No rosy morn, no radiant noon, No purple glory in the West, No dim twilight, no stars, no moon, Nothing but darkness, death and rest If only the sun were dead, sweetheart, If only the sun were dead.

No tender word, no soft caress, No eyes would shine with love's sweet fire : No light, quick touch of tenderness: Nothing on earth were worth desire, If only love were dead, sweetheart, If only love were dead.

The sunlight fills the world with bloom, Shows us the arch of sapphire skies, The light of love disperses gloom, And makes of earth a paradise. Nor sun nor love is dead, sweetheart, Nor sun nor love is dead.

-Miller Purvis, in Womankind.

THE FROST-LILY.

BY ARNETTA J. HALLIDAY.



Waka had come. year among the ing, and drinking shadows were lying over the lake. and song. The

old belief of the with a natural gift of music, made the pair of new shoes. Vik fiddlers sought far and wide for fete; and before many houses in the

Somewhat removed from the gayety and revels of the night, the small white dwelling of old Liof Thure nestled in the long grasses full of clover blooms, with a gravel pathed garden at one side, overflowing with old fashioned pink and white rose trees; and a long white fence at the other, leading down to a quay and the tossing green fjord, which looked violet black in the

shadows of the night.

The family of Thure was an old one, and had lived in the same spot for generations, looking at the grand, gray, fir clad mountains and the wild, moss grown boulders, and listening to the wash of the great water against the little landing stage. The present occupants of the place where old Liof, who had never known a day's variation from his accustomed routine in his life time; his six vellow-haired, strong-limbed sons, who looked like nothing so much as pictures of the old Norse Vikings; and the pride of her father's heart, sweet, imperious Gerda, the acknowledged beauty of Vik, who looked at him with her mignonette, and as she reached the packed up his palettes and canvases, Gray, "is to be happy." "It is better nother's eyes and face, and spoke to him in the tones of the woman whose life had gone out eighteen years ago when she gave to her husband the girlbaby for whom he had so longed.

Gerda was wilful and spoiled and tantalizing. Her brothers had long lost all patience with her because she had laughed in the face of every honest fellow who would have married her, and because she loved many strange things that had no beauty to the sons of Liof Thure; the magpies, which are as much a part of Norse scenery as the invariable birches and pines; the blue gentians of the snow-capped heights; the yellow and white water-lilies of the Norwegian tarns, and the lady-ferns, which the first cold snow-winds of winter tinged with bright scarlet. She gave to the wind and the weather the love that should have been a husband's. and worshiped the swift, wild rain which made the moss and ferns so lovely, and the flushing of the waters and the brilliant heavens above them when the sun went down. She loved to paddle her boat idly about the shores of the fjord, watching the colors deepening in itself over all nature as the day dies, when she should have been merrymakafter the fashion of her people.

Of admirers, who would have willingly become something dearer, she had had more than any other maiden in Vik. She was bright with an intelligence far beyond the average Scandinavian girl, such as was that of Horthat plenty of cleanliness in the in his buttonhole as he told her wegian woman above her Swedish

windows, and a hush seemed to have for them both. settled over the place, in marked con-

about the Thure homestead.

Norway very slow after the nervous bustle of the New World. The boys were making the most of their holiday, and had trudged away early in the changeable blot upon many generamorning, each bearing gifts to his tions of financial prosperity, that the love. I am a Norseman hereafter for sweetheart. Gerda had persistently solesharer with himself of many Ameri- your sake!" refused to join in the pleasures of the can dollars should marry a Norse peasfestival of St. John, and had strayed ant girl. out this delicious night, going from boulder to boulder, until she had clambered nearly to the top of the mountain through the lichen, whortleberries and ferns.

