A GARDEN OF ROSES

It was a settled thing in the minds of the villagers of Bracebridge that old Holloway was "all alone in the world." None came to visit him, and during the two years he had lived at Bracebridge he had never been absent from home for a day. His declining years-for he was well past the sixties-denied him recreation, though on wet days he would occasionally put his mackin-tosh over his shoulders and perch himself beside the pool—for which Bracebridge was famous-and patiently watch the float for hours at a time. It is probable, however, that had it been sunshine every day of the year the fish would have been minus one enemy. For the sunshine brought the children out to play, the sunshine allowed him to walk in the paths of his garden and watch the growth of his roses. On wet days he had neither children nor flowers, so he went to the fish for consolation.

Old Holloway had two sources of happiness. His tiny cottage was known as Rose Glen. If you ever went to Bracebridge you would never dream of going away without looking over the wicket gate and inhaling the sweet pertume of the old man's roses. They lined the gravel pathway, for all the world like floral sentries, as their owner passed between them to the porch. Rose trees were everywhere, and every single blossom was as familiar to him as quickly, she asked: the seals on his watch chain, and he patiently tollowed the progress of each petal and the unfolding of every bud with as much pride and care as he would that of the growth of his own child. Yet, the flowers brought old Holloway happiness.

But he loved the children more. He once said that, when their tiny faces were looking up at him and smilling, they, too, were flowers. Every child in Bracebridge knew old Holloway. They called him grandfather. You never met him in the lanes without a child hanging to his hand or his coat tails. Why, the dear old fellow would make a point of passing by the school just when the children were coming out. Then he would let them play on the grass of his garden. Let them? Nay, he would play with them, and his laughter seemed as free as theirs, his shouts of merriment as joyously innocent. Then when the sun began to edge the hills with gold and crimson, he would merrily drive them out of his floral domains, and watch them wave their hands as they turned the pathway at the top of the hill which led to the village. As he retraced his steps to the porch he would sometimes stand beside a tree of roses-great crimson blossomsmore beautiful than all the others. Their color was richer than the sweetest of the blossoms on the neighboring bushes, their from them, too, on the lawn. He would look at the name on the wooden tablet and read the simple word, "Marion." That was the name he had given to his favorite tree-"Marion;" and murmuring the word he would enter the house very quietly.

One evening the children had all gonehe had bid them "goodby" as usual. He turned to enter the house. A whole week had passed since he had examined his favorite rose tree. Crossing the grassy lawn he came to "The Marion." One of the great blossoms was drooping, but just from the same green stalk a tresh bud was shooting forth. The old man took out his knite and cut off the faded flower. He looked at the bud thoughtfully. He seemed to read a story among the roses-a story that went to his heart. He looked again at the dead blossom in his hand. Then his eye wandered toward the bud. He burst into tears, and quickly turned away.

"My daughter, my darling Marion! I was cruel to send you away, very cruel. A father's love for you made me think it possible for even a husband to love you as I did. Shall I ever see you again, or shall I see you dead-dead as this once beautiful blossom, which can never again help to sweeten my days and brighten an old man's life? Oh, come back to life again, and bring your little one with you. Come-

He entered the house weeping. On the morning of the next day the children were on their way to school. They always passed Rose Glen, and old Holloway would invariably be at the gate. But this morning the children seemed more excited than usual; something had evidently happened, or was about to happen, which made their little hearts beat faster than ever. They had started earlier than was their wont, for somehow they had got to know that it was "grandfather's" birthday, and each wanted to be there first. On, on they went, laughing, shouting and clapping their hands in delight. What was there to stop the happy ripple of their little tongues? It would seem-nothing. They were children-little children-and were as free as the birds which were singing in the trees and on the hedgerows about them. But, as they turned the road at the top of the hill which led down to the home of the roses. their laughter became silent, and their lips ceased to move. They gathered together in a bunch, not in affright, but more in childish sympathy at the sight before them. A woman sat on a grassy mound. Her face was pale, her cheeks pinched, her eyes looked as though they had shed many tears; but yet how pretty she was! She was dressed all in black—there was crape on her cloak and bonnet. She held something muffled up in her arms. The children looked and guessed it was a baby. The woman smiled, and seemed to invite them to come near. Then one of the children gave the woman some flowers, and a flush of happiness came into her poor, wan

"Would you like to see my little boy?" she asked. And all the children gathered | not mind it a bit. round while the mother drew aside the scarf from round her baby's neck, so that they might see it the better. It, too, had

tiny black bows on its little hat. "Oh, how grandfather would love to see him!" cried one of the children. "May

And who is grandfather?" she asked.

