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BEFORE THE BLOSSOM.

In the tassel time of spring
Love's the only song to sing;
Ere the ranks of solid shade
Hide the bluebird's fitting wing.
While in open forest glade
No mysterious sound or thing
Haunt of green has found or made,
Love's the only song to sing.

—Robert N. Johnson.

A STRUGGLIN CHIEL.

It's a' about my ainsel, when I was yet
I fould Dunblane. Fyather's wee bit
o' cottage was by the noo famous cath-
edral ruins that are visited by tourists
frae a' parts. Some auld beeches pro-
tected us frae the simmer's heat an
wint-er's cauld, an we were vera hoppy
together afore our separation. But we
were sae pair i' those far back days!
Mother wore the same mantlee year
afore year, an fyather's claes an m-
ino were always o' raploch, a vera coorse
cloth. Yet our chieula lug was a warm
spot an I hae na seen its equal sin'.
Fyather was simply unlucky, an mither
an me offen suffered i' consequence. Sae
little o' beuk learnin fell to my share,
nor did I blame my parents for it. But
I had my ain way to mak', an I sune re-
solved that I wad gae to Edinburgh to
mak' it. But pur mither wassa willin'.
"Better bide at hame, laddie," she wad
whisper again an again. "Stay w' fyath-
er an me, an dinna fret."
"But we'll a' be stavin'," I wad argue
i' turn. "Better let me gang awa' i'
search o' siller."
"No, Jockie! Dinna think about it!
Edinburgh is a braw town an a wickid
one! Dunblane an the Allan are far
better."

Sae, though I secretly rebelled, I still
staid i' the auld hame, w' little to eat
save waterbree, which mither made o'
meal an water, w'oot the pleasant addi-
tion o' milk an butter.
An then cam' the struggle of which I
maun tell, reichter there i' Dunblane.
I warked w' fyather at any day's labor
that cam' to his diligent hand, an one-
autumn mornin it chanced to be oot
Kippenross way. We walked along the
Allan i' silence, niver ance lookin up at
the grand auld beeches overhead, for
we were baith thinkin an thinkin hard.
My een were on the ground, or I wadna
hae foun w'at I did. It was something
brecht an shinin directly i' my path, an
I stoop an pocketed it i' a flash.
"W'at was it?" askt fyather carelessly.
"A braw bit o' a pebble," I answered.
"It can gae on mither's shelf." An w'
that we hurried on to the wark that
waited us.

But many times that day I drew forth
the stane an leukt it ower. That it was
maur than a pebble I had kenned at first
glance. If it was really a diamond, who
was its owner? There were lairds an
ladies na sae far awa', an they often cam'
to walk along the bonnie Allan. Perhaps
a hue and cry wad be raised aboot the
lost jewel. Or it might hae lain for
weeks, juist where I foun it, and there
wad be na further question. I' the latter
case I could gae to Edinburgh an sell my
lucky find, an so get a start i' life, such
as I had lang hoped for. I didna stop to
think how wrang it wad a' be, for I had
but my ain selfish advancement in view.

"Where's the pebble you foun for
mither, Jock?" askt fyather that night.
"I maun hae lost it again," I stam-
mered, for it was my first lie to either
him or mither. I wanted to tell them
the truth then an there, but yet I kep'
it back because I was sae plackless, for
they wad baith say, "Your pebble may
prove a diamond, an you maun find its
rightfu' owner, Jockie Blacklock!" But
that wassa at a' to my notion, an I stole
out under the moon an stars instead,
to be alane w' my struggle 'tween recht
and wrang. An ivry ance an awhile I
wad leuk the stane in my pocket ower.
W'at a sparkle it had! Perhaps it was
worth a hundred pounds or mair! An
whos wad it? Weel, I hoped, then that
I might never ken.

But the vera next night, as I cam'
slow from work along the Allan, I saw
a man i' a braw velvet plaid searchin
the spot where I had foun my stane.
He had a blackthorn stick i' his han,
an he was scatterin the beech leaves
an recht an left. A second glance tauld
me it wad auld Laird Kinross, o' Edin-
burgh, who had a hootin bonn near by.
He didna leuk up at my approach, an I
just stood an watched him i' silence. I
wanted to pass on, but somehow I
kouldna do it, for the brecht thing he
searcht for was in my pocket. Conscience
whispered, "Be honest an true, Jock
Blacklock!" But satan shoutit: "Keep
the auld laird's stane! He has many
anither, an this ane will gie you a stert
i' Edinburgh." Sae I hesitated for a
spell.