and Nils and Brun and Rolf; while sympathy with his sister, had watched her wistfully when she was among the red-current bushes of the garden and This is the great- whispered softly to his brothers: "She

est festival of the | will never forget him !" One year before, upon this very Norse peasantry, St. John's eve, the little steamer and in Vik, the which came tri-weekly from the cluster of little Norse capitol, bringing with it houses, which a breath of the great world, nestle in the bend in the shape of tourists who found of a great fjord, fjord-traveling a charming novelty, the vigil of St. had stopped at the little quay nearest John's Eve was to Liot Thure's dwelling, late in the kept with danc- afternoon, when the purest of purple

Gerda stood waiting for its arrival, and the mate handed to her a small Northmen, that those born near the parcel, which from its size and shape sound of many waters are endowed one could easily guess contained a

"Great heavens, what a lovely girl!" the June merry-makings of St. John's exclaimed a voice in English as the boat moved away, and, looking upward little village the Wolmar fire burned at the steamer's tiny deck, Gerda saw brightly in token of the noisy betrothal a man whose dark eyes spoke to her plainly the sentiments which her Norse ear failed to comprehend.

The superbfringes of her large, darkblue eyes drooped as she walked away. He was an artist and an American, of that she was sure, for he had had sketch-book and pencil in hand, and bore about him the general air of assurance which characterizes the American at home and abroad. She had seen many of them who had passed through Vik, finding a constant interest in the exquisite scenery of the fjord, and the mountains of the waterfalls and the stretches of green slope, with the hay stacked on the wooden fences to dry; she smiled again the next afternoon when she turned her boat homeward after a long ramble, and remembered his tone and glance.

The evening was coming on, and the setting sun tinged the snow-tops a faint pink, while the green grass on the mountain-side was covered with white daisies, like a powder of pearls. Her boat was filled with harebells and purplish heath-plants and ferns and artist could render it, the American small wooden bridge which stretched and bade good-by to the snug farm across an arm of the fjord, she saw a house where he had eaten and slept stranger leaning upon the rail and and worked for so many months. watching her. It required no second When he said farewell to Gerda, it was glimpse to assure the Norse girl that it was he whose admiration of her had brothers; there was a close quick been so outspoken upon the steamer pressure of the hand, and he had the night before. In a moment he was at her side.

"Let me help you," he exclaimed as she gathered the boat's fragrant freight in her arms, after making the tiny craft fast, and although the tongue in which he spoke was a stranger to her, she needed no dictionary to interpret his actions as he walked homeward beside her, and easily persuaded old Liof Thure to accommodate him as a boarder.

He was a landscape-student from New Orleans, with dreams and a great ambition, and he had come to paint the wild beauties of the Norse scenery and the glinting sunshine which laughed through the tall, swaying pines.

For six months he had lived in the family of Liof Thure, and had acquired enough of the Norwegian to tell them the sky, and the gloom which spreads of the distant city of his birth, of his hopes, and his prospects and his friends. He had learned to listen with the ing instead, with some Norse lover, keenest pleasure to the sweet voice of Gerda during the long days and even- from the drying hay in the air, while ings, when she explained to him the lore of her country and the folk-tales mountain shades in deep violet and of the North-of the castle of the pirate black; the colored lights, red and Erik, and the three hunters turned to white and green, which the villagers Mississippi thousands of acres of stone-of the mystery of the parsley were burning gleamed in the soft bed and the milk-white doer and the dusk. berg, the peasant painter of Sweden. white worm of the witches; and She loved nature with the unconscious- how the spectre-cross in the en- side, a little boat darted out from the put out of the way the wool industry ness of the Greek and the passion of chanted garden frightened the Finnish shadows of the fjord, and rowed swiftthe German; but she was practical and sorcerers. Gerda and he had taken ly through the long path of silver well skilled in the arts which attract a long strolls together over the gray light which the moon rays threw upon Norse husband. She could prepare mountains and the little green patches the waters. The road down the mounthe flesh of the reindeer most delic- of field where peasant-girls in scarlet tain so wound about it at intervals it iously with cream, which is used so and blue were raking the grass; or commanded a view of the fjord, so lavishly in Norwegian cookery; she they had wandered to the village at Gerda saw the boat near the shore as knew the concoction of each of evening and watched the boats heaped she herself approached the valley. To the many cheeses beloved of high with hay coming in, or the fish- the rower she paid little heed, simply Scandinavian; she could bake ing-smacks gliding lazily out to sea; noting that he wore the holiday cosgreat round rys cakes a foot and a half and Gerda would tell the stranger how tume of the Norse peasant, in scarlet in diameter, and so flavor and dry the rose-colored haresfoot was dyed and brown. them for the winter that they were like with the blood of Charles XII.; or of As the boat shot under the bridge, confections; and the large attic the black stork that built its nest toward the pier, the man looked upchamber of her father's house was among the anemones and dog-violets ward with a glad cry. hung around with her wardrobe, most of the marshes; and how a stalk of of which was her own handiwork -- snow- clover worn by a man was a sure charm you know me?" white wool aprons with brilliant red against women with false complexions, borders, linens, colored prints, em- hair and teeth; and the American, he leaped from the boat and held his lining while the hydrogen collects broidered bodices, deer-skin coats, looking at the cheeks of his companion, two hands out for hers. snow shoes and winter boots; for Liof which were dashed with a color richer was a well-to-do peasant, and had than the freshest peach-bloom, had Norse love words, 'Do you love hydrogen, being a poor conductor, brought up his daughter in the belief laughed and thrown away the trefoil me?"

