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THE MARIGOLD.

The violet sweet I dearly love. The pink, the pansy bold, The blush rose, but all flowers above I love the Marigold.

Fair flower, that in a time of old Didst give thy heart away To him who from his sphere of gold Does give to mortals day!

Alas! for love he gave thee not, Full vainly thou didst sue-Unhappy shall I name thy lot, Or call thy love too true?

The god who changed thee to a flower Hath left thy heart the same: Still dost thou show his beauty's power In hus of orange flame.

Still dost they lift thy drooping head To catch his eye's bright ray, And when his light no more is shed Thy beauty fades away.

Poor Marigold! I love the well, And most because, like me, Thou hast a woeful tale to tell Of grief and constancy.

The violet sweet I dearly love, The pink, the pansy bold, The bluish rose, but all flowers above I love the Marigold,

-Gentleman's Magazine

STORM SHADOWS.

Last June and July I had been taking too much out of myself. Beside the ordinary drudgery at the museum I was in a hurry to get my novel finished. I don't know how it is with men who spin their brains habitually, but after a hard day's work the effort of creation (save the mark). though it is pleasant at the time and does not seem to cost me anything, leaves all my nerves jarring.

In July we went down to the cottage on the river, and I wrote harder than ever till I got into a morbidly irritable and unreasonable state. 1 was always nursing some grievance; expecting Lucy to divine wishes I never really felt, and deliberately silent on things I wanted done, that I might fancy a grudge because they were not seen to without my asking. She, poor soul, was wonderfully patient, but naturally it depressed her, and now and then she broke down. That always brought me to my senses, and there would be a redintegratio amoris. Still it was a strained, unhappy sort of time.

On Sunday, July 20, I had been writing all the morning, and not to my satisfaction, so that I was very despondent about things in general. In the afternoon Lucy suggested that we should go to service at St. Peter's school, which is near us, and where they have a reputation for their singing. The day had been sultry and lowering, and at 4 o'clock when we went in a thunderstorm was obviously coming up. I remember well a curious, heavy effect of sunshine on the blue mass of vapor.

Lucy went up into the gallery, and I was put into the stalls on the north side. Next to me was one of the masters. His face struck me as he walked up the aisle. I never saw so fine a human being. Very tall-two or three inches, probably, over the six feet, and with that look of supple strength that a man gets from I should have been vexed if he had constant athletic games. But the said "pretty." Yet somehow the head was the thing-a long oval face with olive tint, long, straight hair as soft as a woman's and silky black mustache. He might have walked out of a Lionardo picture, if Lionardo had ever painted a Hippolytus, for this young man looked as if nothing had ever occurred to disturb the supremacy of cricket and football in his mind. But I was in that overstrung temper when one cannot command one's thoughts, and mine flew off in self criticism. I had staked all my hopes on succeeding with this novel, and the more I reflected the more I was convinced of my own futility. Impotent ambition that recognizes its own impotence is a very pretty purgatory, and to indulge in unpleasant meditations in a not church on a sultry July afternoon, with no prospect of liberation for an hour, is an indulgence I commend to no one. The storm was coming up fast, and the day had grown fearfully dark, while the air, heavily charged with electricity, became more and more oppressive. The thunder was growling away in the Thames valley, coming nearer with every roll. Opposite me was a row of stained glass windows. I remember their stupid sage greens and thin reds and blues so well. But they were open at top to catch a breath of air, and 1 looked out on to the leaden sky. I was in that nervous, twitching frame of mind that makes you hear steps in a house by night, and for the first time in my life I began to speculate on the possibilities of danger. Suddenly there came a really awful fiash and burst just above us -I saw the reader start as he was walking up the aisle to begin the lesson. Lucy is timid about thunder, and I looked up toward the gallery to see that she was not fainting. As I raised my eyes there came another flash across the open window, so intense and forked and wickedly quivering that it dazed me and printed itself on the eyeball that saw noth me excessive. However, at last he say it-came the thought that I was again soon," said Lucy. The phrase like prison, I fancy. The torture in blinded. I put my head on my hand struck me. to ease the pain in the eye-we were went on-and a cold fear took hold any time. All hours are alike to me failed hopelessly. The medium inof me. I supposed that the thermom- -day or night. Must you go, then? terposed seemed to paralyze the poweter was at 100, but I shivered with Thanks for coming so far with us. er of expression. No doubt in course a chill running down my spine, and Lucy, won't you give Mr. Bedford a of time I might have mastered the the sweat on my forehead was cold rose to requite him?" to my hand. Before I ventured to You would not believe what it cost self to the effort. look up I knew that the sight was

gone, and when I raised my head it | me to say that. But I had to make | was all red darkness before me, full some shift to get her eyes off me hand. Lucy persuaded me she could cessantly into one another, like rings room and groped my way to an armin water, standing out before me and chair. receding into space.

