

BLOSSOMS.

BY ELLEN FOWLER.

Fair are blossoms, fair to see,
Velling every bush and tree
Whit a snowy whiteness;
Fair are blossoms, passing fair,
Waiting sweetly on the air
Gleams along with their brightness;

But their beauties can not last,
For there blows a bitter blast,
Sent to chill and harden;
And before this cruel frost
Straight they fall like flakes of snow
All about the garden.

Just as first we glow and sigh
That each tender thing must die
In their youthful gladness;
Die in all their beauty's bloom,
Leave the garden wreath in gloom
And in dreary sadness.

But a message to they leave,
Saying, "wherefore do ye grieve
O'er our early dying;
Though our petals fall be shot,
Richer fruit shall come instead,
All your need supplying.

"It is meet that we should go,
Otherwise ye'd never know
Autumn's treasures golden;
Ere the gain must come the loss—
Ere the crown must come the cross—
'Tis a lesson olden.

"Let this thought to you abide;
For the bells at Easter tide
Tell the same story;
Victory o'er our life-long strife,
Death is but the gate of life,
Life and light and glory!"

—Sunday Magazine.

HIS LITTLE LOVE.

A snowy January afternoon.
Through the little windows of the warm
waiting room two travelers saw the snow
blowing across the whitened fields, and
heard the sweep of the wind among the
leafless branches, and against the window-
panes.

A gentleman of about thirty stood by the
window, one arm resting on a little shelf,
and eyes bent on the girlish face beside him.
He was not handsome, yet his was a face
one would look at with as much or with
more interest than if the features were as
perfect as Apollo's own.

His eyes and mouth were full of power,
the former especially wonderfully expressive,
and, as he spoke now, full of easy, quizzical
regard.

"Are you afraid of me, Miss Marion? Do
you think I shall prove a tyrannical or lenient
guardian?"

"I am not the least bit afraid of you, sir!"
the young lady called Marion answered, in a
cold, business-like voice, looking him in the
eye.

"Not afraid? How strange!" he said, the
smile around his mouth deepening.

"Do you generally inspire those who meet
you with awe, Mr. Vann?"

"I am a lawyer," he replied, "therefore
I've got with a good deal of course. Not
only do we judge by the outward evidence
of the thoughts in a client's heart, but the
inner working of the vital organs is an open
book to you. Your thoughts now—"

"Well?" she asked impatiently.

"Are you starting to me, you consider
me an unmitigated bore, very cold and pro-
fessional—not good looking? You long for
the school left behind in the South, where
days like this are unheard of, and where the
college students serenaded you and dedicated
flowery sonnets to you every day."

The girl flushed and started a quick, angry
glance at him from the dark eyes, and the
little frown she strapped across her nose.

"You are pleased to be sarcastic," she
said, with a little sneer and shrug; "but of
what matter is it? If it annoys you, sir,
I am sure I can do better."

Jerome Vann raised his eyes in unfeigned
surprise.

She was so petite, so childlike in appear-
ance, despite her eighteen years, and the
open animosity she expressed was so novel.
It was all refreshing, and he watched her
amusedly from a distant corner and
buried herself in a novel, to the complete
exclusion of himself.

All he could see beneath the book was a
pair of extremely lovely red lips, and these
he watched steadily, scarcely aware of it.
Five minutes passed, ticked off slowly by the
clock in the empty waiting-room, and a
brown curl appeared above the rim of the
book, and then one curious and brightly an-
gry eye which met his and disappeared like
a flash.

Jerome laughed. He knew that by that
outburst of mirth he totally lost all van-
tage ground with her, but he could not help
it.

"Still smiling he walked slowly to her side.
"Do not freeze me," he said pathetically,
holding out his hand: "we must be friends,
you know."

"Not at all!" she said coldly. "I am abso-
lutely sure that we shall never agree. Better
begin as we shall never agree."

"You dislike me?"

"I have said so," she answered, turning
the leaf.

"And why? Because I have been unfor-
tunate enough to have unwittingly offended
you?"

"You have laughed at me. I do not know
what name they give that in the North, but
in Virginia we should call that unmannerly."

"If I have been so, Miss Romero, I sincerely
repent in your pardon," Jerome said softly, and
retired to the corner, where he buried his
head in the little distracting discord until
the train pulled in.

Jerome sat by the library fire, a cigar be-
tween his lips, his hands clasped idly, his
eyes almost closed.

He was listening to a story which inter-
ested him.

A younger man was sitting by the fire,
a cane in his hand, and his chin resting on
the top of it. He was a very handsome
young fellow, and the firelight, playing on
his head, turned his hair to gold, and made
the intense, earnest, blue eyes seem black.

"I have loved her from the beginning," the
said, slowly. "Through all the past months
I have loved Marion silently; now, I will
tell her of it, with your permission, and
learn my fate. Better ultimate rejection
than an unrequited love."

nod. "If she knew that she was not abso-
lutely independent of my bounty, I believe
she would not stay an hour longer beneath
this roof. But, poor child, she need never
know, at least, until after she has been mar-
ried."