And as the days went by, the against his heart! idea of a picture which should show the

There was no word of love between day to buy this costume which is trast to the revels of the neighbor- them, but day by day the American to be mine in the future, Gerda,

IF SUN AND LOVE WERE DEAD collar and a tinkling bell, was just poignant feeling to each vibration of to press her head to his shoulder tentell her that his whole heart was hers, sea, who would have deemed it an un-

Finally the picture was completed. There was the wide fjord stretching out to the ocean with silence and solitude on its waves, which caught the blood red reflections of an angry sky. There She had moped all day, said the was not a vessel in sight, and so well great, rough brothers, Olaf and Byn had the artist caught the spirit of the was not a vessel in sight, and so well scene that the slow, majestic sweep of Jarl, the youngest and more nearly in the heaving rollers seemed to die out without breaking, and to give place to others, and against the gathering darkness the exquisite slenderness of a woman's figure stood clear cut upon the canvas. She wore a white skirt and white bodice, the dainty sleeves revealing more than half of the round, dimpled arms, which hung down and were clasped in front of her; from the white cap upon her head the great braids of pale-gold hair extended below the waist line; the eyes, which were of the purple blueness of water of great depth, looked outward over the waves, and the whole face expressed subdued force and sweet seriousness. It was the portrait of a woman whose heart knew not yet the thrill of love, but had experienced the sadness of some undefined longing.

It was a matchless picture, a masterpiece of the artist's power; and as he mixed his colors and labored over it, but one name seemed suitable to the American as he thought of Gerda, "So pure, so fresh, so cold!" he had said to himself; and when old Liof Thure first saw the painting and read the name of "The Frost Lily," he was quick to grasp its significance and to realize what had prompted the stranger in his house to call the gem of his Norse collection by the name of the most prized and the most unattaina-

ble of the Scandinavian flora. "It dies when they take it from the snow-bitten waters of its mountain tarns," thought the old man sadly. Does he think to take her away from me to the country across the waters? The child would die in those great

But he was wise in his way and said | nanimity of the rich. nothing, although he could have men of her own race. Brown eyes pendence, manly reliance and manly and hair and beard did not accord self-reliance. with the Scandinavian ideas of freedom and manliness.

When every detail of the picture had been made as perfect as brush and colors and the critical taste of the in the presence of her father and jumped into the sledge which was waiting to speed him over the frozen snow away from his love to the nearest station of the continental trains.