"You don't live here, do you?" questioned one of the youngsters. "No," the woman answered. "I am quite a stranger here. But why do you

"Because you don't know grandfather," came the logical reply.

"Well, tell me who he is." Then one of the children took the woman by the hand and led her to the corner from whence the hill started toward the words come true, for one of those children spot where the roses grew. The cottage was myself, the others were my dear friends was pointed out to her.

"That's Rose Glen," the child said. "Yes, I can smell the roses here. Oh, how sweet!" the woman murmured, look-

ing at the cottage. "That's where he lives," the little one "Yes," said a child older than the others,

'Mr. Holloway-The woman gave a wild scream, which almost made the children run from her in dismay. She had nearly fallen to the ground. But she was herself again in a

"Oh! my children, my children," she cried, pitifully, "don't turn from medon't be trightened-don't be atraid of me! I love you, every one. Come nearer to me. That's right. I love you, every one. I know—I know it is his birthday to-day. And would he would he love to see my little one, would it make him happy? Do you think he would kiss it just as he does you and give it a smile the same as he gives you? Would he take it in his arms like

the tiniest of you?" She won the sympathy of the children about her and they all cried out: "Yes,

Yes; let us take it to him. A wild gladness overspread her face. Her lips quivered, her eyes sparkled. Some sudden resolve had come to her. She drew her hand nervously accross her eyes; then, turning to the little ones about her

"And it I let you take my child to him -what will you do?" They were quiet for a moment. Then the elder child, who had spoken before,

"I will carry him ever so careful. You

can come, too.' "I can come, too," she murmured; "I

can come, too!" Silently she placed he baby in the little girl's arms. The children trooped down the hill toward the house, the woman following them with hesitating steps. The children had reached the cottage gate and the woman stayed without, looking through the hedge-row and watching her little one with anxious care. One of the children, carrying the baby in her arms, crossed the lawn toward old Holloway's favorite rose tree, "Marion." There was just room tor the child to stand beneath the great covering of green leaves and flowers. Then the other children ran to the porch. They cried out: "Grandfather! grandfather! Many happy returns of the day! many

happy returns of the day!" The old man heard their voices and came to the door. How those children danced and shouted! They got hold of both his hands and his coat, and, with merry laughter, pulled him across the lawn to his favorite tree. Then every little tongue became perfume more fragrant. It grew apart | still, as though waiting for him to speak. He looked at the picture before him. There beneath the cover of blossoms, stood a little girl, looking up at him with a face lit up with smiles. She held out to him a baby. Scarcely knowing what he did he took the child from her arms into his own, and covered its tiny face with kisses. He looked round about him, not knowing what to do or whether to turn, but his lips were muttering one name.

Again the children took hold of him and pulled him along the path toward the wicket gate. They opened it, and the woman was still standing there, her pale face now flushed, her once dim eyes brighter

"Marion! Marion!" the old man cried. She fell on his shoulder, with her arms about his neck. Just then the school bell rang out, and away the children ran up the hill, their voices shouting all the way. "Many happy returns of the day, grandfather! many happy returns of the day!"

The old man, caressing the child as he carried it close to his breast, with his daughter's arms still clinging to his neck, walked up the pathway. The bud on the rose tree seemed to peep out from all the other crimson blossoms. They entered the house together.—Strand Magazine.

Involuntary Imitation of Handwriting.

Believers in graphology, or the expresion of character in handwriting, will have to labor with Miss Mary E. Wilkins, the novelist. That lady says that she has been aware of the fact for some time that her penmanship varied greatly, but it was only recently that she gave any thought to the matter. Then, happening to be directing a note to the mother of a young friend who was with her, the daughter stood watching her do it. Finally the girl exclaimed, "Why, that is mamma's handwriting !" and when Miss Wilkins looked at it closely she saw that it was. On observing herself further, Miss Wilkins discovered that she instinctively imitates in answering letters the handwriting of the person whom she is addressing. According to the laws of graphology Miss Wilkins must be an encyclopædia of characters or there will have to be a new principle introduced into this science to account for such a multiplication of variation. - Boston Journal.