The deep, expressive voice ceased with a
regretful sigh, and then he concluded, more
cheerfully.

"Go, and I wish you success in your woo-
ing."

Ned wrung his hand and left the room,
and in a few moments Jerome followed.

For a while the fire glowed on noisily in
the grate, the wind howled and the quiet
remained unbroken; then the heavy velvet
curtains were drawn back, and Marion
stepped out from behind.

Her face was pale as a ghost's, her dark
eyes were burning with fierce pride and very
angry, her lips were trembling with excite-
ment and suppressed resentment.

"Great heaven!" she cried, with a pas-
sionate stamp. "What deceit! How often
have I buried the fact in his face that I was
glad, infinitely glad I loved him nothing
he calmly held me, knowing that it was a
beginner's delusion he was listening to." She
rushed, and her flashing eyes turned on the
chair he had lately occupied. "How he de-
tests me, too," she said with emphasis. "I
have never tried to win his favor, we have
never been friendly, and to think that for
weeks past, or perhaps months, I have eaten
his bread and drunk his wine, thinking it
entirely my own. But it is over—I shall not
stay. In the wide world there is surely room
for me to earn my bread."

She drew back the curtain and looked out.
The stars were shining brightly, but the wild
March wind making havoc of every stray
leaf and fragment in its path.

The streets were deserted. It was an
unusual bitter night of that blistering
month, a night when humanity keeps to
head, small-like, indoors, when the crackle
of a bright fire is the sweetest sound on
earth.

Marion, with a little shiver, turns away.

"I must go," she muttered, "not of my
own night will I stay here a beggar on the
charity of Mrs. Chaplin, though she is his
poor, will keep me for my mother's sake un-
til I get something to do and pay her back."

She paused by Jerome's arm-chair, and
leaned her head on the back of it. "I wish—
I wish I did not dislike me so," she whis-
pered, and the tears trembled on the
lids of her eyes. "It was my abominable temper
at first, and now, he is tired of me, would
gladly marry me to the first coxcomb that
asks."

This mood only lasted a second, and all
the fitful moods returned.

"But what am I saying?" she said, dashing
away the tears and trying to control her
quivering lips. "Do not hate this man!
This superior being who treats me like a
willful child. Am I not glad by accident I
learned the truth of my position? Certainly!
Am I not delighted at the possibility of feel-
ing independent, away from his benevo-
lence? I am, and the time will come when
Jerome Vann will wonder that he ever
laughed at me and my vagaries."

All the warm southern nature aroused,
she went to the desk and began to write a
note to the doctor about the case.

"Sir," it dashed off, "two minutes since I
learned my position in your house and it is
such an undesirable one that I renounce it
this night. You, who have disapproved of
me so strongly, will no doubt be pleased to
learn that I have broken from your reins
and fled. Good-night, and good-bye to you,
sir, M. MARION."

"P.S. I distinctly, and emphatically re-
fuse to marry Mr. Bullington."

An hour later she was on the street, the
wind blowing her cloak and twisting her veil
tilt it looked like a signal of distress.

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glance at him from the dark eyes, and the
little frown she strapped across her nose.

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ness, unoccupied room. Another room ad-
joined his, Jerome advanced hesitatingly,
and stood on the threshold looking in, as
though his hungry eyes would never be sat-
isfied at the picture he saw there.

Marion, in a plain, black dress was sitting
at an easel, the brush lying idle in her lap,
and her eyes turned languidly toward the
open window, through which the sunbeams
were straying.

Her figure looked very slight, and out of
the pale face her eyes shone with unhealthy
lustre.

She turned her head and saw him stand-
ing in the doorway. Without a start
or sooner he came, and the will, impas-
sioned torrent he had imagined bursting
from his lips at this happy moment had
completely deserted him.

When he spoke at last, the words were
 commonplace enough, but they covered the
entire ground.

"I never thought to see you again, Marion;
but I have found you!"

"And you really remembered me so long?"
she asked, with a flash of something like the
old fondness.

The expression which came into his eyes
answered her, and he took the picture from
its easel.

"This is me to you," he said, with im-
pressive tenderness; "and it also told me
that you had remembered me so long."

Marion flushed and turned away, but she
could not deny it. The proof was there.

Jerome drew her to his faithful heart,
which had suffered a more bitter throbbing
for his little love and kissed her with solemn,
heartfelt earnestness.

Thus peace was declared between them for-
ever.

A week later they were married in Mrs.
Chaplin's little front room, and, after a Cana-
dian tour, Marion settled in the old house
in a new quarter.

A Corpse Replevied

[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

One of the strongest cases that has taken
place according to law was that of yesterday,
when a corpse was taken from the vault of
the new St. Joseph's Cemetery, on the War-
saw pike, on a writ of replevia issued by
Justice Sanderson at the instance of Mrs.
Elizabeth Von Mahlen, the mother of the
corpse. The writ of replevia called for the
white casket and contents, the contents be-
ing a child recently deceased.