That was nearly half a yearago; and through all the long months tidings had come from him but once, when he had sent a great medal of gold which the picture had taken in some famous exhibition, with the words, "Gerda, in remembrance of Ralph!" And it was upon all this that Gerda was thinking, this anniversary of their meeting, as she strayed aimlessly upon the mountain side, and listened to the merry voices singing upon the fjord below, or the rush of some mountain stream not far from her feet.

She paused a moment, and looking downward, taking off her cap and pushing back the rebellious locks of thick, soft hair with which the breeze loved to play upon her temples. was a quarter to ten, and only half darkness; there was a sweet, fresh smell of fir and pine wood, and whiffs the moon had risen, outlining the

"Gerda!" said he, "Gerda, don't

As the keel rasped upon the shore,

away another day. I stopped yester-

wandering home from the far-off his own artistic soul, the spirit of true derly before he continued: "I could fields, and was the only sign of life life, unfettered with the contractions not ask you to leave everything that and ceremonies of conventionality, a has made you what you are, and go Old Liof had gone for a visit with life high and wide, like the blue Scan- across the seas with me. There is two Norwegians just returned from a dinavian heaven above; he saw all this, nothing about you that I would change fifteen-years' sojourn in the Western he felt the inspiration of this continual for the world, and so I am come to States of America. They found old contact with nature, and yet he did not you, Gerda. When we are married, we will live right here in this pure air because of the elder brother across the and amid all this grand scenery; our life shall be the same simple, primitive one that has made you the woman I your sake!"

Gerda looked into his eyes with rapturous fondness. The moon hung in the dark blue ether, like a round shield over woods and hills and waters, flooding the mountain path with ghostly shadows and silvery light, and as the soft beams fell upon her and etherealized her beauty, the American held her to him in an ecstasy of tenderness.

"Have you nothing to ask me, Dear-Eyes?" he murmured, as he pressed his cheek against hers. "Have you nothing to ask me of the home or friends or family I have left?"

"No," answered Gerda, "I have you, and I love you so that there is no room for any other interest in my

Life's golden paradise opened for them, and unquestioning and content they entered in. -Romance.

WISE WORDS.

Dollars are delightful.

The morning is the tonic of the day. Every smile chases a wrinkle away. Pleasure is time; happiness is etern-

Most people don't know why they

A fool and a fast horse are soon parted.

A flower has nothing to do but look pretty and be sweet. Before saying an unkind thing of

one think how you would like to have it said of you. Talebearers and talebearers are alike guilty; the one hath devil in his

tongue, the other in his ear. Circumstances form the character. but like petrifying waters, they too

often harden while they form. To have given pleasure or benefit to even one human being, is a recollec-

tion that may well sweeten life. The beloved of the Almighty are the rich who have the humility of the poor, and the poor who have the mag-

These two things, contradictory as chosen for his Gerda one of the they may seem, must go togetherwhite-skinned, serpent-eyed North- manly dependence and manly inde-

They who provide much wealth for their children, but neglect to improve them in virtue, do like those wno feed their horses high, but never train them to character and success.

"To be employed," said the poet to wear out than rust out," said Bishop Cumberland. "Have we not all eternity to rest in?" exclaimed Arnauld.

Too Many Dogs.

The Savannah News says that the papers of Georgia and of the neighboring States are up in arms against sheep-killing dogs, and are clamoring for some efficient legislation on the subject. 'There is no doubt," it says, "that a plague of worthless dogs exists all over the South, to the detriment of everybody, even their owners. But how are they to be got rid of? Nine men in ten who own dogs, no matter how worthless, will fight for them, and there have been numbers of tragedies brought about through the kicking or shooting of a dog too mean and worthless to let live. The plan of taxing worthless dogs out of existence has been tried in the South and found wanting. The people who own dogs will not endure such a tax. They guard their right to own dogs as jealously as the right to own horses and land, and the candidate for the Legislature who would let it be known that he was an enemy of hounds would hardly secure an election. Then how are they to be reached? The man who solves the problem satisfactorily will be a benefactor to the South. For there are in Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee and pasture lands that could, and would, be devoted to sheep raising, if the As Gerda turned to descend the dogs were removed. Until they are will not amount to much in either State."-New Orleans Picayune.