Hot Weather Suggestions.

It is safer to walk on the shady side of

It is a mistake to hurry about anything in this weather, to worry is still worse. When thirsty don't forget the claims

that water has upon the attention.

Brief cold baths are strengthening as well Your system does not need alcohol in any form when the mercury is in the

Wear as few and as light garments as the usages of society permit. Don't grumble or swear at the weather. or watch the thermometer. It makes you

more uncomfortable and the weather does Remember that it will be cooler after awhile.-N. Y. World.

A Reminiscence.

"Forty years ago," said Wilson Barrett, "three little boys advertised a show we take him to grandfather? It's his to be given in the barn belonging to the birthday today. It would make him so father of one of them, near Manchester, England. The price of admission was three pins, or six pins for a reserved seat. The play was an adaptation of Julius Cæsar, and the parts of Cæsar, Mark Antony and Brutus were taken by the three boys, none of whom was over four years of age. A retired actor, then living in Manchester, came to see the children play, and after the performance remarked that he had never seen anything just like it

> "He died too soon to see his prophetic Henry Irving and John Toole."

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CHECKM ATED.

Dudley Smith, of Mangrove House, Sydney, was a young, handsome tellow with olenty of money. One morning he sat in his library and pondered, as he had often pondered before-and on the same subject -viz., how to get a wife. There were enough young ladies who would bless their lucky stars for the privilege of becoming mistress of his luxurious establishment; but he also felt assured the home was all they cared for. For the fortune they would

"Hang the money," he exclaimed, "I wish I'd never had a penny, and thenbut, bother it, then I should have been too poor to marry at all. Why couldn't I have just wealth enough to satisfy my wants and nothing more? By jove! a fine idea. I'll toil them-the mean adventuresses!" A furious pull at the bell-rope brought

the housekeeper to the room in a hurry. "Pack up your traps, Mrs. Bull," he exclaimed abruptly, "for I am going to close the house for the present. Meanwhile, your wages can still go on, and that of such domestics as you consider indispens- My heart I lay before you.

A week later saw Mr. Smith safely domiciled in a quiet, second-rate lodging in Surrey Hills, and shortly afterwards he began to sell his diamond rings, pins, seals, and other paraphernalia of fashionable lite. His grand clothes soon began to appear seedy and threadbare, and these he replaced by cloth of rougher cut and plain-

A rumor soon got afloat that his money and property had been lost through unlucky mining speculations, and as a natural consequence he lost friends rapidly. By twos and threes they ceased to know him as he met them in the street. Fashionable dandies, who hitherto were delighted to stop and shake hands with him, turned aside now as he met them "doing the block" or saw them riding by. Our hero only laughed and snapped his fingers at them behind their backs, though had his adversity been her surprise when he should tell her that real he would not have felt inclined to his fortune still remained. He sent for laugh. Then came the time when of all his tormer friends who had smoked his cigars, drank his wine, and borrowed his cash, only two still clung to him in his adversity. It is no wonder that he grew mis-

In George street one day he met a carriage containing some of his former friends, who had been absent from town since he closed his house. He thought they would not notice him, but each inmate of the carriage bowed politely as of old. "They have not heard the news," he muttered cynically. He was mistaken. That night the owner of the carriage called to see him.

"Rather close quarters, my friend," he said, as he took a calm survey of Dudley's not very pretentious surroundings. "Pretty close indeed," answered Dud-

ley, with an icy smile; "but since I lost my property, of which I suppose you have not heard, I have become quite

"But I have heard, my dear fellow,". cried his auditor, abruptly, 'and that is why I came. I knew you needed friends now, if ever; and the fact is-my daughter Rosa—that is, sir, I mean I came to offer you the position of head clerk in my business establishment. Will you ac-

"Ahem! well, I will think of it. But it is a long way from my lodging-house." "Hang your lodging-house! You can live in my family as a-well, a sort of guest, you know. Dudley Smith looked keenly at his

"Sir, you are one man out of ten thou-

sand," said he, slowly. "Tut, Mr. Smith; sympathy is a strong feeling, and I feel deeply for your unfortunate case, believe me.