But Laird Kinross leukt up at lae'.
"My gude lad," he said kindly, "I hae
yestern mornin when we cam' through to
the hunt, an it was recht here by the Allan.
Perhaps you hae heard o' its findin'."
An the gude God aboon gie'd me
strength to answer, "I hae, my laird."
His keen gray een quickly leukt me
ower. "You may hae foun it your ainsel."
An I answered again: "I did that, my
laird, an here is your precious stane. It
has been a load on my heart an con-
science, though light as a bit feather i'
my pocket."
"You wanted to keep it?" he spert as
he tuk it frae my tremblin han."
"Yes, my laird."
"But you hae been an honest lad for a'
that, an I shall reward you as you de-
serve. W'at is your name?"
"Jock Blacklock, my laird."
"Aye, mayhap a descendant o' the pur-
poet Burns' gude friend, Dr. Blacklock."
"I dinna ken, I fear na," I returned.
"I am juist the son o' my fyather, James
Blacklock, an he is Dunblane born."
"How wad you like to gae to Edin-
burgh?" he spert next.
My heart gie'd a great bound. "It's the
ane wish o' my life!" I cried.
The old laird smiled. "Ane o' my
friends there is a banker. He needs an
honest lad o' your ain age, an you shall
hae the place as sune as you wish."
I fell on my knees i' gratitude, but he
bid me rise at ance. "Hae you a mither,
Jock?" he spert again.
"Aye, my laird."
"Then tak' me to her an we'll arrange
aboot the Edinburgh matter."
I led the way to our cottage w' falter-
ing footstep. I had lied to fyather aboot
the "pebble," an how could I confess it
a' to mither? She met us at the door-
stane w' wond'rin een, courtseyin low,
as was her humble fashion.
"I am Laird Kinross," the auld noble-
man began. "Your son Jock foun an re-
stored to me the diamond I had lost,
an"
But juist here my ain fyather stepped
oot. "Was it the pebble you lied to me
aboot, Jock?"
An I had to admit that it was. Oh,
the shame an sorrow o' w'at wad other-
wise hae bin the proud minute o' my
life.
"It was a sair temptation," said gude
Laird Kinross. "Dinna be hard on the
lad. He is as honest as you an mither
would wish him, an I hae come to tak'
him awa' to Edinburgh, w' your con-
sent."
Fyather leukt at mither, mither leukt
at Laird Kinross. But I couldna leuk
o' them i' the een, because o' yestern's
falsehood.
"Ye want Jock?" he stammered. "Oor
pur, wad Jock? Ye wad trust him
aifter a'?"
"Yes," said Laird Kinross, "a gude
place i' an Edinburgh bank awaits him
if he will but tak' it, w' your permis-
sion."
"Oh, Jockie!" sighed mither, "I wad
hae staked my ain life on your youth,
but noo!"
"He shall mak' a fresh start!" pit i'
the gude auld laird. "An you maun trust
him again for his youth's sake!"
"That we will, mither!" cried fyather.
"Jock's a steady gude lad, but the findin
o' the diamond turned his heid. It was
his first lie, an"
"It shall be my las'!" I cried, w' a
burst o' tears.
Mither kissed me then, an Laird Kin-
ross tuk frae his pocket a heavy pur-
se, also pittin a han fu' o' gowd on the ta-
ble. "It's for Jock's outfit an his findin
o' my diamond," he said. "Dinna re-
fuse it! The laddie deserves it a'; an on
the mornin he shall gae w' me to Edin-
burgh."
Sae fyather an mither thanked him
heartily, but I couldna say a word.
Laird Kinross pit his unglowed han on
my worthless heid at parting—"Puir
laddie," he said. "It will be a gude
lesson to you, an you will niver forget.
Gid keep you a' till the mornin!" An
w' that he ganged awa', his braw plaid
flyin back on the stiff mornin breeze.
Then I turned me quick to drear fyath-
er an mither. "Forgie!" I cried. "I
hae deceived you baith! But this shall
nae occur again! I promise to be true an
honest to the day o' my death an no'er
disgrace the name you hae given me!"
"You hae our blessing to tak' w' you
to Edinburgh," said fyather. "Mither
an me will forgie an try to forget if we
can, but it was a lie you told me, Jock;
always remember that. When you are
tempted again say to yourself, 'I told
fyather my first an las' lie. I canna
tell anither!'"
"Nor will I," I cried sadly, as mither
kissed me ance mair.

AN INCIDENT IN A CAFE

HOW A RICHMAN MAY BE LIBERAL,
BUT NOT SENTIMENTAL.

The Too Deluded Writer Neglected to
Take Advantage of the Offer of the
Wealthy Man, and So When Money Was
Needed He Was Repulsed with Candor.

