

When Love is Dead.

When love is dead let blossoms fade,
And let their petals fall;
Let roses wither in the shade
And pass beyond recall.
And every garden be arrayed
In plume and solemn pall,
When love is dead.

When love is dead let all be still,
And life and laughter hush;
Let silence stop the lilt and trill
Of nightingale and thrush.
And sorrow's cup begin to fill
With tears that softly gush,
When love is dead.

When love is dead let jocund day
Put on the veil of night;
Let sun and stars in black dismay
Reel down the stricken height,
And hope take wings and flee away
Beyond the pale of light,
When love is dead.

Aunt Sarah's Nephew

By M. QVAD

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The village of Rawsonville knew what was going to happen a week or so before it came to pass. Aunt Sarah Hicks, relict of Barnaby Hicks, had received a letter to the effect that her sister in California was dead, and that her sister's only child was coming East to live with her. The "child," as she went on to explain, was a boy of eighteen and a born idiot.

"He is the only fool ever born among my relations," said the good woman, "and how he happens to be one the Lord only knows, but I owe him a duty, and am going to take care of him. I expect he'll be a great trial, but that's what we are here on earth for—to go through trials."

A few days later Aunt Sarah's nephew arrived. He was in charge of a man, and there was no doubt about his being an idiot. He was led through the village by the hand like a two-year-old child, and it was evident that his intelligence was of the lowest order. For three or four days the town was as much excited as if a circus had come, and it was not until the last citizen had had a square look at Jimmy that curiosity began to wane. Some of the people were inclined to criticize Aunt Sarah for "bringing a fool to town," as they expressed it, while others contended that it would make Rawsonville talked about and perhaps increase business and the price of real estate. The three doctors in town had called and looked Jimmy over and agreed that he hadn't the brains of a rabbit, and the boy had thrown stones at every other boy in the place, and things had begun to settle down when Deacon Harkness opened a crusade. He called on Aunt Sarah one day and said:

"I've been thinking the matter over, and I've come to ask you what you are going to do in a religious way for that boy?"

"What are you doing in a religious way for your plow-handlers?" asked the widow in reply.

"Hain't that purty near sacrilege?" "Not within forty rods of it. That boy is a born fool. I might just as well throw him down the well as to try to beat religion into his head."

"But it would be a great comfort to him."

"Yes, it would be a great comfort to him to be President of the United States, but he'll have to get along without. If the Lord was satisfied to make him as he is, then it's not for us to complain."

"But I've been talking it over with some of the folks," persisted the Deacon, "and we don't think it's right to deprive that boy of a chance to go to Heaven when he dies. He ought to be allowed to go to church every Sunday. Maybe he wouldn't quite understand every word the minister said, but he'd feel the influence of the spirit, and who can say how much it would benefit him?"

Aunt Sarah dismissed the subject by saying she'd think it over, and she thought that would be the last of it. It wasn't however. Deacon Harkness was a great hand to cling to an idea, especially if it was one he'd happened

say:

"Now, then, Aunt Hannah, we shall all expect to see that boy in church next Sunday. Most everybody in town believes as I do, that he ought to have a chance. The minister says that some fools seem to understand religion when they don't anything else."

"I say it's all Tom-fool nonsense!" protested the widow in her vigorous way, "but if nothing else will satisfy the people of Rawsonville then Jimmy shall go to church. I shan't take him, though. As it was you who started the whole business you can come along here and take him yourself."

"I should hate to think you are backsliding."

"Then don't think it. I'm no more backsliding than you are, but I think I know a little more about Jimmy. I'll have him all washed and dressed by ten o'clock Sunday forenoon. If he seems to take to religion no one will be gladder than me."

Before Sunday came it was known to every soul in the village that Aunt Sarah's Jimmy would be at church, and the usual congregation was increased by forty. The Deacon called for the boy at the right hour, and after a little coaxing, backed by three lumps of sugar, the unfortunate decided to take chances with the man who held out his hand. He was led to church and seated in the Deacon's pew and nothing happened. The place was strange, the people staring, and for a time the boy sat like a stone statue. Up to the time all knelt in prayer his behavior was without reproach, and the Deacon was certain in his own mind that the "influence" was taking hold. Jimmy was the only one who didn't kneel. He was also the only one who got up and tip-toed out of church while all the others were busy. After a few minutes the Deacon followed him out and found



There was a commotion.

him throwing stones at the hens in the next yard. He was a man with three sons of his own, and the paternal spirit was strong within him. That is, he obeyed his first instincts and gave Jimmy a box on the ear. It was an unfortunate move. The boy uttered a roar and kicked the Deacon on the shins and then fled. The "influence" had departed as quickly as it came.

The whole congregation had seen the deacon go out and were watching for him to come leading Jimmy back, and great was the disappointment when it was realized that the lad had escaped. Things seemed to drag for the next twenty minutes. It was a midsummer day, with doors and windows opened wide and the flies buzzing around, and no soul had a suspicion that a surprise party was on the way, and coming hot-foot.

Jimmy had taken in the church as a new thing, and had felt much obliged to the deacon for bringing him, but that cuff on the ear satisfied him that he had no friends in that crowd. He had been used to fighting his own way and paying off his own scores. When it came to getting square he seemed to have as much wit as any of the boys around him. His ear felt hot and his head rang, and as soon as a safe distance away he looked around for revenge. Where the hens were in the yard next the church were also two hives of bees. Jimmy knew something about the insects. He had picked up several by the wrong end in his younger days and felt results. The bees were coming and going and putting in their twelve hours to the day, when the boy gathered half a dozen rocks and hurled them at the hives. His aim was true, and presently a score of bees were out with their hats on their ears. They were followed by fifty more, and those by a hundred, and two or three more rocks did the business. The honey-gatherers had been basely and brutally assaulted without just cause or provocation, and they went looking for a row. As Jimmy slid away into distance the bees began to extend the circle of their flight, and in due course of time they came to the open doors and windows of the church.

The minister had only reached "truly" in his sermon, when there

was a commotion. The entire congregation appeared to "commote" at once. It was odds to the bees whether they came in at the door or window, or whether they began business on a hoary-headed deacon or an innocent youth of 10. Their idea was to sting, and the scene in that sacred edifice will never be forgotten. Everybody made for the doors at once, and everybody yelled and screamed and fought of the foe, and not a person escaped unscathed. Two hours later, when Deacon Harkness and his five lumps bathed in vinegar and swathed in bandages, he called upon Aunt Sarah, who had remained at home all the morning, to find Jimmy sleeping the sleep of innocence on the floor.

"Do—do you know what he did!" exclaimed the deacon, as he pointed an accusing finger at the sleeper.

"Hush, Deacon! I believe you were right to take him with you to service, though why he came home so soon I can't make out. However, what he got of it must have done him good, for he fopped down like a tired angel and has hardly granted since. Come for him again next Sunday!"

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There was no doubt about his being an idiot.

to invent himself, and the idea of Jimmy attending church stuck with him. He talked about it until he got fifty people interested, and he finally made a sound call on the widow to