Then I began to reflect how I was to get out of church and meet Lucy. There were steps and turns, and I I knew perfectly that Lucy took this could not bear the thought of a scene. man for Bedford, who was one of my Besides, I had my ideas about Lucy. best friends. Indeed she had seen I wanted to break it to her in my own me, so to say, parade my affection way. I wanted, in plain truth, to by walking arm in arm-she could would see if she could be all to me that I could fancy. That was what

know.

bor by the sleeve.

to ask again.

plied.

lay a trap to catch her inmost not have been wher than gracious to thoughts-the first cry of her heart. him. Yet, you see, I was concen I was not delirious; I was as sane as I trated on my one idea. She must had been for weeks past. Now I spare me the pain and humiliation of telling her that I was blind, Good heavens! I thought, surely she might I thought. How sane I was I do not have apprehended from my voice or from my look that I needed her con-The service was of an appalling solation

"Now for it," I thought.

Very likely you don't enter into

my state of mind-how should you?

length. It outlasted the storm. Mean-I was raging against her slowness time I was ripening my plan. If my to observe (she tells me now that I man would help me, it was feasible. had looked so distracted in the morn-When the sermon ended-great heaving that there was not much change ens! how I commented on that serapparent). And there was the devil mon, though it was nothing but a in me prompting me to think that string of inoffensive platitudes, but but for this man's good looks she it ended at last, and I took my neighwould have been forced to notice my distress. I was determined not to "Look here," I whispered, "I want you to help me out. Do you mind ask her pity. All wish to spare her a shock had gone clean from me. waiting for the voluntary?" They

She came in and threw herself have a sort of recital there after the down on the sofa, exhausted with boys have gone out. He nodded, I the heat. suppose, for I heard nothing and had "Well," she said, "I must say you never prepared me for such a fine

But I knew there was an open space

from the chair I sat in across the

room, so I rose and walked forward

as confidently as I could. Unluckily,

sting I could put into my voice:

"Yes, all right," he said. He had young man. Perfectly my ideal. But pleasant voice. sn't he surprisingly shy?" I steadied myself a bit during the "Certainly," I replied, "he left you

hymn, but then came a collection. to make the running." That was the first thing that brought I said it with a laugh, I know, but the feeling of helplessness in on me. it was not pleasantly said. She looked I had to ask to be touched when the at me then, I suppose, for the first bag came. This and the fumbling time way in which I handed it told the "Why, what is the matter? You are as white as a sheet." tale to my neighbor. "Oh, it's nothing," I said. "That "Pardon me," he whispered, "but

aren't you blind?" place was overpowering." "Blinded?" I replied, and I felt his Lucy asked me to open the winstart. Then I explained to him that dow. I had not reckoned on that.

I had a wife there and did not wish the shock to come on her too suddenly and wanted him to see me home. I fancy he thought me crazy. "All right," he said, "I'll do my

there was one of these little toy tabest. But you must explain fully." "Your name is Bedford." I said, bles in the way. I tripped over it and nearly fell. "Bless the boy!" Lucy cried out. 'and you knew me intimately in "Why, what is the matter? You Paris five years ago."

'But I never was in Paris," he renearly carried away a lamppost on the way home, and now you are breaking the furniture." We tried other places. Finally Lau-I turned round and said with all the

sanne was pitched on. I was to go out on his arm and introduce him to Lucy. "You had better tell which is your

wife, if you can," he said. "She is sitting in the front row on the left."

"There are four women there," he said

say. But the tone was enough. I heard her turn on the sofa and begin I made him describe them to me. to sob. Then a great remorse seized Lucy was the third. I am so unobme. I forgot myself and made to go servant about dress that I could not to her. But in the stumble I had be sure till he described her features lost my bearings, so I walked crash roughly. It is a very odd sensation into the table and instinctively I put to hear another man describe your out my hand to feel my way. wife to you, especially if he calls her Lucy saw me. She sprang up and beautiful in an apologetic sort of way.

snap at me?"

of hoops and circles that grew in while I stumbled into the drawing read it. She used to sit by me and

read it. She used to sit by me and keep the lines straight, or tell me she did so. I have got nearly half a vol-ume that I wrote in this way—of course quite undecipherable now. But it brought on the crisis. Try to write with your eyes shut for a minwrite with your eyes shut for a minute or two, and you will see what a strain it is upon the nerves. Mine gave way, as you know. We had worked six hours like this one day, poor Lucy in agonies and imploring me to stop, yet afraid to thwart me. That night I could not sleep, and toward morning delirium set in. The doctors tell me there is no such thing as brain fever, but it is a good descriptive term for the illness that followed

As I understand from what Lucy tells me, when the fever first left me I was sane enough, but my memory was gone. I could see perfectly Then as memory began to return there came a struggle with the old delusion, and a relapse followed. 'Last," as Tennyson says, "I woke sane, but well nigh close to death, and by a fortunate inspiration they had kept me in the dark. Else, think, the shock of returning consciousness would have frightened away my fluttering life. It was Lucy who explained it all to me in the silent watches of the night, little by little, as I could bear it. Poor Lucy I found her first gray hair as she bent over me a day or two afterward. But I pulled it out, and now it is the only memento of my blindness.