Welding by Electricity.

Two Belgians have discovered a method of welding by electricity which will be of immense use in the arts. Electricity forced into water separates it into its component parts, hydogen and oxygen. A glass jar with a leaden lining is connected with a conductor of positive electricity. A pair of tongues connected with a negative pole and having insulated handles is used to take up a bar of iron, for instance, and put the end in water. The oxygen is forced to the leaden about the submerged metal, which "Dear-Eyes," he exclaimed in the quickly produces an intense heat. The offers intense resistance to the carbe fused by this process, and as it is "I have come straight from New possible to produce in this way large But to-night there was no sound of beauty of Gerda to the world filled his Orleans to you," he cried. "It is crystals of carbon, diamonde, rubbies, joy from the white house so close to brain, and the hours when she posed one year ago to night since I first and sappnires may be made by the the fjord. No light gleamed from the to him as a model passed too swiftly saw you, and I could not stay process in any quantity desired.— Chicago Times.

A copy of the first dictionary, made hood. Sweet-smelling odors of frag-rant new-made hay filled the air, and Northern girl, the rich nature still un-a savage-looking cow, which wore a developed, though responsive with will have me." He paused an instant, BOUSERULD AFFAIRS.

A CEMENT FROM RICE.

Rice flour makes one of the best cements in the world. It is mixed with cold water, then gently boiled over a slow fire until it becomes clear, when it is ready for use. It is good not only for a common paste, but when made very thick it may be moulded like wax, and is capable of taking a high polish. Many of the beautiful small objects which come from China are made of it. -New York Journal.

TO KEEP STOCKINGS WHOLE.

Here is a case where the proverbial "stitch in time" saves a great many more than "nine." Take your stockings when they are new, and before ever putting them on, "run" them with soft darning cotton throughout the entire length of the heel, toe and sole. You need not run them closely, nor must you draw the thread tight.

When you wear the stockings you will find that this slender reinforcement is sufficient to keep the sto kings from wearing in holes. Strengthened in this way, your hose will remain intact to an honorable respectable old age. - New York World.

TREATING SILVER AND PLATE.

Since so much sterling silver and plate enters into some part of the table cutlery it is necessary that one should also keep in mind the best methods of treating it, says the Ladies' Home Journal. A perfectly safe substance for cleaning this metal will always be found in French whiting. For all ordinary purposes such whiting, wet with water, is all that is necessary; but if the silver is very much dis-colored it should be wet with alcohol. This will give a brilliant polish. It is important that the materials used to clean silver should be perfectly free from any gritty substance. The whiting should be sifted through a hair sieve or a piece of muslin to insure against anything that might scratch the plate. Silver, as well as steel, must be washed perfectly clean before being rubbed with the polishing material. A soft silver brush will be required for brushing the chased and repousse work which is found on nearly all the silver-handled knives.

TO BANISH DUST.

A weary and perhaps ultra-fastidious housekeeper, who was asked what her idea of heaven was, promptly responded: "A place where there is no dust," says the Baltimore Herald. As long, however, as we do remain on this earth dust is a more aggressive and ever-present enemy than either moths or rust. At least every fortnight walls and cornices, the tops of windows and doors should have their entire services gone over with a clean broom encased in a bag of cotton flannel. Pinning a cloth about the broom is an unsatisfactory makeshift, besides which the fuzzy nap of the cloth catches and retains the dust better than old muslin, and does not force it to fly about the room only to settle somewhere else, as is the case when the work is done with a feather duster.

Don't let your love of the beautiful tempt you to the use of colored flannel, because you want to see when it is dirty and send it to the wash. Three of these bags will not be too many, as a broom covered with one is the best means for removing the dust each morning from polished or stained doors.

