 71 drops the change into the loaded basket. "And I who accept this-do not yet

"And I who accept this do not yet know your name!" No. 72 is grateful, but there are no tears. Tears are a juxury with the poor. "Call me—No. 71."

"Call me—No. 71. "I shall call yon—my saint." "Anything but that, my girl. Well— 73—I shall see you again." And she watches her stagger away beneath her

burden. "Mademoiselle is generous!" ventures the watter, who has followed them out-side the shop. "Nonsense! It is my caprice! She is dying—that girl. It is written. And her Paul? A fine, selfish scamp, I'll war-rant." And with a laugh and a whirl on her heel she hurries away.

One year in a Parisian garret. One

year of green country quiet exchanged for the Iuilaby of Paris-that mother who too often sings her babies to their deaths. To be sure, there has always been Paul, and looking in his eyes Jeanne could forget her homesickness. And with his arm for a pillow, her straw had not seemed a hard bed. But he was forced to be at the theat mark he was forced to be at the theater early and late. And nowadays his absences

small way, Jeanne's small wants grew smaller. Every day 71 sat by 72 upon the low straw pallet and laughed and justed until Jeanne grew merry from sheer contagion.

sheer contagran. "We will thank her together-when you are well again, my Jeanne, and find out also her real name." Paul would say in his absontminded way. When Jeanne was well again! One morning she seemed suddonly so weak that Paul found it impossible to have her. For the first time he become

weak that Paul found it impossible to leave her. For the first time he became uneasy. She did not complain, merely remaining strangely quiet. And her eyes shone as on that night beneath the indens iong ago. The night they first gooke of a marriage—their own. "But it is nothing," she marmured while her starry eyes looked past him across the glaring roofs so coidly bright in the wintry similght. It was broad

in the wintry sunlight. It was broad day in Paris, but in Jeanne's life candle time had come.

"Paul!" "My Jonnel"

"You love me?" "My little one! How can you ask? You break my heart!"

"As dearly as ever, Paul?" "As dearly as ever." And And Paul softly

stroked a very happy face. Just then, above the inliaby with which Paris was singing Jeanne to sleep, some rollicking, distant bells rang out the hour. Jeanne ruised herself upon her elbow, and with one hand threw back the drooping locks from her little white eur

### "Hark!"

As they listened they heard a merry clatter of high heels on the bare stair-"It is-No. 71!"

As she spoke a piquant figure stood ramed within the low doorway. "Paul!--tny saint!" fra

And then two stood alone in the little sunny garret, for just at that moment Jeanne's soul fled.

"Susanne! You-her saint!" and with a hourse cry Paul dropped the dead hand on the straw. "And so--to her, yon were Paul! My

God!

And Jeanne? A little smile stole softly about her lips. It was Death, who in joke had tricked Life out of one sorrow.-Johanna Staats in Romance.

ed Farms of the United States.

The first report ever made through the census office of the statistics of the seed farms of the United States affords these farms of the United States affords these figures. Only such farms as are devoted to seed growing as a business are in-cluded: There is a total of 596 farms in the United States devoted exclusively to seed production. These farms occupy 109.851 acres of hand, of which 95,567 acres were reported as devoted to seed production when the service set. This

acres were reported as devoted to seed production during the consus year. This industry represents a total value of farms, implements and buildings of \$18,325,935, and employed in 1890, 18,500 men and 1,541 women. Of the 596 seed farms in the United States, 258, or nearly one-half, are in the North Atlantic division, the original center of seed production. These farms have an acreage of 47,813, or an average of 185 acres per farm, while in the north of 185 acres per farm, while in the north central division there are 157 farms, with an acresse of 87,006, or an average of 555 acres per farm. The seed farms of Massachusetts and Connecticut average 142 acres per farm, while those of lowa and Nebraska are 695 acres in extent, and are producing seeds on a scale of equal magnitude to the other products of that section of the country.

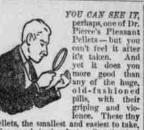
So far as reported there were but 2 seed farms in the country previous to 1800 (one, of these was established in Philadeiphia in 1784, and the other at Enfield, N. H., in 1785), only 3 in 1830, 6 in 1830, 19 in 1840, 34 in 1850, 35 in 1860, 100 in 1870, 257 in 1889 and 200 more were established between 1880 and 1890, leaving 189 unaccounted for as to date of establishment.

Workingmen's Coftee House. The Temperance league, of Toronto, has erected a three story substantial build-ing on Ein street, which will be a coffee house for sucching we will be a coffee bose for workingmen. A company has been formed to carry on this idea. The object of the company is to establish and operate coffee houses in places frequented by workingmen and to supply them with

## THE FOUNTAIN HEAD OF STRENGTH

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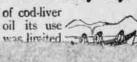
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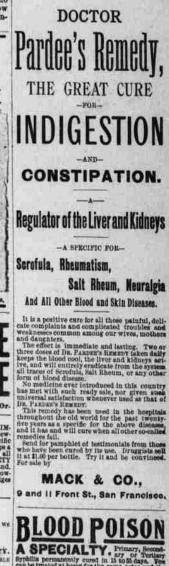




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unable to help myself for 22 months, Doctors

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no Sold by draggists; 75 cents.

was taken ill with spinal disc

were growing longer. Jeanne fancied wate growing tonger. Jeanne rancied at times that he was less tender. Paul was lired-tired of being poor. Was it that Poverty was pinching Love to death? She did not know-but felt a bill obtained by the state of the state of the state bill obtained by the state of chill about her heart-a dangerous thing when the body is also cold.

Some one else would beat the ragout on Paul's next fete day. But I and went and noticed nothing. But Paul came

One night in his sleep Jeanne heard him utter a name. She leaned to listen, but he said no

more, only amiling in his aloop. She thought it was "Susanne." In the morn-ing she questioned him.

"I was dreaming. he, staring floorward. What of it?" said

Before he went away that morning he row her fondly toward him and ten-Before he went away that morning he draw her fondly toward him and ten-detly kissed her rough and reddened slender hands. It was a revival of love, Jeanne thought, and sang softly to her-self all of that day. Life was easier after this. Paul grow more kind, and a new thesame was also here.

new pleasure was also hers. She did not know that it is a man's way when he loves one to kiss the other

And every day at noon her "saint" came for an hour. Every day, in some

Press and

a cup of good coffee or tea for two cents and meals at moderate prices. Friends of this movement will be asked to take up stock at five dollars per share, and as it is expected that the work will be largely solf sustaining the stock will probably be worth par

### Dogs on the Sca

It is a strange fact that sea life changes the character of domestic creatures After a few voyages they become as dif-ferent from the lubberly land creatures ferent from the indberly land creatures of their respective species as the sailor is unlike the landsman. The ship's dog may be quite properly classed as "non-eporting." Its life is usually free from excitement. It is obliged to confine its strolls to narrow limits. It is fonder of the foremast hands than of the cabin people, probably because it finds the former more affectionate and indulgent. — Jondon Wit Bits. -London Tit-Bits.

# His Idea of Angela

His Idea of Angela. A little fire-year-old of my acquaint-ance interviewed his mother the other day upon the subject of angels having wings, and on being told that there was reason to believe that they were so oquipped, exclaimed, "Oh mamma, how funny they must look when asleep roosting like turkeys."-London Truth.