One morning, at the hour when one
meets in Broadway only street cleaners,
day laborers and exotic phrases, a rich
financier and a writer of phrases of city
life were in the cafe of a fashionable
restaurant. The financier was eating a
serious fillet, the writer a frivolous eel
with tartar sauce. They had bowed to
each other and then pursued the even
tenor of their thoughts, which, surely,
were not similar, for the writer, listen-
ing perhaps to harmonious phrases
which were in his mind, smiled, whereas
the financier, nervous and careworn,
moved his lips as if reciting a lesson
which he knew not well. His mute
turbulence became so annoying to the
writer that he decided to ask the cause
of it.

"My dear friend," said the financier,
"I may tell you—who will never harm
me and who are ever walking in aure-
that in an hour I shall surely have lost
my credit, my fortune, everything.
There is a meeting of stockholders from
whom I must get more money, and I
have not yet found a pretext, good or
bad, nor the first word of my speech. I
relied on my secretary, who is a man of
genius, but he rushed out in the street
yesterday without his coat, and today he
is in bed with pneumonia. Just my luck!"

Without deigning to comment on the
ferocious selfishness contained in the
financier's last phrase, the writer asked
for an explanation of the financial diffi-
culty and received it in phrases brief,
precise, saying exactly what the speaker
wished to say—perhaps because they
were not addressed to stockholders.
Then he asked the waiter to send for
paper, ink and a stub pen, and said
calmly:

"Nothing can be easier. I wish it
were as simple an affair to write a phase
of city life, with its exposition, develop-
ment and final expression."

"A phase of city life?" asked the finan-
cier with evident surprise.

"Yes," replied the writer. "They are
things that we do as a sort of relief,
when we are so burdened with work
that we do not know where to begin.
As for your speech, it shall be quickly
made up. Your mines are exhausted;
you are after other mines in their place;
your stockholders expect dividends, and
they shall be assessed. Not to be able
to convince stockholders of the impor-
tant necessity of paying an assess-
ment is to admit that one has never
known how to put in its place a word of
four syllables and has never been the
friend of flaming adjectives."

The phasist wrote rapidly in cursive
letters; the leaves were piling up before
him and they were covered with perfect-
ly regular lines. The financier was beat-
ing a tattoo with his nails on a rod of
his chair. The writer ceased to write,
and the financier began to read. As he
read his face brightened, and in the end
it radiated light as if dipped in the pink
furnaces of Aurora.

"It is positive, then, that the things
which I wished to say to my stockhold-
ers are true," he said when he had par-
tially recovered from his stupefaction.
"They are true if correctly deduced
from one another, united with that false
metal which is called logic, expressed in
words the sounds of which are varied
enough to preoccupy those who listen,
because in a literary point of view there
is no other sort of truth," the writer re-
plied.

The financier had quickly paid his bill
to the waiter, put on and buttoned his
overcoat, and placed the manuscript in
his pocket.

"My life is yours," he said to the
writer, while he pressed his hand.
"Only claim it. But I suppose you
would not know what to do with it, so
let us talk seriously. How much money
do you want? I cannot do less than pay
you any sum that you may name."
"Oh," said the writer, "I sell phrases
of city life, but I do not deal in financial
speeches. I have written this only to
serve you. Do not talk of it. I want
nothing."

"Nothing!" exclaimed the financier,
with a suspicious air. "Well, suit your-
self. I am obliged to you, anyhow."
The writer quickly forgot the incident.
He was too busy collecting epithets de-
scriptive of the saffrons, the pinks and
the grays of sunsets to think of the un-
published page of "Robert Macaire" that
he had written. But his cashier suddenly
desired to visit Canada, and not to travel
alone took the cash box with his luggage.
It happened on the day when Sloane's
bill for oriental rugs, which the writer
had bought on credit, was due. At the
same time Bradstreet's, Matthews and
Stikeman sent to him fifty volumes eco-
nomic bound in half Levant morocco
of various colors at the rate of four dol-
lars a volume. He called on the finan-
cier, who demonstrated in a few words
how wide the gulf is which separates a
man of finance from a man of city life
phases. He said:

"No, I never lend money to people
who are not practical. When you saved
me from bankruptcy I asked you to
name the sum that you wished. I would
have given you \$10,000, \$20,000, \$30,000
and notes secured by bonds, and any-
thing that you might have asked, but
you preferred to enjoy the luxury of
rendering service for nothing. Very
well, keep your illusions; I keep my
money. You have written somewhere
that books go to those who love them.
Money is like books; it wants to be
adored."—New York Times.

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per's Bazar.

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