RECIPES. Hominy Croquettes-Mix two cups of cold boiled harmony with one tablespoonful of hot milk, the beaten yolk of two eggs, one teaspoonful of sugar; mix well, that there may be no lumps of hominy left, and stand away to cool. Mix into round croquettes, roll in egg and bread crumbs and fry it in smoking hot fat.

Cauliflower with Cheese-Shorten the stems of cold-boiled cauliflower and place it on a flat dish and set it in. the oven. When a little warmed pour over it about one ounce of hot clarified butter mixed with some grated parmesan or other cheese, and put it again into the oven and let it brown.

Serve immediately. Summer Pudding-Take a pound of stale cake, cut in slices and lay in the bottom of a pudding dish. Cover with half a cup each of stoned raisins, chopped citron, candied cherries, chopped figs and blanched almonds; put another layer of sliced cake on top; pour a pint of milk over with six beaten eggs and a pint of sugar. Steam one hour and serve with current jelly sauce.

Vegetable Soup-Take two potatoes, two onions, two turnips, one carrot and a little parsley chopped fine. Cut the potatoes in quarters, slice the onions, cut the turnips in quarters and slice the carrots. Put all in a stewpan with three pints of water and salt to the taste. Boil it down to one quart. About fifteen minutes before it is done add the parsley. Strain it and serve

with light bread or toast. Boiled Beef-Lard, cover with water, simmer two and one-half hours. Strain, cool and skim one quart of pot liquor, adding two each of carrots, turnips, small onions, parboiled beats, two cupfuls of cut string beans. Boil three-quarters of an hour, add two parboiled potatoes and serve in piles about the ment, seasoning to taste and adding a little butter. Make strained

The Government statistics show that the total immigration to the United States during the ten months ending April 30th last was 334,825, a decline of 119,133 from the immigration of the corresponding ten months of 1891-2. The most marked decline was in the number of immigrants from Russia and Poland, which fell from \$4,099 to 33,978.

The materials of the sculptor comprise almost every substance capable of being carved, cast or molded. For carving, marble, alabaster, bone, ivory, granite, basalt and porphyry have all been used from time

I LOST MY HEARING the head and was deaf for over a year. I began to take Hood's Sarsana rilla, and found when I had taken three bottles that my hearing was returning. After taking six I stopped. It is now more than a year and I can hear perfect-ly west." Herman Hicks, 3 Carter Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Hood's Saria Cures

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Billouss

Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache,

"German

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LOSS OF APPETITE. SICK HEADACHE. INDICESTION. BILIOUSNESS. CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA.

two Observe the following symptoms following from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of the blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, hearthurn, disgust of food, fullness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensation when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deciciency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

the fiesh.

A few dose; of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the Price, 25c. a Box. Sold by Druggists. lend to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Stre

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CURED ME. Couldn't Eat or Sleep. Dr. Kilmer & Co:-"I had been troubled for eight years with stomach and heart difficulties I lived mostly on milk,



as every-thing I ate burt me so. My kidneys and liver were in a terrible state. Could neither sleep or eat. I had been treated by the best Chicago doctors without any benefit what-ever. As a last resort I tried your SWAMP-ROOT, and now I can eat anything, no matter what.

a good night's sleep. SWAMP-ROOT cured me. Any one doubting this statement can write, I will gladly answer." Mrs. German Miller, Dec. 20th, 1892, Springport, Mich.

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Had Torpid Liver For 14 Years. Billious all the Time.

Billious all the Time.

DEAR SIRS:—"I have been troubled with Torpid Liver for 14 years and gone through courses of billious fever; many times it has been impossible for me to do any kind of labor. Dr. Klimer's SWAMP-ROGT was first recommended to me by Holthouse, Blackburn & Co., (Druggists) Decatur, Ind. After taking one bottle I was uncertain whether I was really deriving any benefit or not after taking the second bottle, however, I found that my health was impreving and I continued until I had taken 6 bottles, I can now cheerfully recommend SWAMP-ROGT to every one who has torpid liver, for it has completely cured me."

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