The doctors call it hysteria, which they say can simulate anything, and in such cases of simulated blindness it is often almost impossible to distinguish the false from the true, the eye acting under tests almost as it would if really incapable of sight. Hysteria is an ugly, womanish word. For my own part, I would as soon say insanity. And I am sure any jury would give Lucy license to get rid of me. But she does not want it. -S. L. Gwynn in Black and White.



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has been brought about by the introduction of CottoLENE, the "My dear child, if I am suffering new vegetable shortening. The for having accompanied you to your discovery of this product, and the devotions, is that a reason you should demonstration of its remarkable I was only sorry I could not think qualities, has attracted the widest of something memorably savage to interest. Hitherto the common shortening has been lard, or indifferent butter. Every one has probably suffered occasional discomfort from lard-cooked food; while it is well known that thousands are obliged to abstain entirely from everything of that kind. To such people, COTTOLENE is of peculiar value, widening as it amed and caught me in her arms does, the range of what may be eaten and enjoyed. COTTOLENE She drew me to the sofa and held is a cooking marvel. It combines me there. "Say it isn't that-not with the food-imparts to it a The hardness in my heart was tempting color, a delicate flavor, melting like ice, and there was a and an appetizing crispness. great lump in my throat. But the No trace of greasiness remains devil in me made one last effort. "So to offend the taste, or disturb the you have found me out at last, digestion. Really a handsome young man is a COTTOLENE is worthy of the careful notice of all those who I felt her flinch, but she drew my value good food, of itself or for head closer to her, for all I could say. its hygicnic properties. "Oh, my poor boy, my poor boy, and Sold by Leading Grocers. Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., ST. LOUIS and Chicago, New York.

other word made me catch my breath. As the voluntary ended he told me when Lucy got up to go, and we stumbled into the isle while she could not see us.

Lucy met us in the vestibule. He had to nudge me when she came. Luckily, she spoke first.

"What a storm! And you looked capital screen!" deathly ill."

"It was pretty bad," I said, "but let me introduce Mr. Bedford, of whom I have talked so often." Then we walked homeward. Lucy

I never guessed. I struggled to get free, but in a momade talk about boating with the ment I broke down, and then I was young man. He was dreadfully emcrying like a child, sobbing against barrassed in his tone, and no wonder. her throbbing breast.

'Oh, what is it? What is it?"

that," she was sobbing out.

I cut in now and then with leading It was she who recovered first. questions about the people we had Then I learned what it was to have a known, or rather I had known in wife who cared for you. I had never Switzerland. But he was very rebeen nursed or taken care of since I sourceless in lying, and I had to give was a boy, and of us two I had been it up for fear of a revelation. Bealways the self reliant one. But that sides, my head was dizzy with walknight I slept while she watched being on in the dark, expecting every side me. She read my heart to me moment to stumble. I was afraid, as if it had been a book-all the old too, that Lucy's suspicions might be quarrels, the old fancied grievances roused by my taking his arm. I am and the shutting up of my heart against her-and blamed herself, not demonstrative in my ways with

poor soul, for dullness because she had not sooner understood it. I was Happily the footpath was empty, but about half way home we met almost happy before I slept that night.

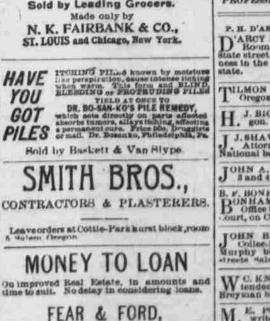
some women-I think they were all women from the rustle of their Next day we saw the doctor. He dresses-and had to steer clear of tried some severe tests on my eyes them. In my nervousness I ran my that hurt me, but there was some supporter hard into a lamppost. thing in the tone of his questions "My dear boy," Lucy cried out, that I could not understand. When "Mr. Bedford won't appreciate your affection at this rate. Have you lost he told me that there was hope I might recover from the shock, I was

perfectly certain he did not mean vour eves? We got home without further accident, and I put my hand on the just what he said, and I told him to let me know the worst. But he peropen door. Lucy was urgent with sisted. Then I tried to cross examour friend to stay and have tea. ine him on his reasons, but he put 'Never mind your work," she said. me off with technical terms. That We shall think you are in a hurry convinced me he was keeping back

to see the last of us." something, and he stupidly con-It was evident enough to me that the poor fellow desired nothing more firmed my suspicions by asking to ardently than to be gone and was see Lucy alone about the treatment. only anxious decently to conceal it. It ended, as I heard since, in his Lucy's hospitable effusion seemed to writing her his view of the case. Things grew very much worse with me in a short while. The first day

of blindness is not the worst. It is made his excuses definitely. "At least you will let us see you

"Yes," I said, "certainly. You deadened to it. must let us see you again. Come I tried dictating to Lucy, but that



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