Again Dudley looked at him.

eleavers

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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.

Mr. Baitman was a wealthy man-very

wealthy, he was called—and of course Mr.

Smith thanked him, and he accepted the

offer. Once cosily settled in the Baitman

mansion, it was not long before he began

to wonder why he had not mentioned Rosa

Baitman before. She did not seem to feel

above him, notwithstanding the wide differ-

ence in their positions; and she treated

him as cordially -more cordially, he

thought-than heretofore, before the

change in his fortunes. He would not have been human had he not learned to

The climax came when she gave a grand

party. Then, before the elite of the whole

city, she did not hesitate to receive atten-

tions from him on which but one construc-

tion could be placed. One cannot wonder

he thought her a heroine, and asked no tur-

ther proof that she could love him. Next

day they met in her father's library, where

"Rosa," he said, as soon as the usual

courtesies had been exchanged, "I come to

the difference in our positions and would

not urge you—only let your heart decide.

composed; then she gave him her hand.

She blushed prettily, but seemed quite

"I have loved you so long," she said;

'and I teared you would never love me.

You were so suspicious before you lost

your wealth that all women were mere ad-

venturesses; I was heartily glad when papa

"You sent him to negotiate with

me!" cried Dudley, finishing the sen-

tence intuitively, and giving it labial

"I loved you so," she murmured depre-

"I do not doubt it, dearest," and Mr.

They were married. The wedding was

very unpretentious, as became the bride-

was in constant ecstasy as he thought of

groom in straitened circumstances; and he

Mrs. Bull to return and re-open the house

and put it in full condition to receive its

mistress. Meantime they remained at her

"Dudley," said his wife, one day, "I

"I will, if it be in my power so to do,

"Well, poor papa is rather short of

"Oh! I know what you have been pre-

tending," was the quick reply; "but then

you see, dear, it wasn't so-you never lost

Dudley Smith leaped from his chair as

"How did you find that out?" he gasped.

that you were penniless, papa went direct-

ly to your banker and learnt the contrary.

I think we managed the game very shrewd-

dear husband, glancing upon his better

half; "you have checkmated me with a ven-

geance; but do not flatter yourself, madam,

"I think you did, rather," answered the

"How can you help yourself, dearest?

"Answer me one question, Rosa. Do you

"Well, if you love me, we will drop the

"I think we had better," said she

We are married now. Will you take a trip

to Fiji, or to England, or will you apply

"No, I will do nothing of the kind."

"Then what will you do?"

"Yes, I really do, Dudley."

We think so too.—Ex,

money-won't you lend him a few thous-

have a favor to ask of you-will you grant

Dudley Smith believed himself the happiest

said you had lost it, and I-

catingly.

father's residence.

ands ?"

your money.'

ly, dear husband.'

that I'll endure it."

tor a divorce?"

darling," he exclaimed.

"Me! why, you know---

though he had been shot.

he waited to see her.

Extracts from Letters:

One says :- "I would not be without your Wine of Rennet in the house for double its price. I can make a delicious dessert for my husband, which he enjoys after dinner, and which I believe has at the same time cured his dyspepsia."

Another says:-"Nothing makes one's dinner pass off more pleasantly than to have nice little dishes which are easily digested. Eagar's Wine of Rennet has enabled my cook to put three extra dishes on the table with which I puzzle my friends."

Another says:-"I am a hearty eater, but as my work is mostly mental, and as I find it impossible to take muscular exercise, I naturally suffer distress after a heavy dinner; but since Mrs, --- has been giving me a dish made from your Wine of Rennet over which she puts sometimes one. sometimes another sauce, I do not suffer at all, and I am almost inclined to give your Rennet the credit for it, and I must say for it that it is simply GORGEOUS as a dessert"

Another says :- "I have used your Wine of Rennet for my children and find it to be the only preparation which will keep them in health. I have also sext it to friends in Baltimore, and they say that it enables their children to digest their food, and save them from those summer stomach troubles so prevalent and fatal in that climate."

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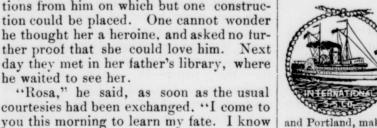
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