Mrs. Von Mahlen, when the child died,
was prevailed upon by her relatives, who are
Catholics, to have the child buried in the St.
Joseph's Cemetery. She at the time agreed
to the suggestion, and the corpse was laid
in the vault. Day before yesterday the mother
changed her mind about where the child
should be buried, and called on Eugene Sul-
livan, the sexton of the cemetery, for the
purpose of removing the corpse in order to
have it re-buried in the Spring Grove Cem-
etery. The sexton refused, and the mother
refused to pay. She then applied to Arch-
bishop Elder for permission to remove the
corpse of the child, but he, too, refused her
request. Yesterday she went before Justice
Sanderson at the law office of the late
Constable Frank Johnson, armed with the
writ, proceeded to the graveyard. He took
with him Johnny Ryan, and when the two
arrived at the cemetery the latter told Sul-
livan, the sexton, that they wished to enter
the corpse. Sullivan, not thinking, opened
up the vault, and just as he did so the writ
was served. At first he was disposed not to
let the corpse leave his possession, and tele-
phoned the Archbishop of what had taken
place.

"Don't let them have it," came the an-
swer from Archbishop. "But they have it al-
ready," he replied. "The sexton, of course,
ended the matter for the time being, and the
Constable carried away that which the writ
called for—one casket and contents. Mrs.
Von Mahlen then took charge of the corpse
and removed it to Spring Grove, where it
was interred alongside of her deceased hus-
band. The case is now on for trial May 11,
and the Archbishop and Sullivan, the sexton,
are made the defendants in the case."

"What Have You Been Persuing So Re-
tentently?"

queried Mrs. Partington of Ike. "It's a
tract, ma'am," replied the boy, as he
fastened four clothes-pins to the tail of the
house cat. "My reasoner gave it to me, and
said it ought to be in every house." "Then
it's Pond's Extract," observed the old lady,
calmly. The very best rhapsody for burns,
scalds, rheumatism, and all other eruptions
which afflict mortals in domestic
or barbeque land." The old lady was
right. Be careful to get the genuine.

Tongues with Cabbage—Use small fresh
or salted tongues for this dish; if salted
tongues are used they should be soaked over
night in cold water; fresh ones should be
washed in cold water. When the tongues
are ready for boiling place them over the fire
in boiling water, and boil them slowly about
an hour, or until they are quite tender, add-
ing a tablespoonful of salt to the water. If the
tongues are fresh; if they are salt they should
be put over the fire in cold water. After the
tongues are placed on the fire wash a me-
dium sized cabbage in plenty of cold water,
and cut it in thin slices. Put in a large
saucepan two tablespoonfuls of butter, a
saltspoonful of pepper and the sliced cab-
bage, and cook it slowly over the fire, and
cook it contents slowly for half an hour;
then add to it a cup of milk thickened with
a teaspoonful of flour, and stir the cabbage
until the milk boils; then mix in a table-
spoonful of lemon juice or vinegar, and
season with your generous vanity, do we judge
one another.

He paused to look at a picture which at-
tracted a number of people. It was a quaint
design in water colors, in the shape of a
small screen.

The picture showed the sea on a stormy
day, with the floating spar and mast of a
wrecked ship appearing above the angry
waves in the distance. All the coloring of
the picture is centered in two figures on
the shore.

One, the dead body of a drowned sailor,
curling on his forehead, his eyes closed
and his blue jacket torn, showing the pow-
erful chest in which the heart would never
beat again. The other, a young girl with a
face of extreme loveliness, though convulsed
with anguish.

Her dress denoted that she was a fisher-
ess, and as she bent over the body of her
lover, one hand over his heart, the other
holding on the little black hood, she was
the expression of her eyes was strangely real
and touching. The subject was an old one,
yet this little water-color sketch held a
quaint, original power of its own.

Jerome looked at it, puzzled and fasci-
nated. There was a strange resemblance in
the man to Jerome's own face, and he
more. With wondering eyes he realized that
it was a perfect likeness of himself.

He went into the store and bought it, at
the same time obtaining the artist's address,
and followed the direction with feverish
haste.

The house was a small one, in a street
which the word "gentle" describes. On in-
quiring at the door for the artist who resides
there he was told to knock at the door at the
end of the passage.

He did so, but, receiving no answer, opened
the door, and found himself in a shabby

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The Cheapest and Best Medicine FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD

CURES AND PREVENTS Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Inflammation, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache,

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Travelers should always carry a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief with them. A few drops of water will relieve sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Whisky as a stimulant.

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Radway's Sarsaparillian, aided by Radway's Pills, is a cure for this complaint. It restores strength to the stomach, and makes it perform its functions. The symptoms of dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract disease. Take the medicine according to the directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

"Read False and True."

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In the late campaign, as in former ones, the Sentinel's arm has been bared in the fight. We stood shoulder to shoulder, as brothers, in the contest; we now ask your hand for the coming year in our celebration of the victory.